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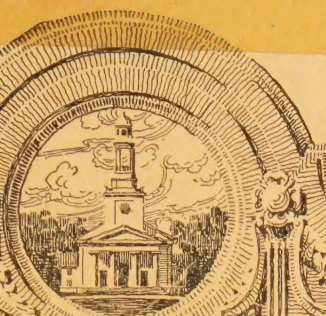

THE CONCORD SERIES
of Music and Books on the Teaching of Music
under the Editorship of
THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE
and
DR. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON

No. 7

140 FOLK-SONGS

with piano accompaniment

["ROTE SONGS" FOR GRADES I, II AND III]

Compiled and Edited
for use in school and home

by

DR. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON
&
THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

New and Revised Edition

n. 1.50

E. C. SCHIRMER MUSIC CO.
221 COLUMBUS AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS

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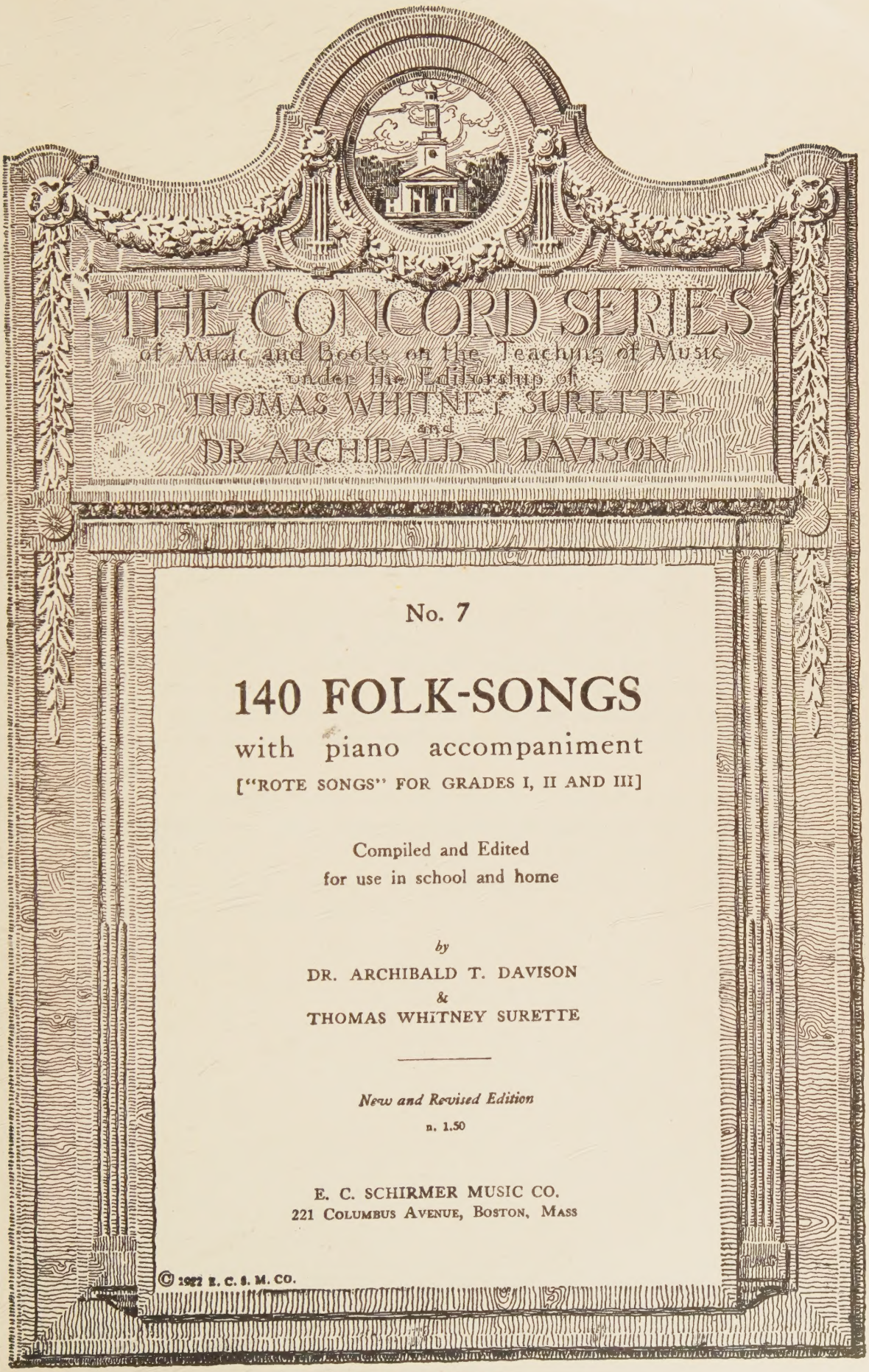
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The CONCORD SERIES is the outcome of Mr. Surette's Summer School of Music established in Concord, Massachusetts in 1915.

The publications in this series comprise books of music for use in private and public schools, in homes, and for large and small groups of people who come together to sing.

The school books will include a complete series for use in all grades, from the kindergarten through to the high school; a Teacher's Manual; a hymnal for Sunday schools, day schools and homes; a book of marches for use in school, etc. The chief aim of these books is to provide the very best in music for every one, young and old.

PREFACE

The songs in this volume have been selected for the purpose of awakening and cultivating in young children the taste for the best music. It is obvious that such actual experience of music should precede instruction about it, and it is believed that singing beautiful songs by ear during the early years will not only facilitate later instruction in reading music, but will serve as a preparation for the study of pianoforte playing, violin playing, etc.

When these songs are used in schools, children who are able to read the words, should be provided with the Book of Words (No. 3 A in the Concord Series). During the last half of the third year (Grade III) the children should be provided with Book No. 3 in the Concord Series, containing the melodies of the songs without accompaniments. Simple instructions for teaching these songs are contained in that book, in which will be found also a division of the songs according to school grades. A Teachers' Manual, with full directions for teachers, will be published shortly.

The folk-songs in this book were doubtless originally sung without accompaniments. It is desirable that children should become familiar with the beauty of these melodies, apart from any artificial support. Therefore in teaching them, no accompaniment should be used until the melodies are thoroughly learned.

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For All Countries

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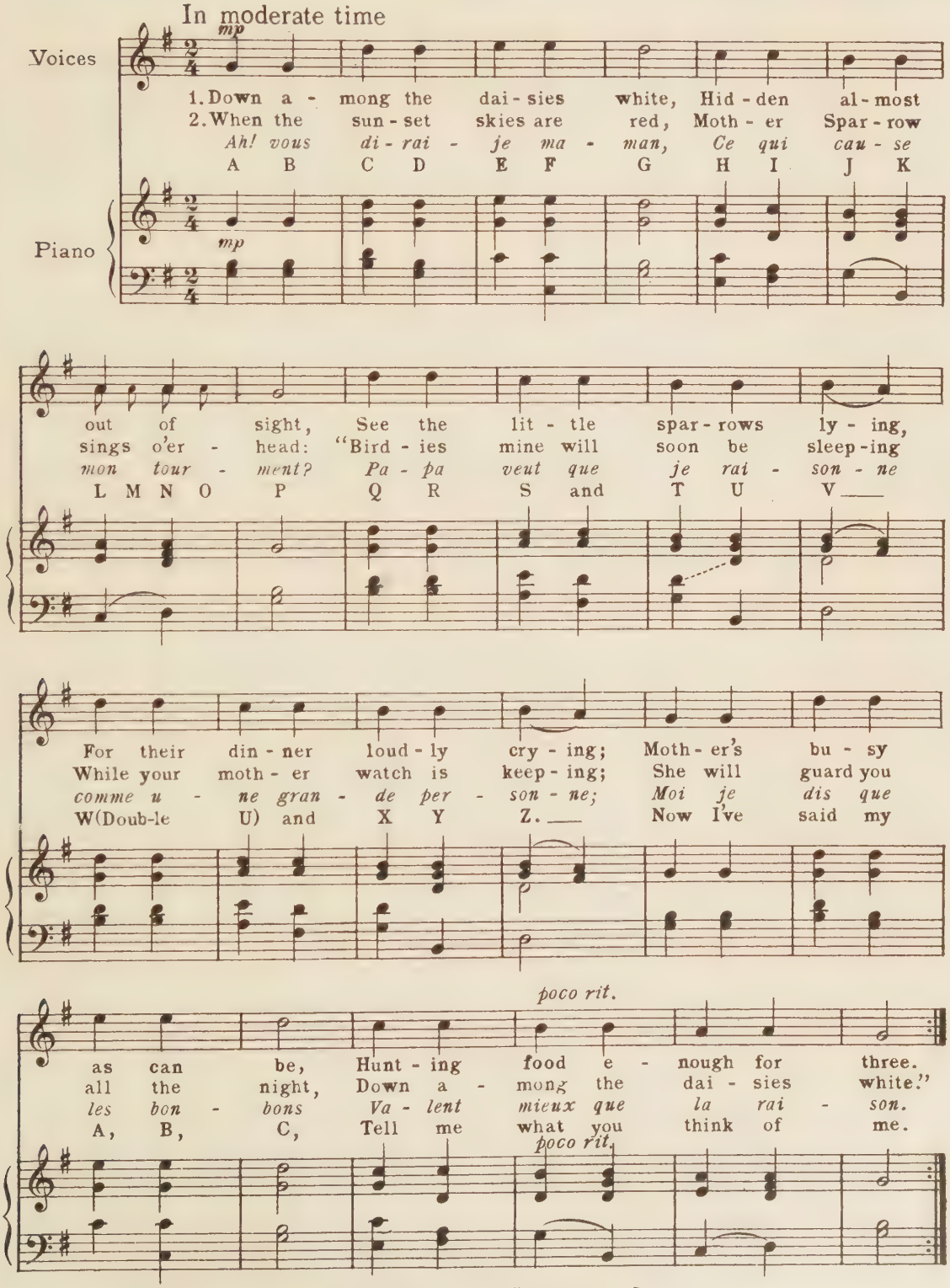
1. The Sparrow's Nest

Ah! vous dirai-je, maman

The Alphabet

English words by
HOMER H. HARBOUR

Old French Song

In moderate time
Voices
Piano
mp
1. Down a - mong the dai - sies white, Hid - den al - most
2. When the sun - set skies are red, Moth - er Spar - row
Ah! vous di - rai - je ma - man, Ce qui cau - se
A B C D E F G H I J K
out of sight, See the lit - tle spar - rows ly - ing,
sings o'er - head: "Bird - ies mine will soon be sleep - ing
mon tour - ment? Pa - pa veut que je rai - son - ne
L M N O P Q R S and T U V
For their din - ner loud - ly cry - ing; Moth - er's bu - sy
While your moth - er watch is keep - ing; She will guard you
comme u - ne gran - de per - son - ne; Moi je dis que
W(Doub-le U) and X Y Z. Now I've said my
poco rit.
as can be, Hunt - ing food e - nough for three.
all the night, Down a - mong the dai - sies white."
les bon - bons Va - lent mieux que la rai - son.
A, B, C, Tell me what you think of me.
poco rit.

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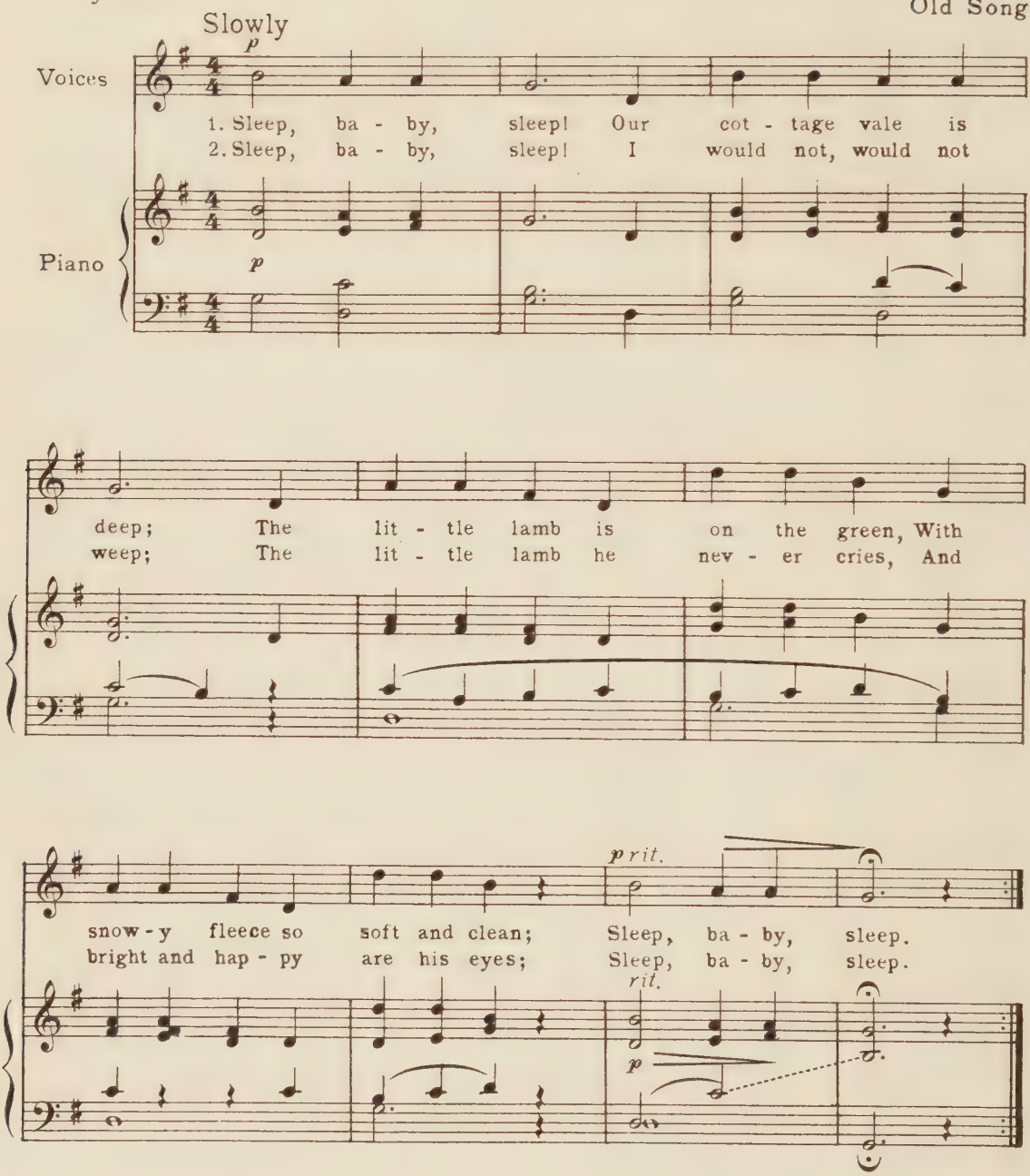
For All Countries

2. Sleep, baby, sleep

Anonymous

Old Song


Slowly
p
Voices
Piano
1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Our cot - tage vale is
2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! I would not, would not
deep; The lit - tle lamb is on the green, With
weep; The lit - tle lamb he nev - er cries, And
snow - y fleece so soft and clean; Sleep, ba - by, sleep.
bright and hap - py are his eyes; Sleep, ba - by, sleep.
p rit.
rit.

3

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Near where the woodbines creep;
Be always like the lamb so mild.
A sweet, and kind, and gentle child;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

4

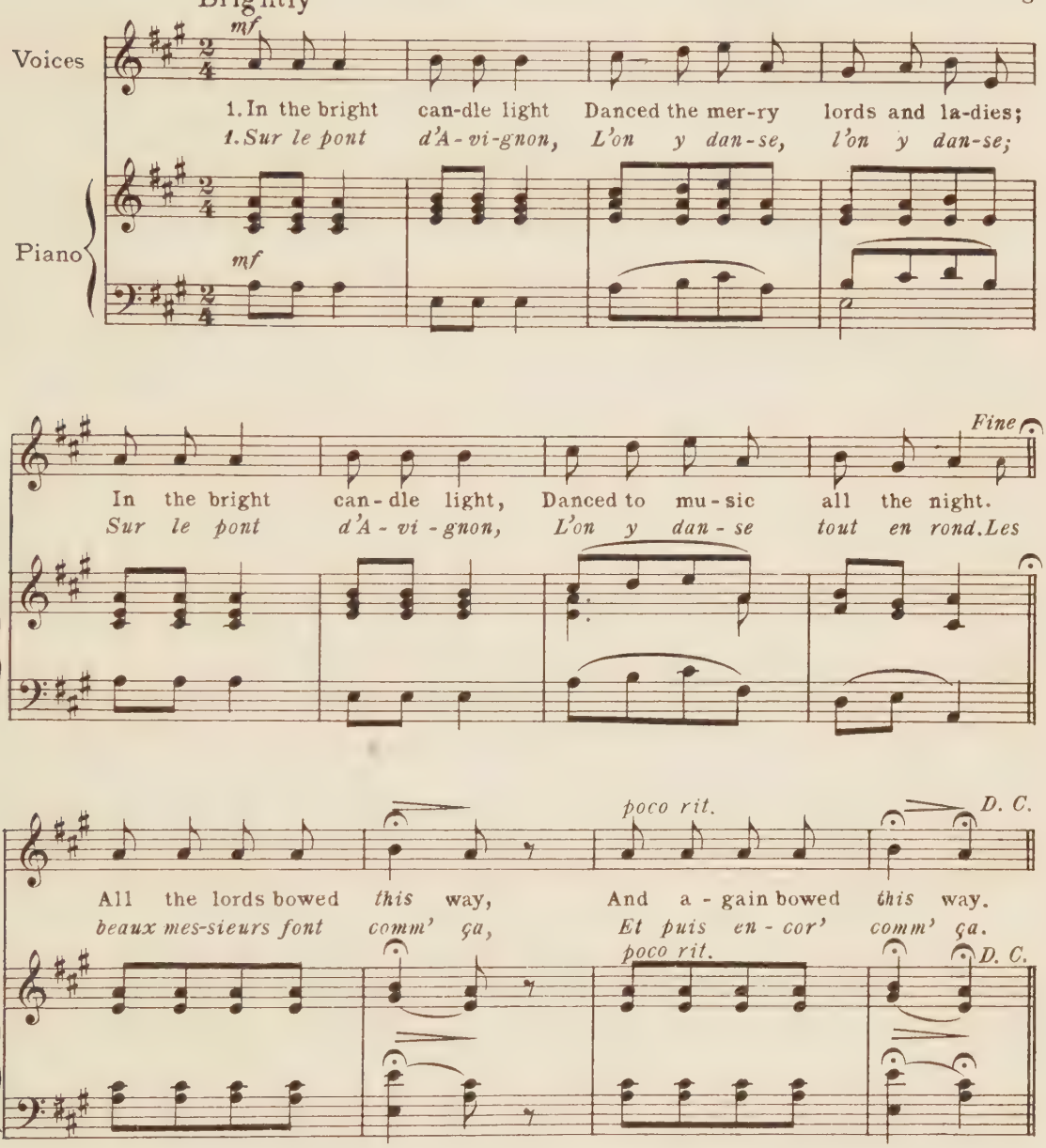
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy rest shall angels keep;
While on the grass the lamb shall feed,
And never suffer want or need;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

3. Lords and Ladies

Le Pont d'Avignon

English words by
HOMER H. HARBOUR

Old French Song


Brightly
mf
Voices
Piano
1. In the bright can-dle light Danced the mer-ry lords and la-dies;
1. Sur le pont d'A-vi-gnon, L'on y dan-se, l'on y dan-se;
In the bright can-dle light, Danced to mu-sic all the night.
Sur le pont d'A-vi-gnon, L'on y dan-se tout en rond. Les
Fine
All the lords bowed this way, And a-gain bowed this way.
beaux mes-sieurs font comm' ça, Et puis en-cor' comm' ça.
poco rit.
D. C.

2

Ev'ry lord had a sword
With a hilt of shining silver;
Ev'ry fair lady there
Wore a rosebud in her hair.
Ladies fair bowed *this* way,
And again bowed *this* way.

2

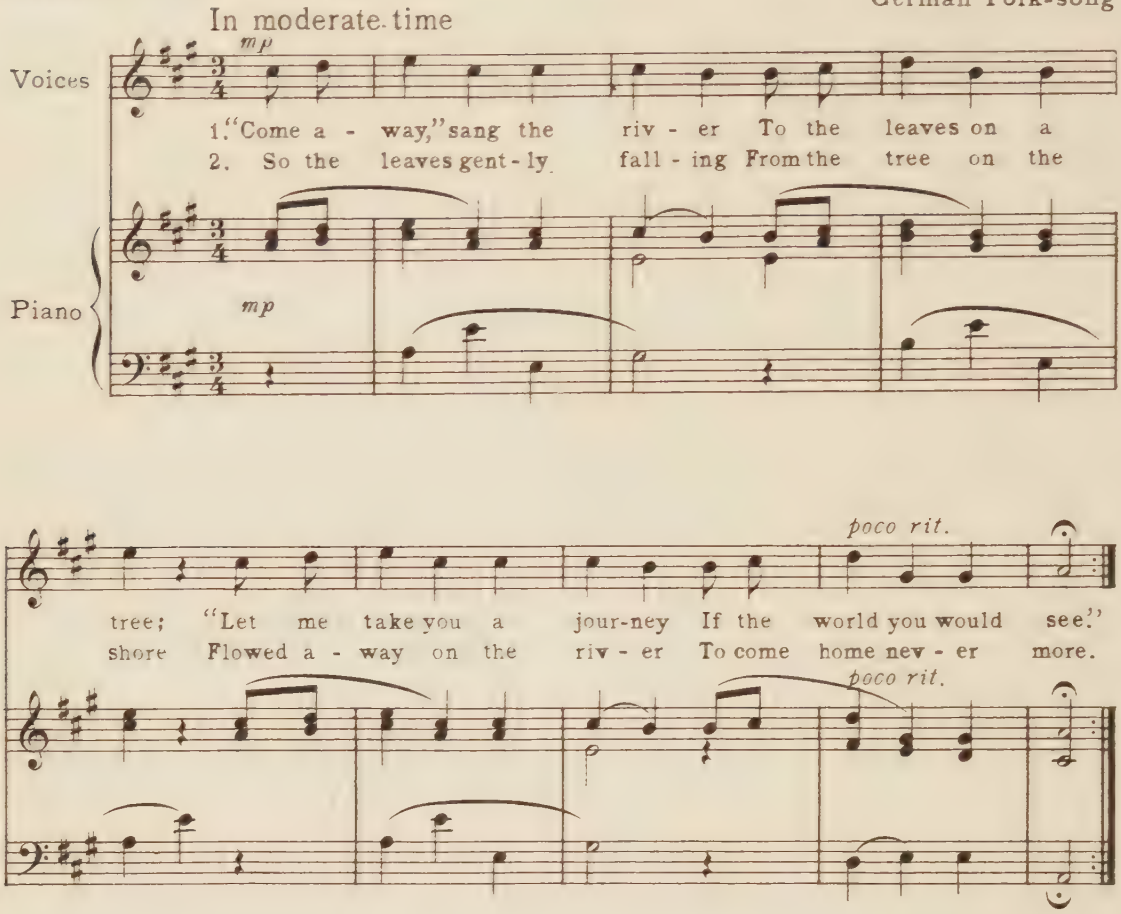
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
L'on y danse, l'on y danse;
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
L'on y danse tout en rond.
Les belles dames font comm' ça,
Et puis encor' font comm' ça.

✶) This song may be divided between groups of children. Appropriate movements or gestures may be used to accompany the words "All the Lords," etc. The music of that part of the song should be sung more slowly and with free rhythm.

4. The Journey of the Leaves

HOMER H. HARBOUR

German Folk-song

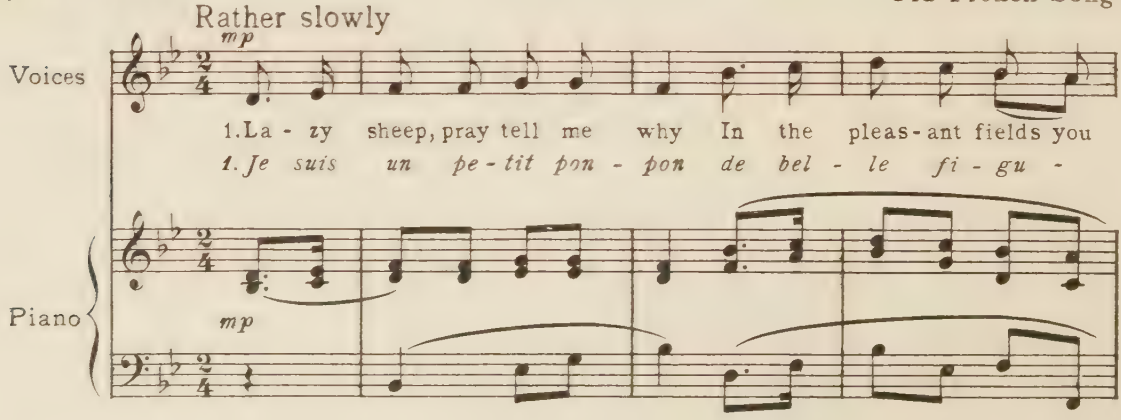

In moderate time
mp
Voices
1. "Come a - way," sang the riv - er To the leaves on a
2. So the leaves gent - ly fall - ing From the tree on the
Piano
mp
poco rit.
tree; "Let me take you a jour-ney If the world you would see."
shore Flowed a - way on the riv - er To come home nev - er more.
poco rit.

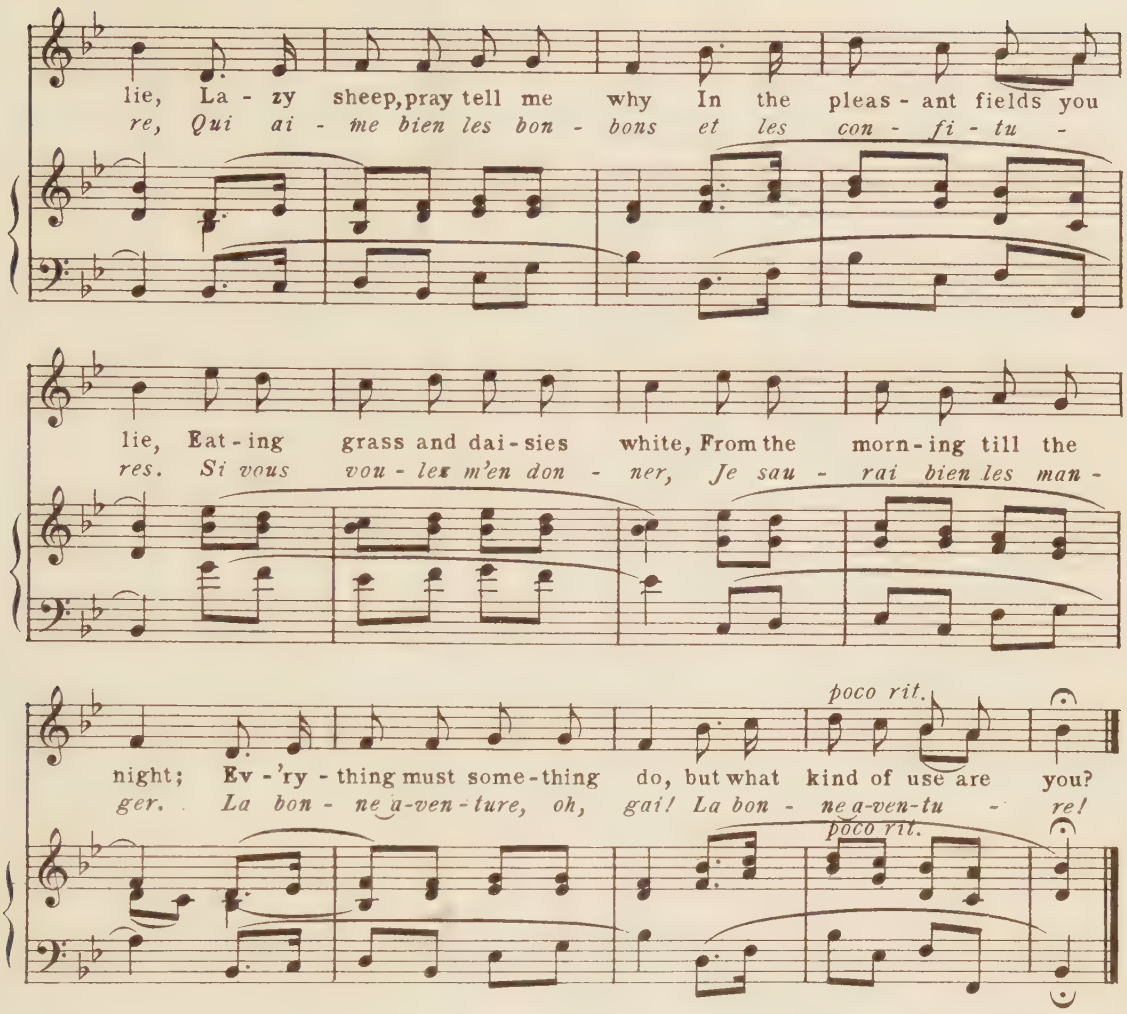
5. The Little Boy and the Sheep

La Bonne Aventure

JANE TAYLOR

Old French Song


Rather slowly
mp
Voices
1. La - zy sheep, pray tell me why In the pleas - ant fields you
1. Je suis un pe - tit pon - pon de bel - le fi - gu -
Piano
mp


lie, La - zy sheep, pray tell me why In the pleas - ant fields you
re, Qui ai - me bien les bon - bons et les con - fi - tu -
lie, Eat - ing grass and dai - sies white, From the morn - ing till the
res. Si vous vou - lez m'en don - ner, Je sau - rai bien les man -
poco rit.
night; Ev - 'ry - thing must some - thing do, but what kind of use are you?
ger. La bon - ne a-ven-ture, oh, gai! La bon - ne a-ven-tu - re!
poco rit.

2

‖: Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray; :‖
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back to make your clothes?
Cold, ah, very cold you'd be,
If you had not wool from me.

3

‖: True it seems a pleasant thing
Nipping daisies in the spring; :‖
But what chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass;
Pick my scanty dinner where
All the ground is brown and bare.

4

‖: Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past; :‖
Cuts my wooly fleece away
For your coat in wintry day;
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie.

2

Lorsque les petits garçons
Sont gentils et sages,
On leur donne des bonbons,
De jollies images.
Mais quand ils se font gronder,
C'est le fouet qu'il faut donner,
La triste aventure,
Oh! gai!
La triste aventure!

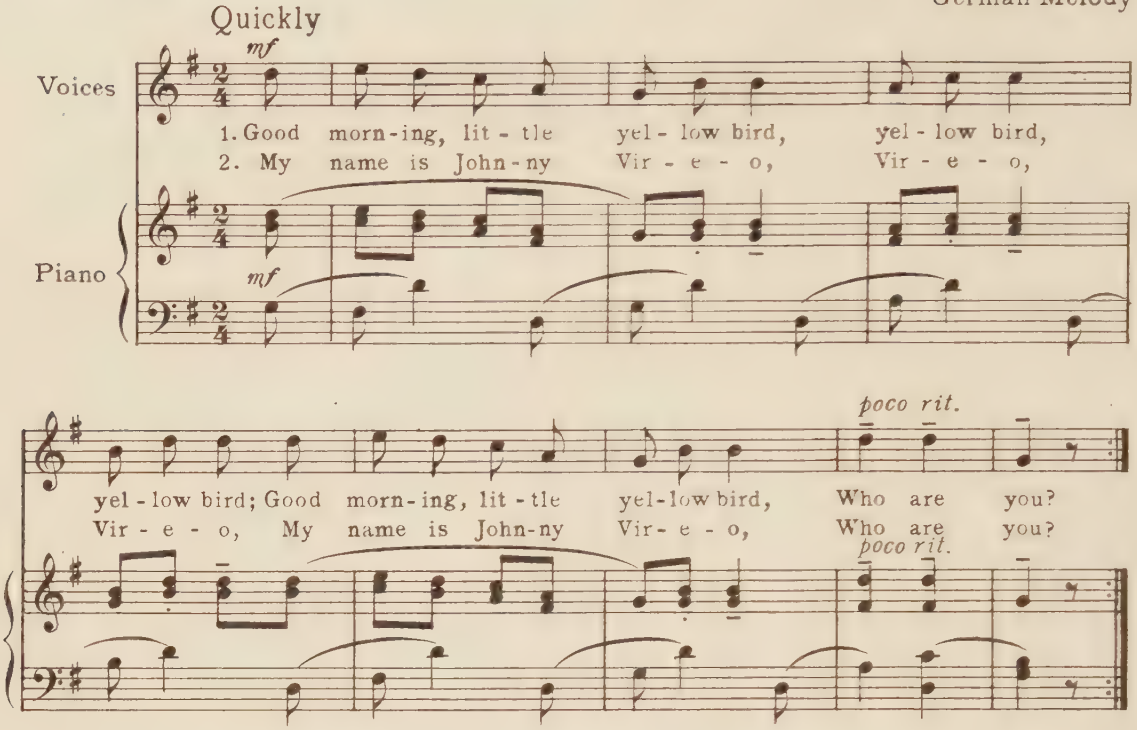
3

Je serai sage et bien bon,
Pour plaire à ma mère,
Je saurai bien ma leçon,
Pour plaire à mon père;
Je veux bien les contenter,
Et s'ils veulent m'embrasser,
La bonne aventure,
Oh! gai!
La bonne aventure!

6. Who are you?

RICHARD COMPTON

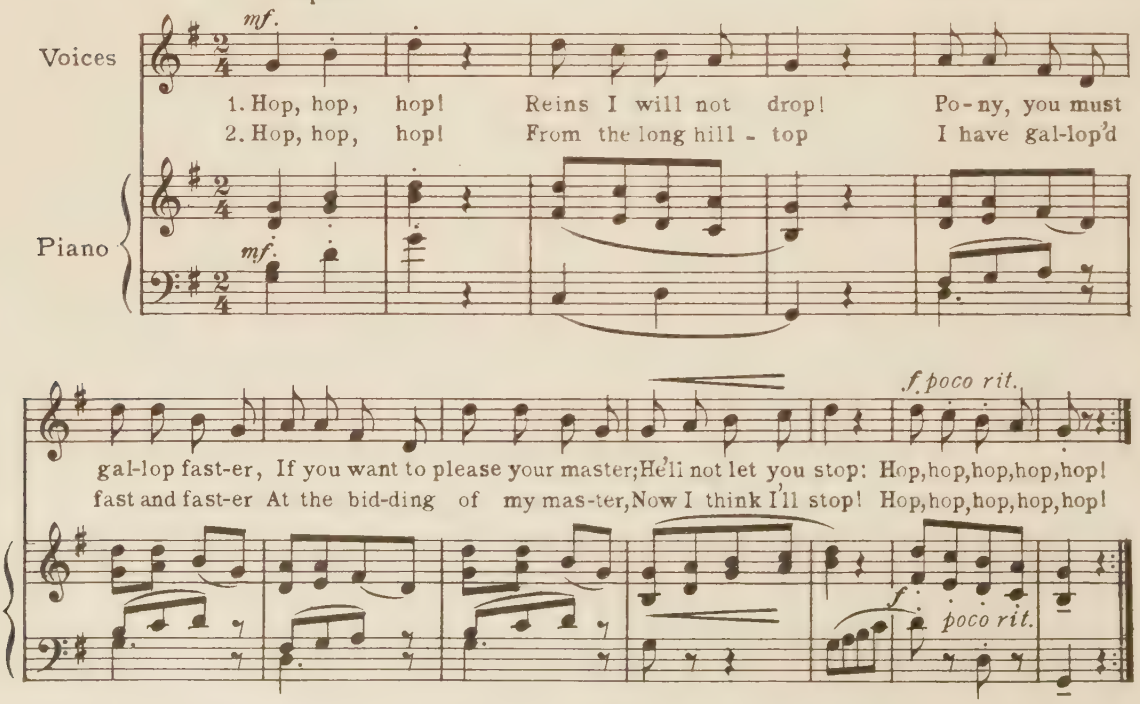
German Melody



7. My Pony

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

German Folk-song

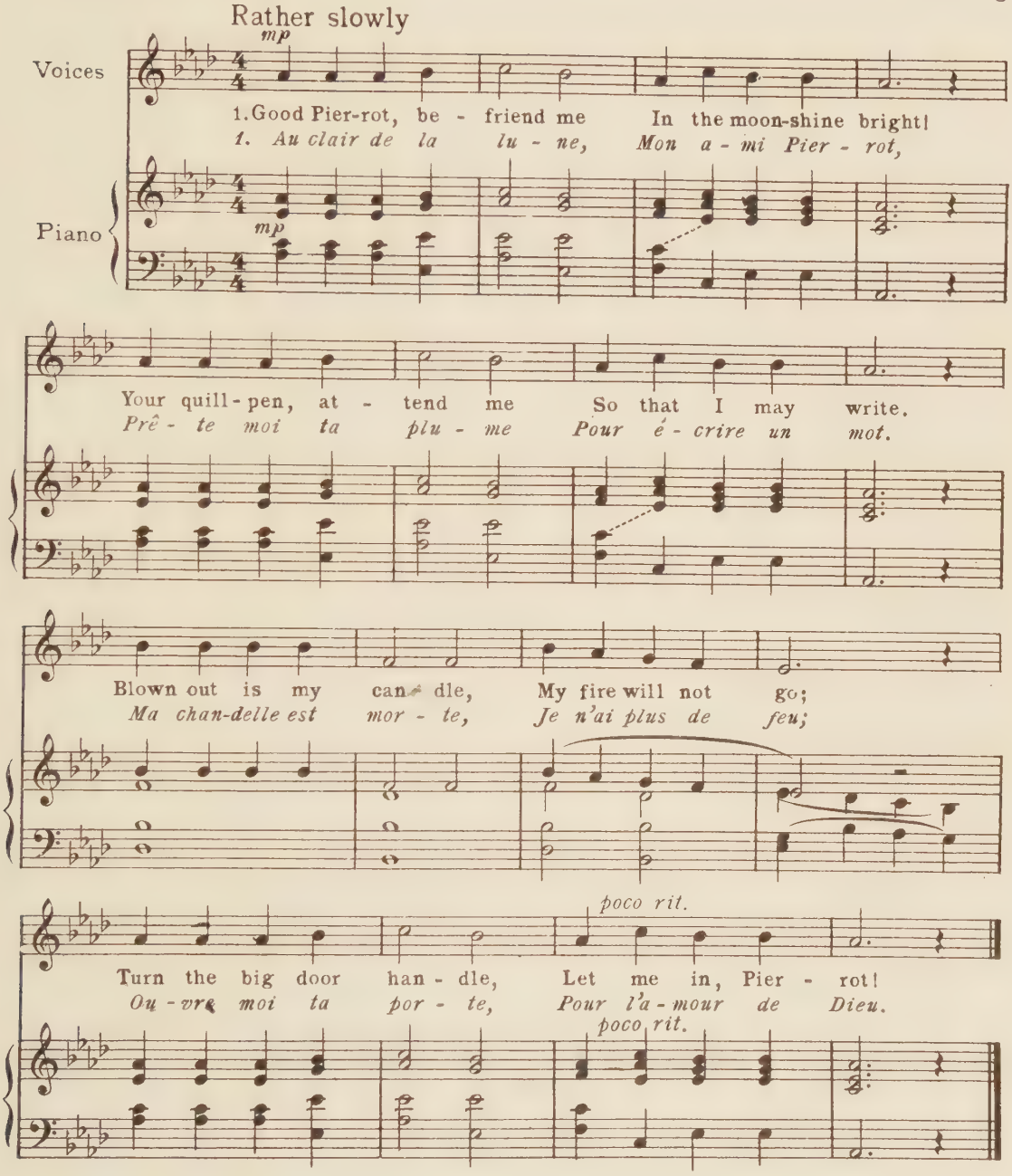

With spirit
mf.
Voices
1. Hop, hop, hop! Reins I will not drop! Po-ny, you must
2. Hop, hop, hop! From the long hill-top I have gal-lop'd
Piano
mf.
f poco rit.
gal-lop fast-er, If you want to please your master; He'll not let you stop: Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop!
fast and fast-er At the bid-ding of my mas-ter, Now I think I'll stop! Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop!
f
poco rit.

8. Good Pierrot

Au clair de la lune

English version by
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

French Folk-song


Rather slowly
mp
Voices
Piano
1. Good Pier-rot, be - friend me In the moon-shine bright!
1. Au clair de la lu - ne, Mon a - mi Pier - rot,
Your quill-pen, at - tend me So that I may write.
Prê - te moi ta plu - me Pour é - crire un mot.
Blown out is my can - dle, My fire will not go;
Ma chan-delle est mor - te, Je n'ai plus de feu;
poco rit.
Turn the big door han - dle, Let me in, Pier - rot!
Ou - vre moi ta por - te, Pour l'a - mour de Dieu.
poco rit.

2

Moonbeams all things lighting,
Pierrot crossly said:
"I've no pen for writing,
I am snug in bed;
Go and ask your neigbor,
Go to her instead;
She is at her labor,
Making loaves of bread."

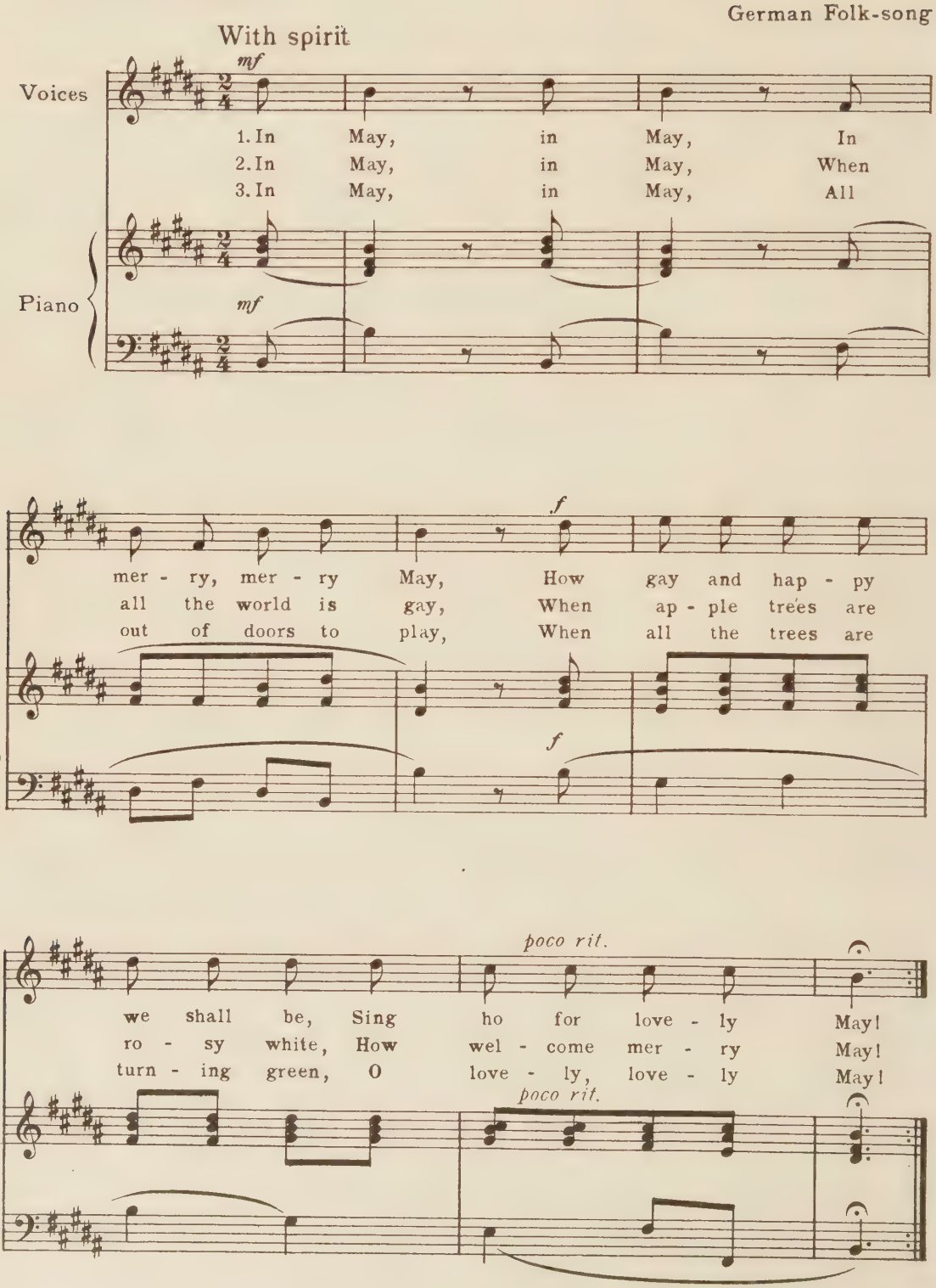
2

Au clair de la lune
Pierrot répondit:
Je n'ai pas de plume,
Je suis dans mon lit.
Va chez la voisine,
Je crois qu'elle y est,
Car dans sa cuisine,
On bat le briquet.

9. In May

RICHARD COMPTON

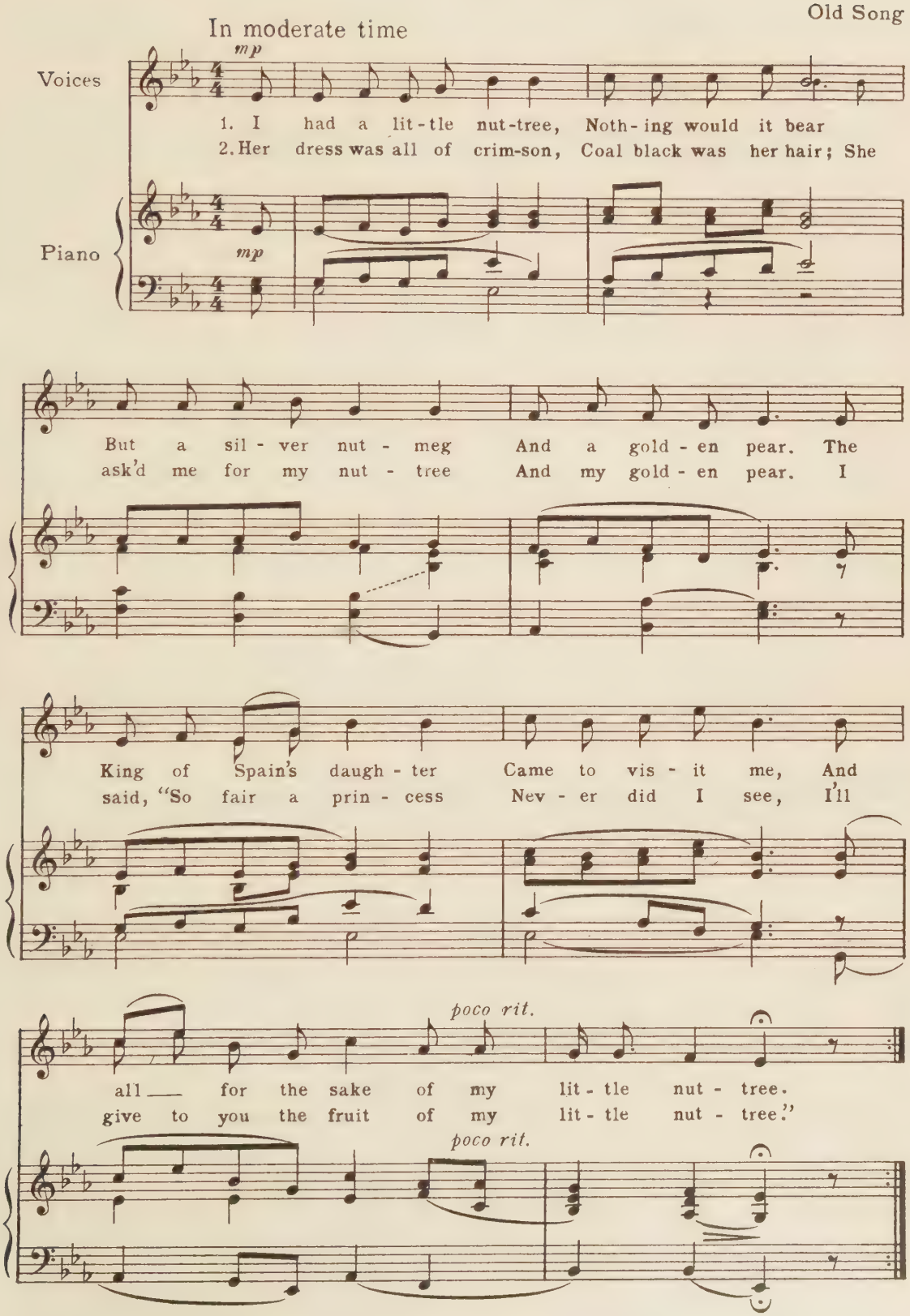
German Folk-song


With spirit
mf
Voices
Piano
1. In May, in May, In
2. In May, in May, When
3. In May, in May, All
mf
f
mer - ry, mer - ry May, How gay and hap - py
all the world is gay, When ap - ple trees are
out of doors to play, When all the trees are
f
poco rit.
we shall be, Sing ho for love - ly May!
ro - sy white, How wel - come mer - ry May!
turn - ing green, O love - ly, love - ly May!
poco rit.

10. The Nut-tree

Anonymous

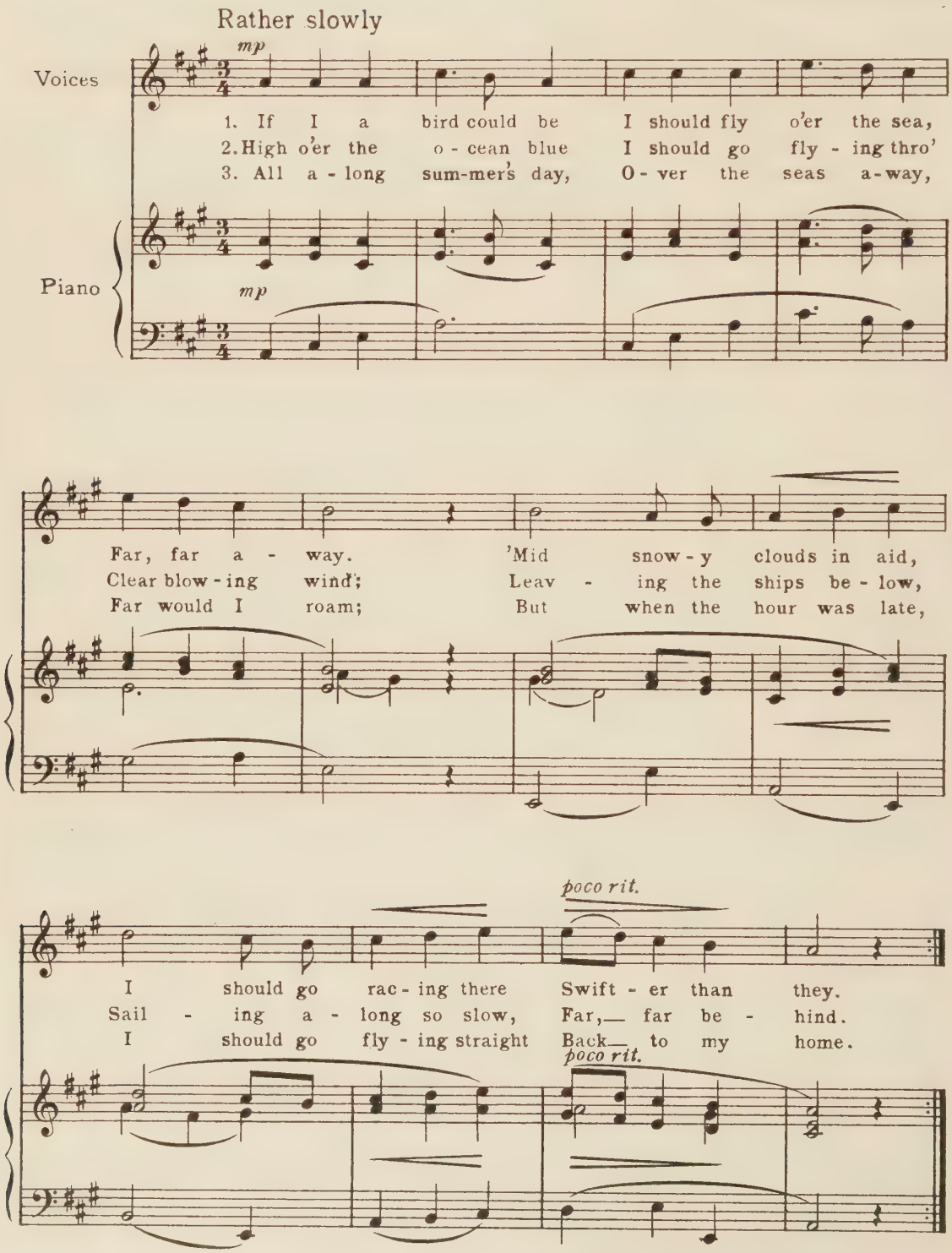
Old Song


In moderate time
mp
Voices
1. I had a lit-tle nut-tree, Noth-ing would it bear
2. Her dress was all of crim-son, Coal black was her hair; She
Piano
mp
But a sil-ver nut-meg And a gold-en pear. The
ask'd me for my nut-tree And my gold-en pear. I
King of Spain's daugh-ter Came to vis-it me, And
said, "So fair a prin-cess Nev-er did I see, I'll
poco rit.
all for the sake of my lit-tle nut-tree.
give to you the fruit of my lit-tle nut-tree."
poco rit.

11. If I were a bird

RICHARD COMPTON

German Folk-song

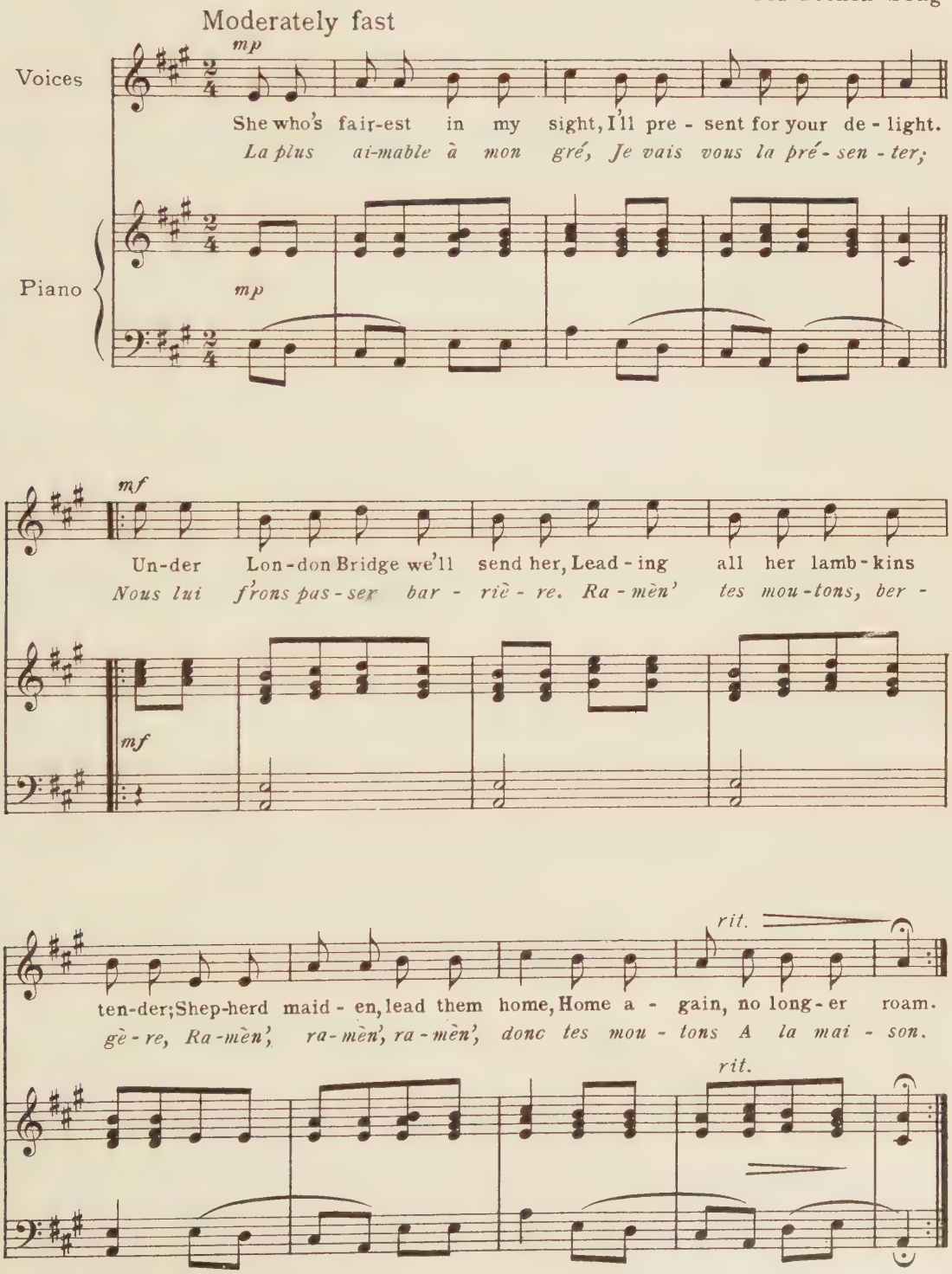

Rather slowly
mp
Voices
Piano
1. If I a bird could be I should fly o'er the sea,
2. High o'er the o - cean blue I should go fly - ing thro'
3. All a - long sum-mer's day, O - ver the seas a - way,
Far, far a - way. 'Mid snow - y clouds in aid,
Clear blow - ing wind; Leav - ing the ships be - low,
Far would I roam; But when the hour was late,
poco rit.
I should go rac - ing there Swift - er than they.
Sail - ing a - long so slow, Far,— far be - hind.
I should go fly - ing straight Back— to my home.
poco rit.

12. The Shepherdess

Ramène tes moutons

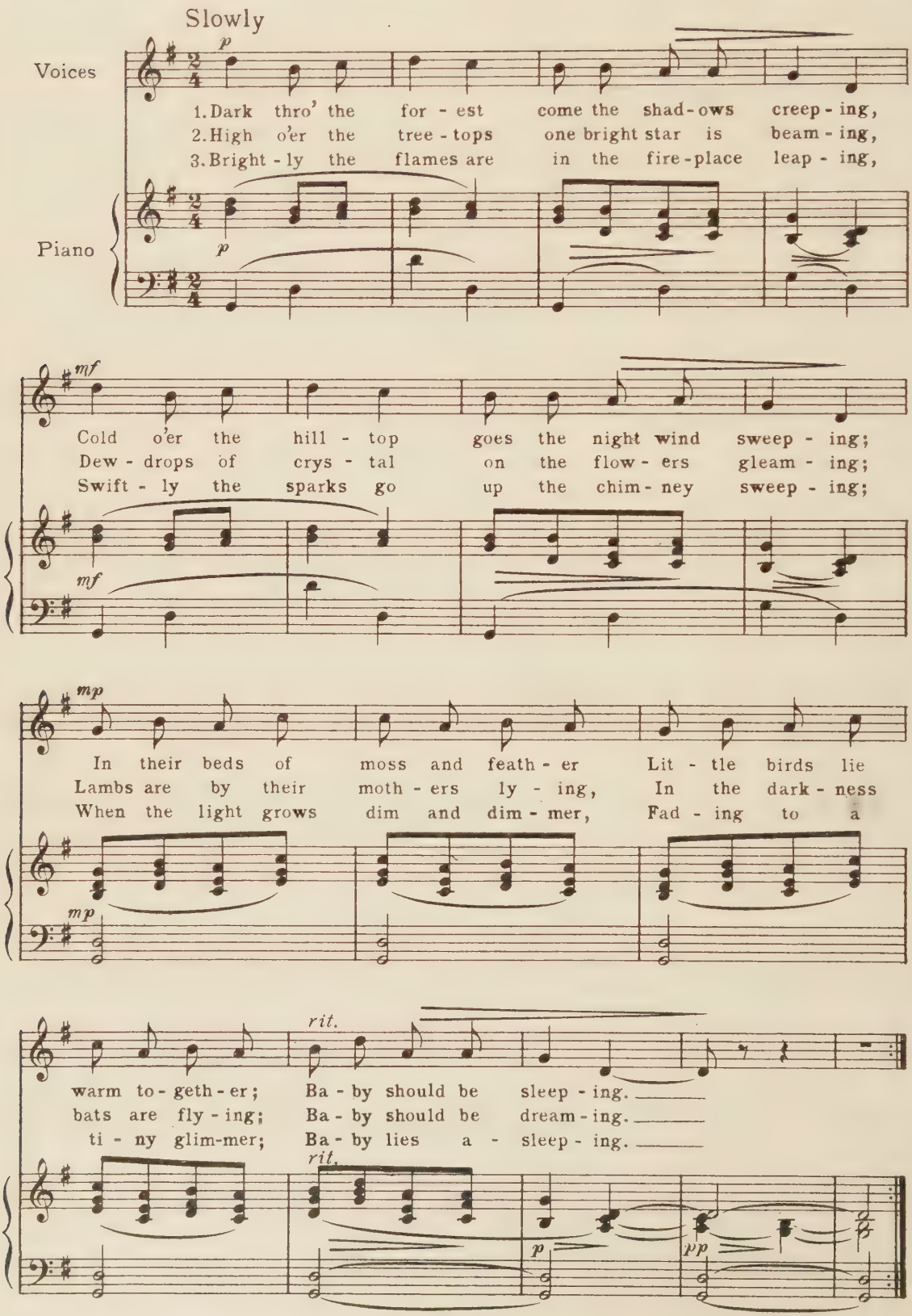
English version by
WILLIAM B. SNOW

Old French Song


Moderately fast
mp
Voices
She who's fair-est in my sight, I'll pre - sent for your de - light.
La plus ai-mable à mon gré, Je vais vous la pré - sen - ter;
Piano
mp
mf
Un-der Lon-don Bridge we'll send her, Lead - ing all her lamb - kins
Nous lui f'rons pas - ser bar - riè - re. Ra - mèn' tes mou - tons, ber -
mf
rit.
ten-der; Shep-herd maid - en, lead them home, Home a - gain, no long - er roam.
gè - re, Ra - mèn', ra - mèn', ra - mèn', donc tes mou - tons A la mai - son.
rit.

13. An Evening Song

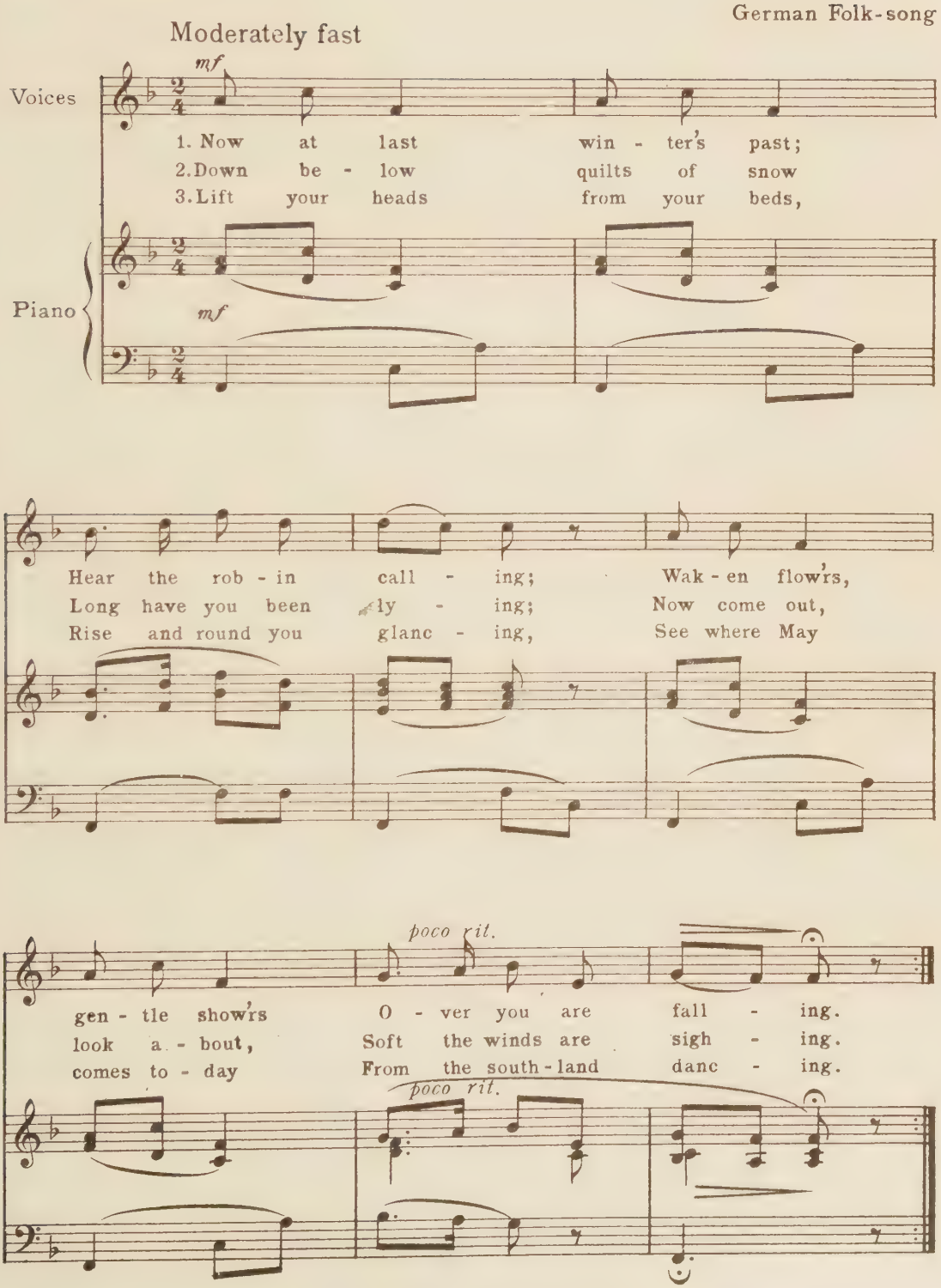
HOMER H. HARBOUR

Old Lithuanian Song

Slowly
p
Voices
1. Dark thro' the for - est come the shad - ows creep - ing,
2. High o'er the tree - tops one bright star is beam - ing,
3. Bright - ly the flames are in the fire - place leap - ing,
Piano
mf
Cold o'er the hill - top goes the night wind sweep - ing;
Dew - drops of crys - tal on the flow - ers gleam - ing;
Swift - ly the sparks go up the chim - ney sweep - ing;
mp
In their beds of moss and feath - er Lit - tle birds lie
Lambs are by their moth - ers ly - ing, In the dark - ness
When the light grows dim and dim - mer, Fad - ing to a
rit.
warm to - geth - er; Ba - by should be sleep - ing.
bats are fly - ing; Ba - by should be dream - ing.
ti - ny glim-mer; Ba - by lies a - sleep - ing.
pp

14. Winter's Past

MAY MORGAN

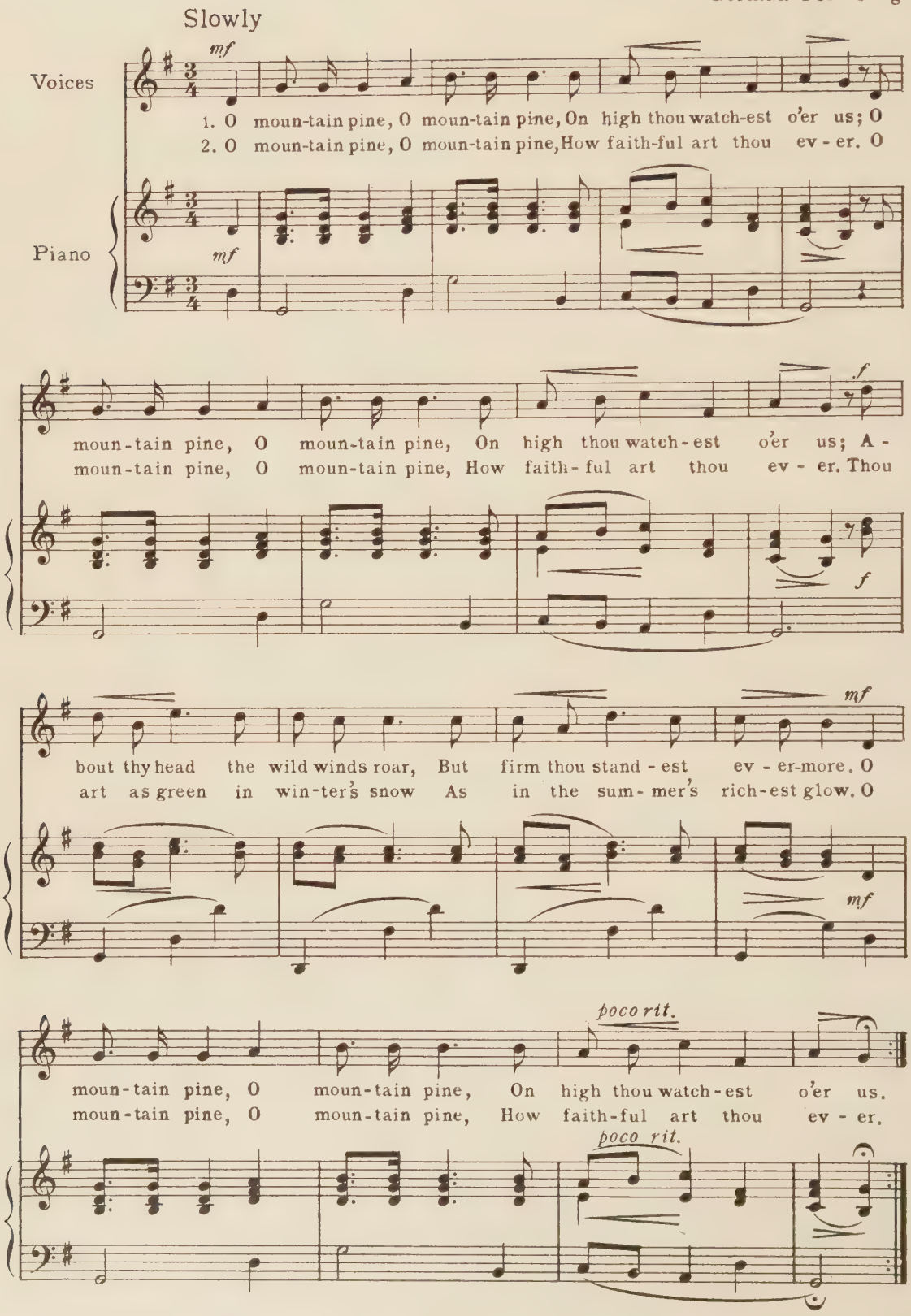
German Folk-song


Moderately fast
mf
Voices
1. Now at last win - ter's past;
2. Down be - low quilts of snow
3. Lift your heads from your beds,
Piano
mf
Hear the rob - in call - ing; Wak - en flow'rs,
Long have you been ly - ing; Now come out,
Rise and round you glanc - ing, See where May
poco rit.
gen - tle show'rs O - ver you are fall - ing.
look a - bout, Soft the winds are sigh - ing.
comes to - day From the south - land danc - ing.
poco rit.

15. The Pine Tree

Anonymous

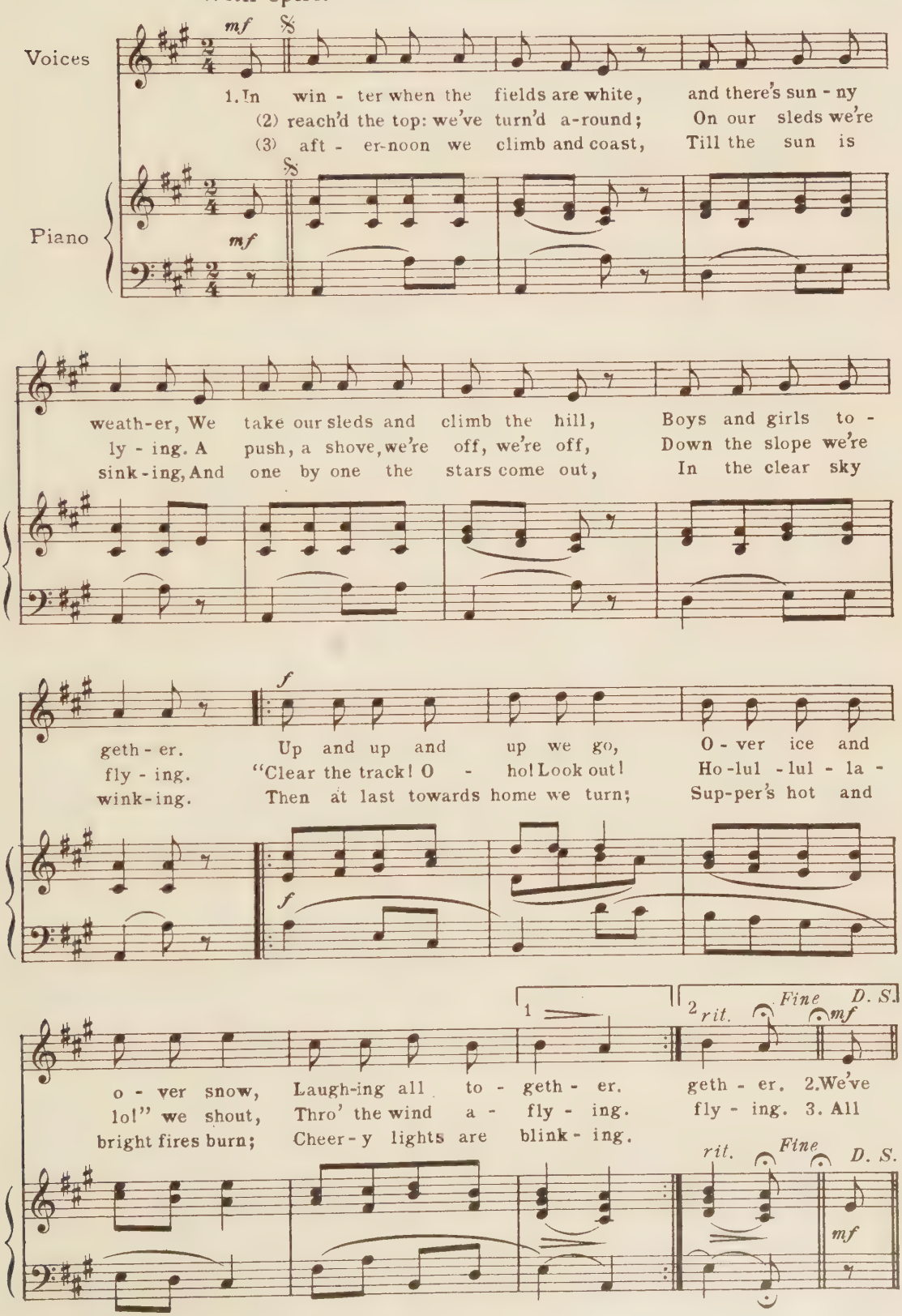
German Folk-song


Slowly
mf
Voices
1. O moun-tain pine, O moun-tain pine, On high thou watch-est o'er us; O
2. O moun-tain pine, O moun-tain pine, How faith-ful art thou ev - er. O
Piano
mf
moun-tain pine, O moun-tain pine, On high thou watch-est o'er us; A -
moun-tain pine, O moun-tain pine, How faith-ful art thou ev - er. Thou
f
f
bout thy head the wild winds roar, But firm thou stand - est ev - er-more. O
art as green in win-ter's snow As in the sum - mer's rich-est glow. O
mf
mf
poco rit.
moun-tain pine, O moun-tain pine, On high thou watch-est o'er us.
moun-tain pine, O moun-tain pine, How faith-ful art thou ev - er.
poco rit.

16. When Fields are White

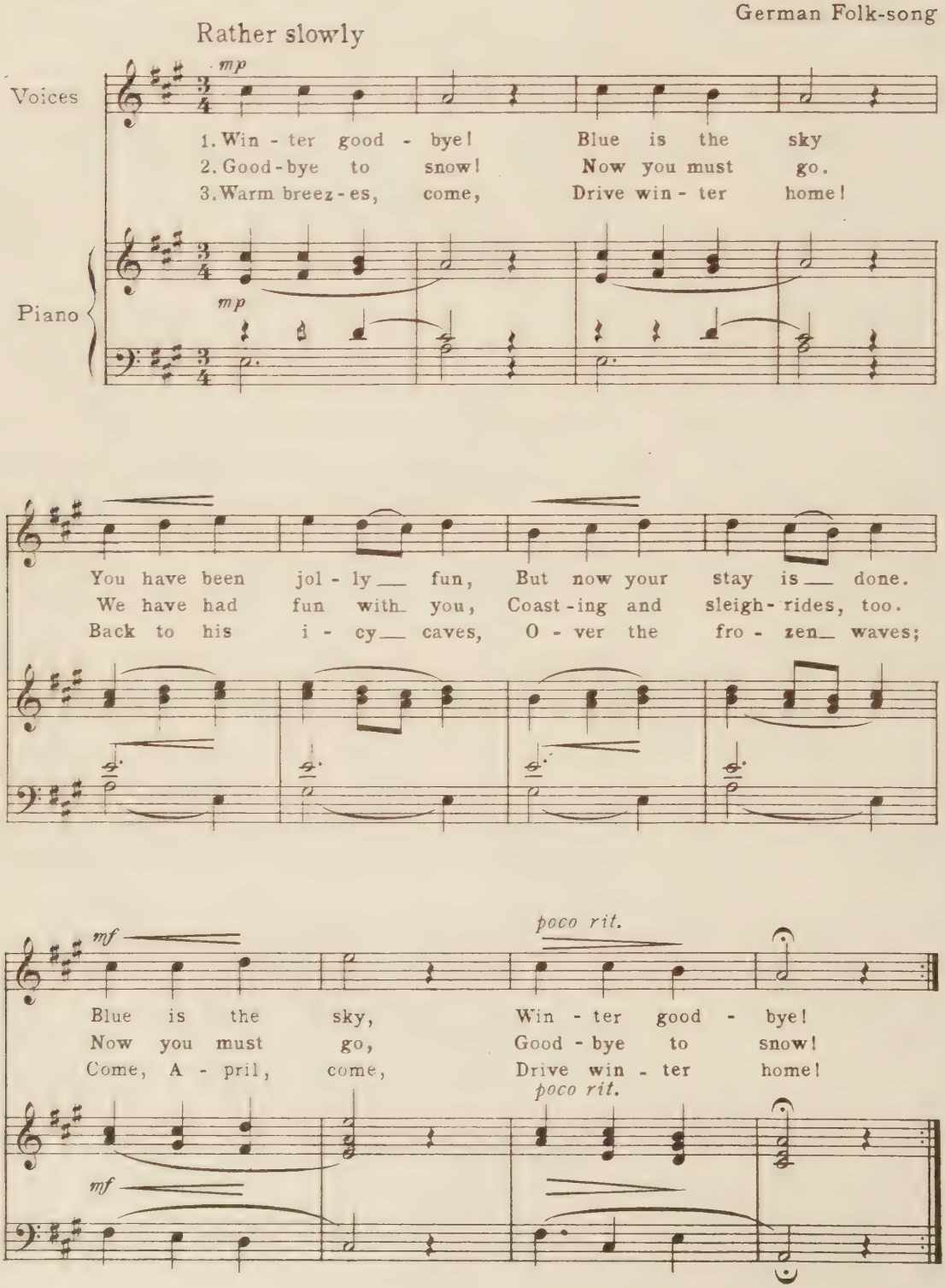
HOMER H. HARBOUR

German Folk-song


With spirit
Voices
Piano
mf
1. In win - ter when the fields are white, and there's sun - ny
(2) reach'd the top: we've turn'd a-round; On our sleds we're
(3) aft - er-noon we climb and coast, Till the sun is
weath-er, We take our sleds and climb the hill, Boys and girls to -
ly - ing. A push, a shove, we're off, we're off, Down the slope we're
sink-ing, And one by one the stars come out, In the clear sky
f
geth - er. Up and up and up we go, O - ver ice and
fly - ing. "Clear the track! O - ho! Look out! Ho-lul - lul - la -
wink-ing. Then at last towards home we turn; Sup-per's hot and
1
2
rit.
Fine
D. S.
o - ver snow, Laugh-ing all to - geth - er. geth - er. 2. We've
lo!" we shout, Thro' the wind a - fly - ing. fly - ing. 3. All
bright fires burn; Cheer - y lights are blink - ing.

17. Winter, good-bye!

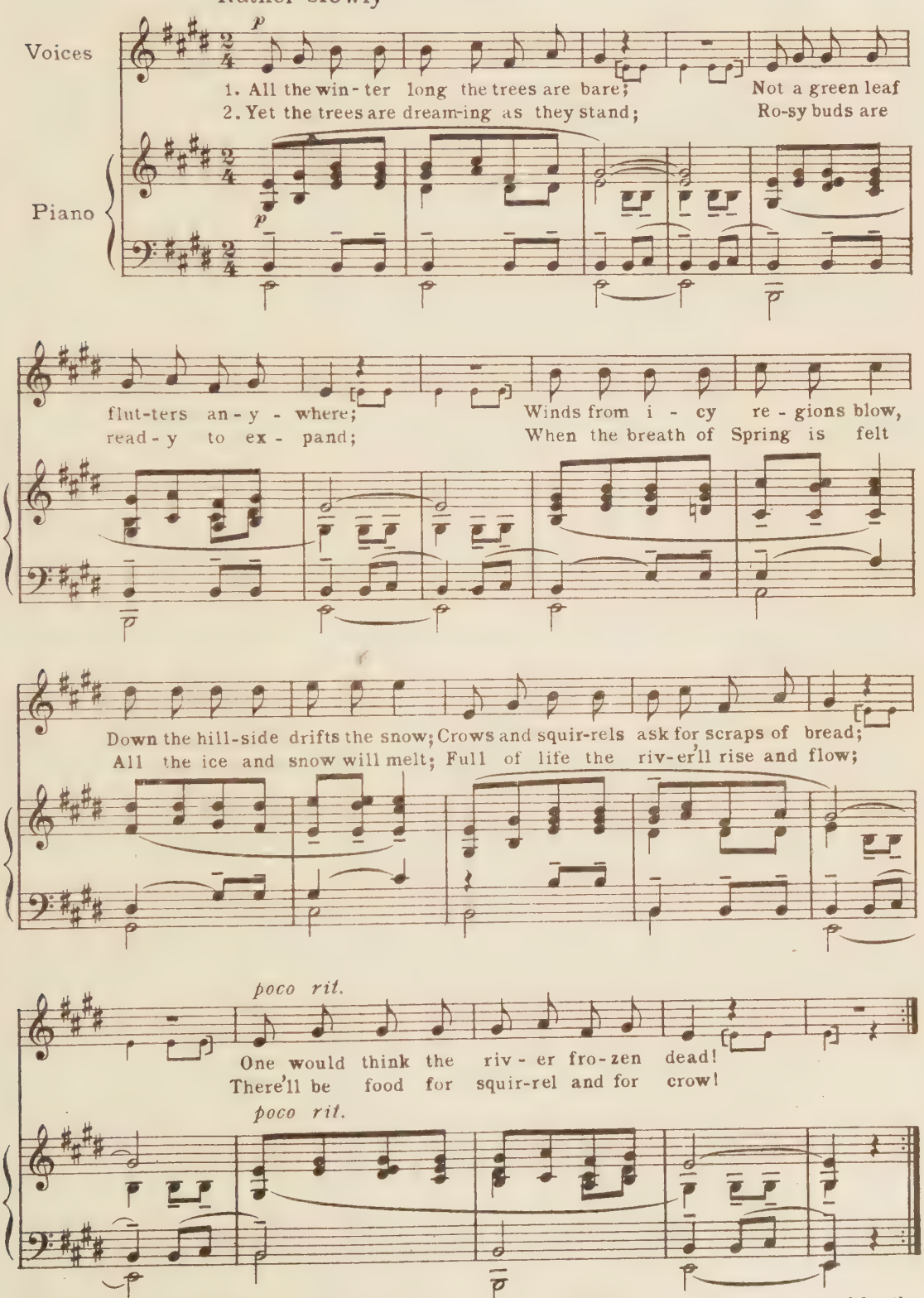
JOHN ERWIN

German Folk-song

Rather slowly
mp
Voices
Piano
1. Win - ter good - bye! Blue is the sky
2. Good-bye to snow! Now you must go.
3. Warm breez - es, come, Drive win - ter home!
You have been jol - ly fun, But now your stay is done.
We have had fun with you, Coast - ing and sleigh - rides, too.
Back to his i - cy caves, O - ver the fro - zen waves;
mf
poco rit.
Blue is the sky, Win - ter good - bye!
Now you must go, Good - bye to snow!
Come, A - pril, come, Drive win - ter home!

18. Winter

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

Bohemian Folk-song

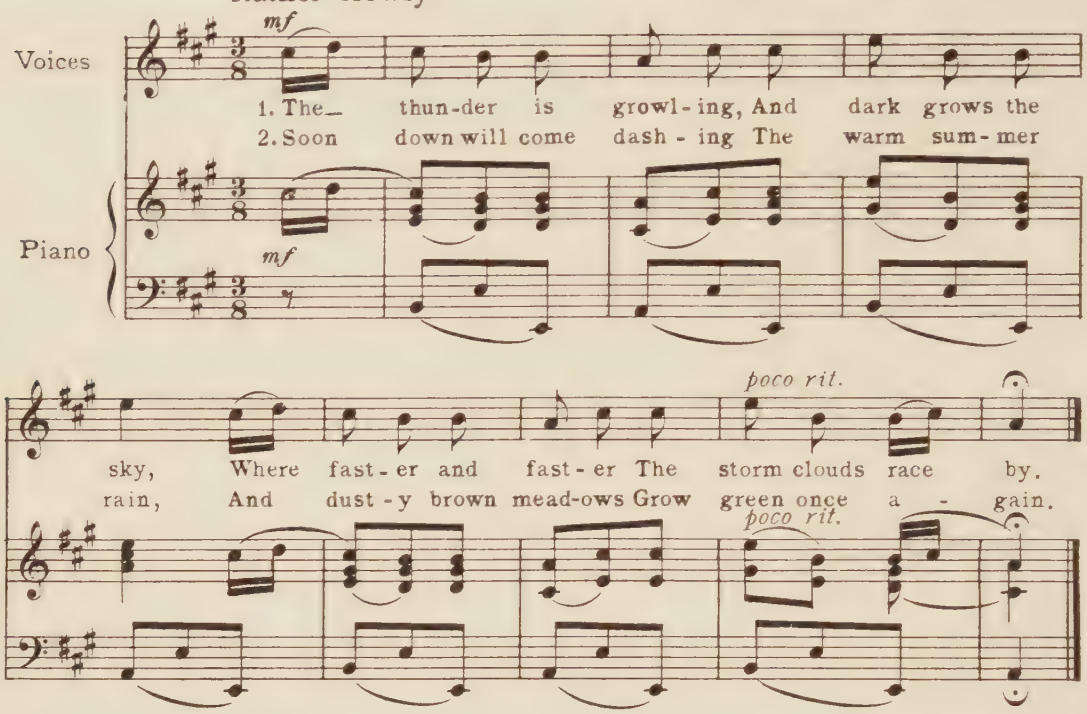

Rather slowly
Voices
Piano
1. All the win-ter long the trees are bare; Not a green leaf
2. Yet the trees are dream-ing as they stand; Ro-sy buds are
flut-ters an-y-where; Winds from i-cy re-gions blow,
read-y to ex-pand; When the breath of Spring is felt
Down the hill-side drifts the snow; Crows and squir-rels ask for scraps of bread;
All the ice and snow will melt; Full of life the riv-er'll rise and flow;
poco rit.
One would think the riv-er fro-zen dead!
There'll be food for squir-rel and for crow!
poco rit.

*) The teacher is urged to prevent any irregularity in the beat during the pauses indicated by the rests. Strict time may be preserved by the use of some simple motion in the rhythm indicated by the small notes.

19. The Shower

MAY MORGAN

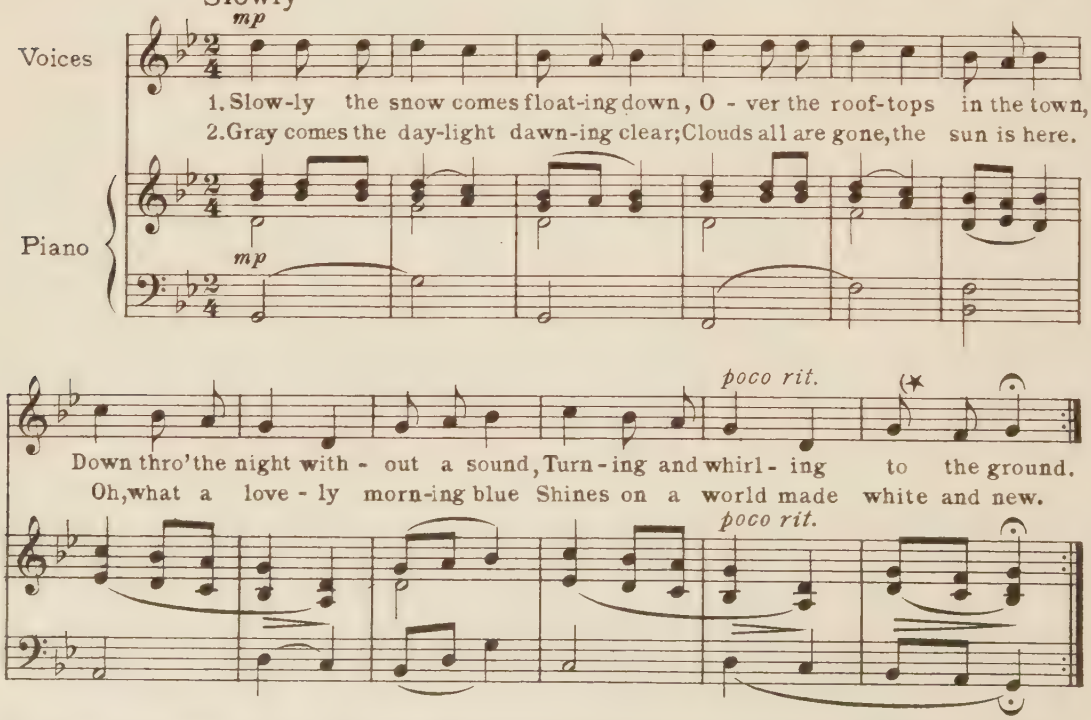
German Folk-song


Rather slowly
mf
Voices
Piano
1. The_ thun-der is growl-ing, And dark grows the
2. Soon down will come dash-ing The warm sum-mer
poco rit.
sky, Where fast-er and fast-er The storm clouds race by.
rain, And dust-y brown mead-ows Grow green once a - gain.

20. It Snows in the Night(*)

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Slavonic Folk-song

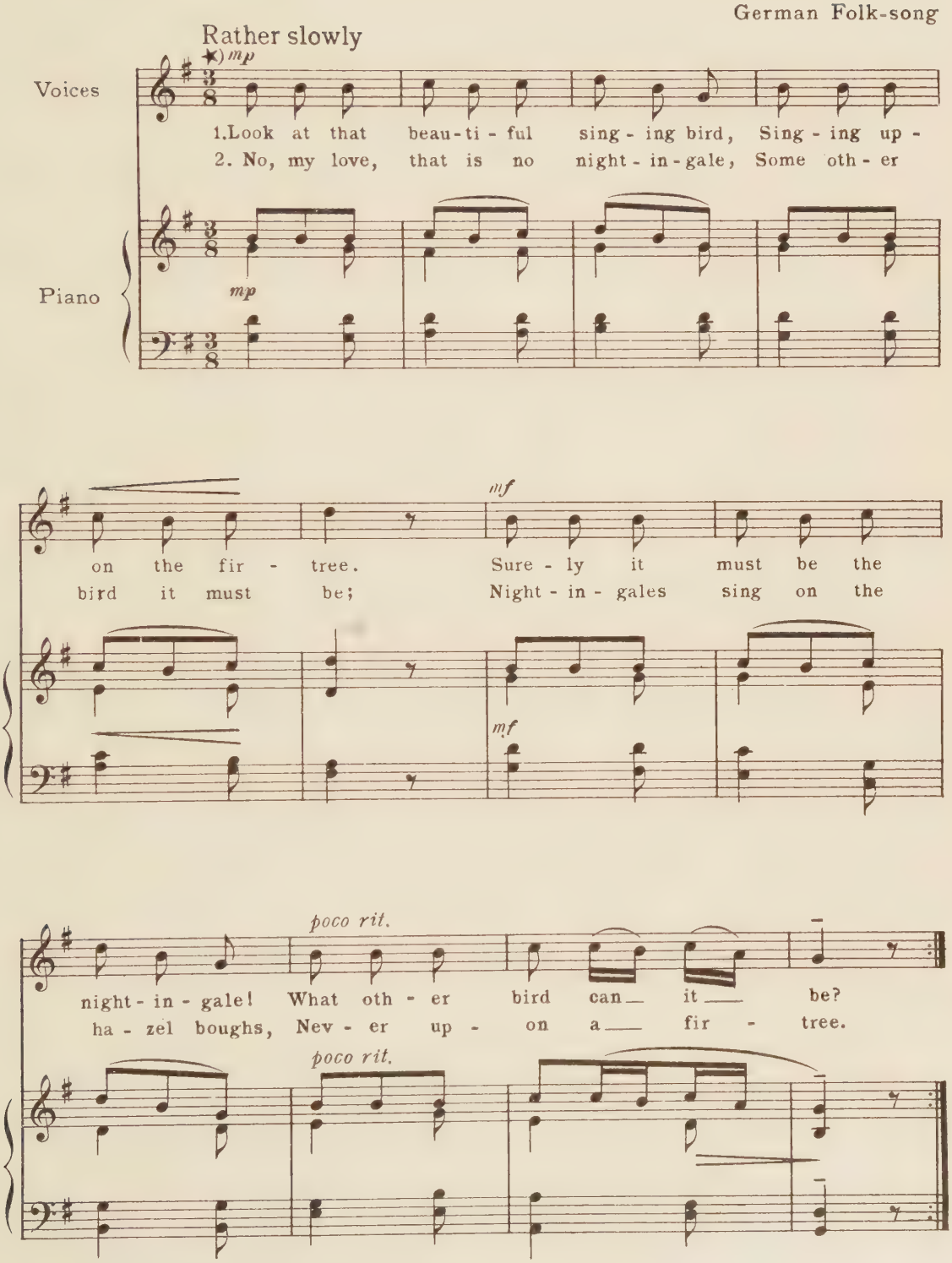

Slowly
mp
Voices
Piano
1. Slow-ly the snow comes float-ing down, O - ver the roof-tops in the town,
2. Gray comes the day-light dawn-ing clear; Clouds all are gone, the sun is here.
poco rit.
Down thro' the night with - out a sound, Turn-ing and whirl - ing to the ground.
Oh, what a love - ly morn-ing blue Shines on a world made white and new.

*) This is a "modal" song, and the whole step between *F* and *G* in the last measure should be observed strictly.

21. The Nightingale

Anonymous

German Folk-song

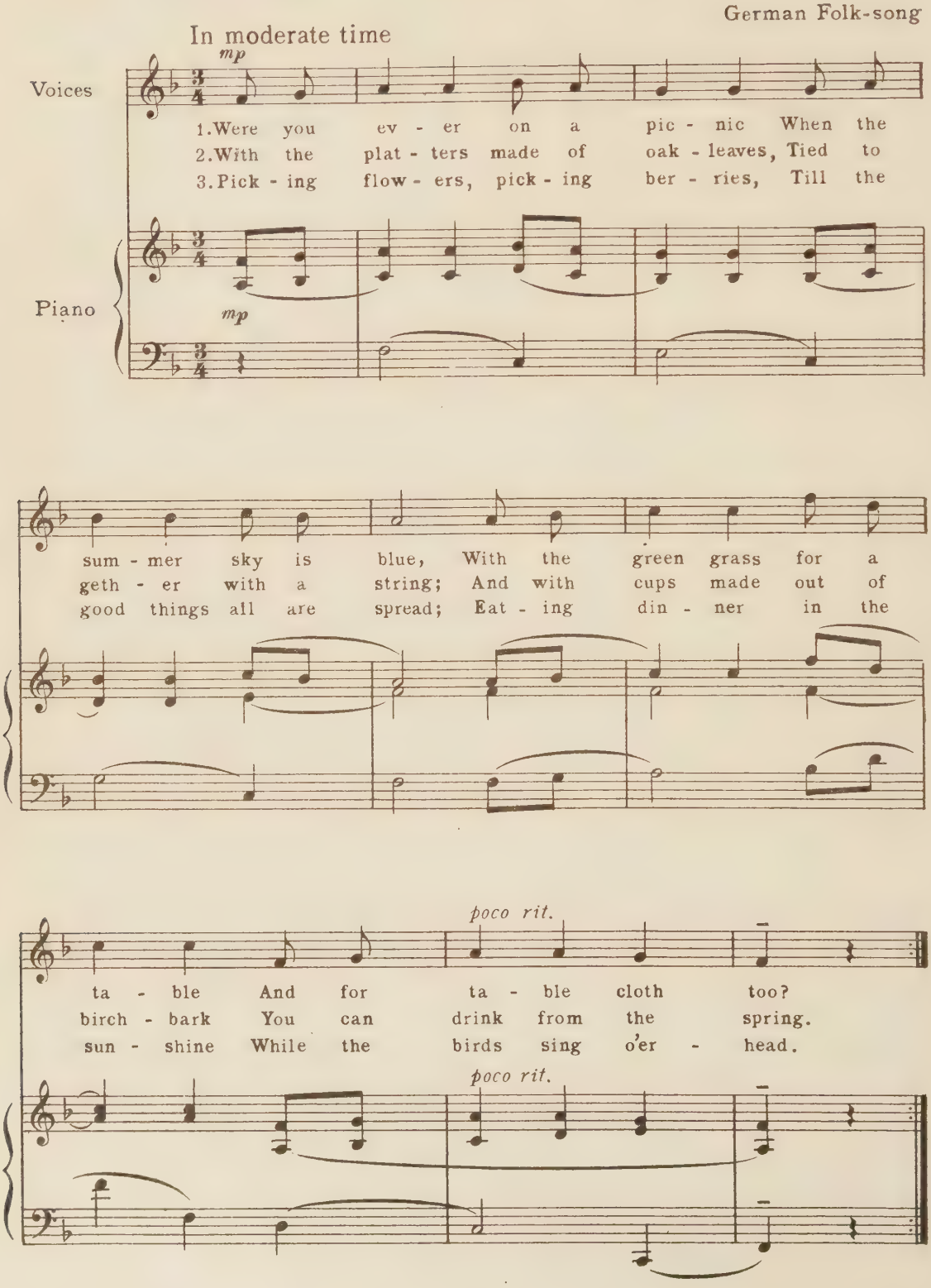


*) One group of children may sing the first verse, another group the second.

22. A Picnic on the Grass

HOMER H. HARBOUR

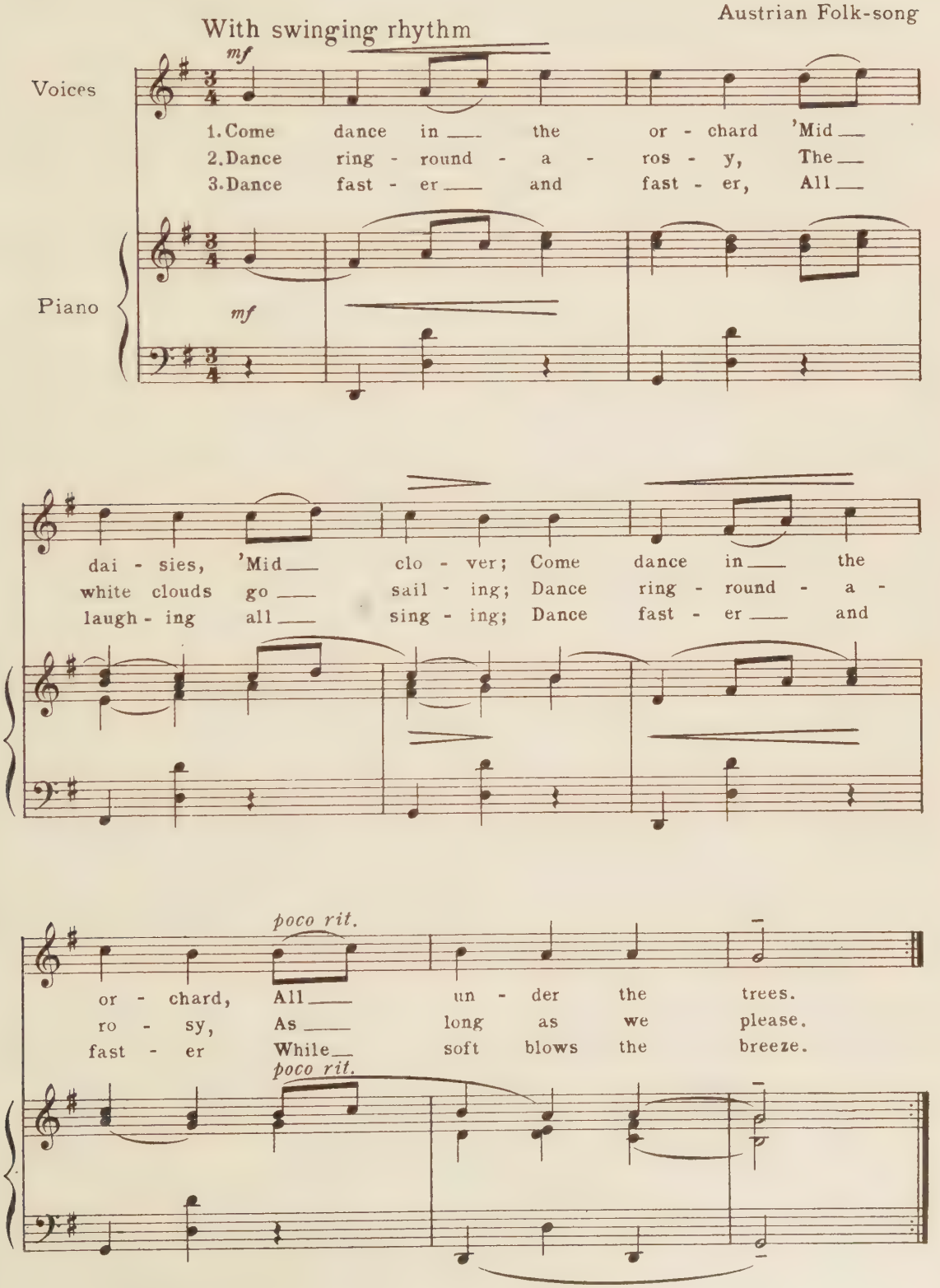
German Folk-song


In moderate time
Voices
Piano
mp
1.Were you ev - er on a pic - nic When the
2.With the plat - ters made of oak - leaves, Tied to
3.Pick - ing flow - ers, pick - ing ber - ries, Till the
sum - mer sky is blue, With the green grass for a
geth - er with a string; And with cups made out of
good things all are spread; Eat - ing din - ner in the
poco rit.
ta - ble And for ta - ble cloth too?
birch - bark You can drink from the spring.
sun - shine While the birds sing o'er - head.
poco rit.

23. Dancing in the Orchard

RICHARD COMPTON

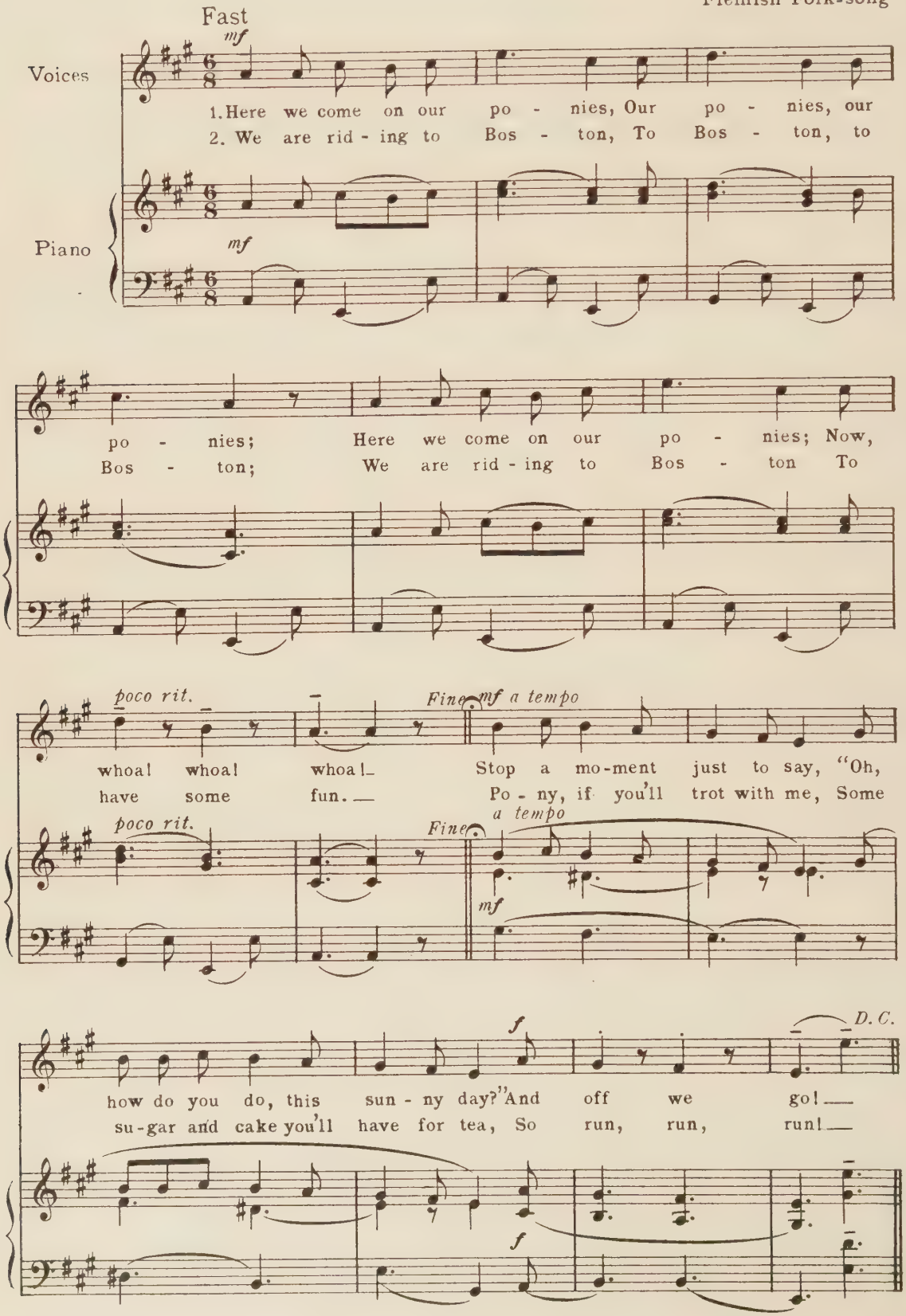
Austrian Folk-song


With swinging rhythm
mf
Voices
Piano
1. Come dance in the or - chard 'Mid
2. Dance ring - round - a - ros - y, The
3. Dance fast - er and fast - er, All
dai - sies, 'Mid clo - ver; Come dance in the
white clouds go sail - ing; Dance ring - round - a -
laugh - ing all sing - ing; Dance fast - er and
poco rit.
or - chard, All un - der the trees.
ro - sy, As long as we please.
fast - er While soft blows the breeze.
poco rit.

24. The Pony Ride

RICHARD COMPTON

Flemish Folk-song

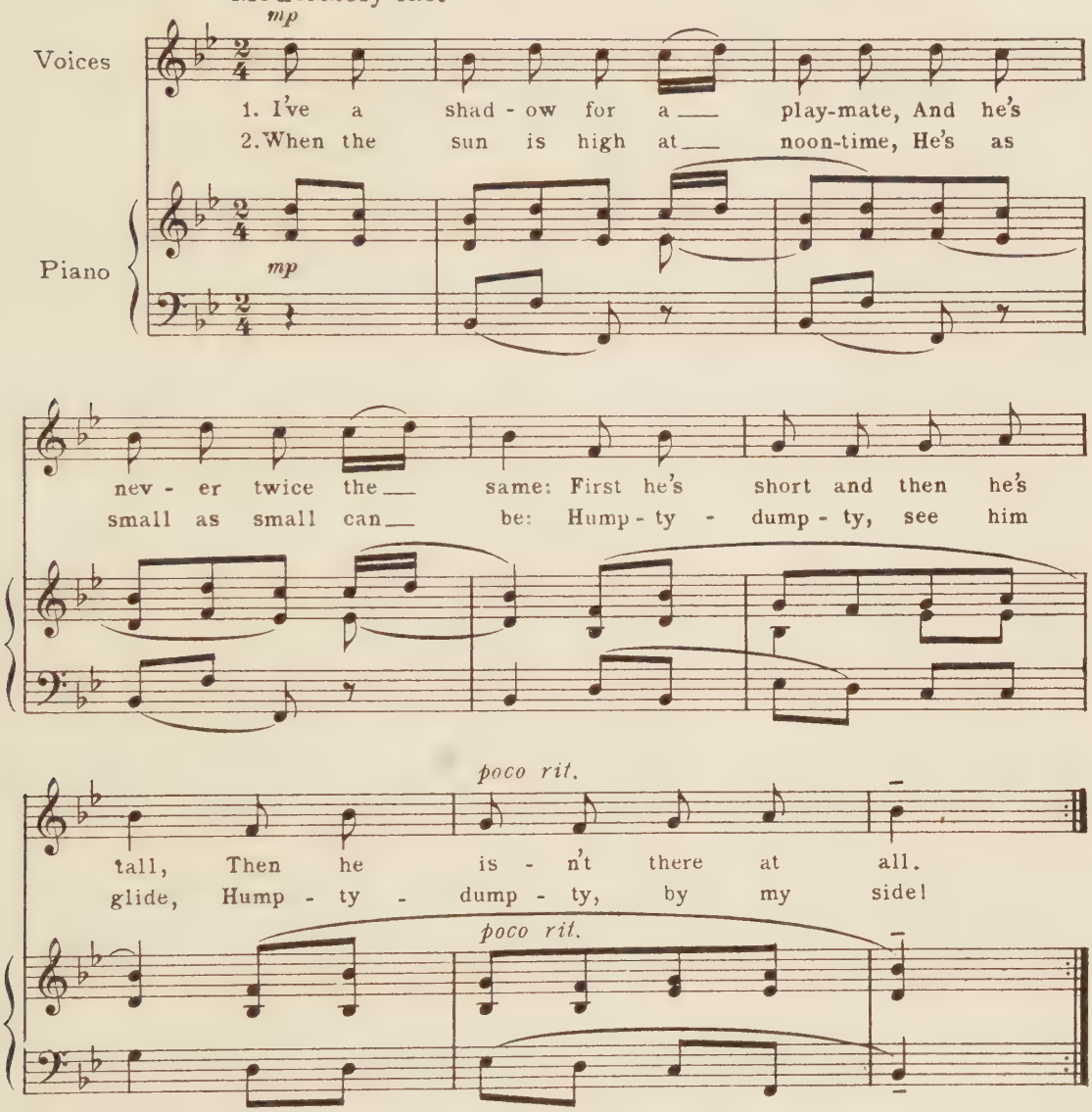

Fast
mf
Voices
Piano
1. Here we come on our po - nies, Our po - nies, our
2. We are rid - ing to Bos - ton, To Bos - ton, to
po - nies; Here we come on our po - nies; Now,
Bos - ton; We are rid - ing to Bos - ton To
poco rit.
whoa! whoa! whoa!
have some fun.
Fine
mf a tempo
Stop a mo-ment just to say, "Oh,
Po - ny, if you'll trot with me, Some
poco rit.
Fine
a tempo
mf
f
how do you do, this sun - ny day?" And off we go!
su-gar and cake you'll have for tea, So run, run, run!
D. C.
f

25. My Playmate

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Moderately fast

Russian Folk-song


Voices
Piano
mp
1. I've a shad - ow for a play-mate, And he's
2. When the sun is high at noon-time, He's as
nev - er twice the same: First he's short and then he's
small as small can be: Hump - ty - dump - ty, see him
poco rit.
tall, Then he is - n't there at all.
glide, Hump - ty - dump - ty, by my side!
poco rit.

3

As the sun gets low and lower,
Like a giant he grows tall:
Daddy-long-legs, when I run,
Daddy-long-legs, oh, what fun!

4

But I think he's scared of darkness,
And I think he's scared of rain,
For he slips away at night;
When it rains he's not in sight.

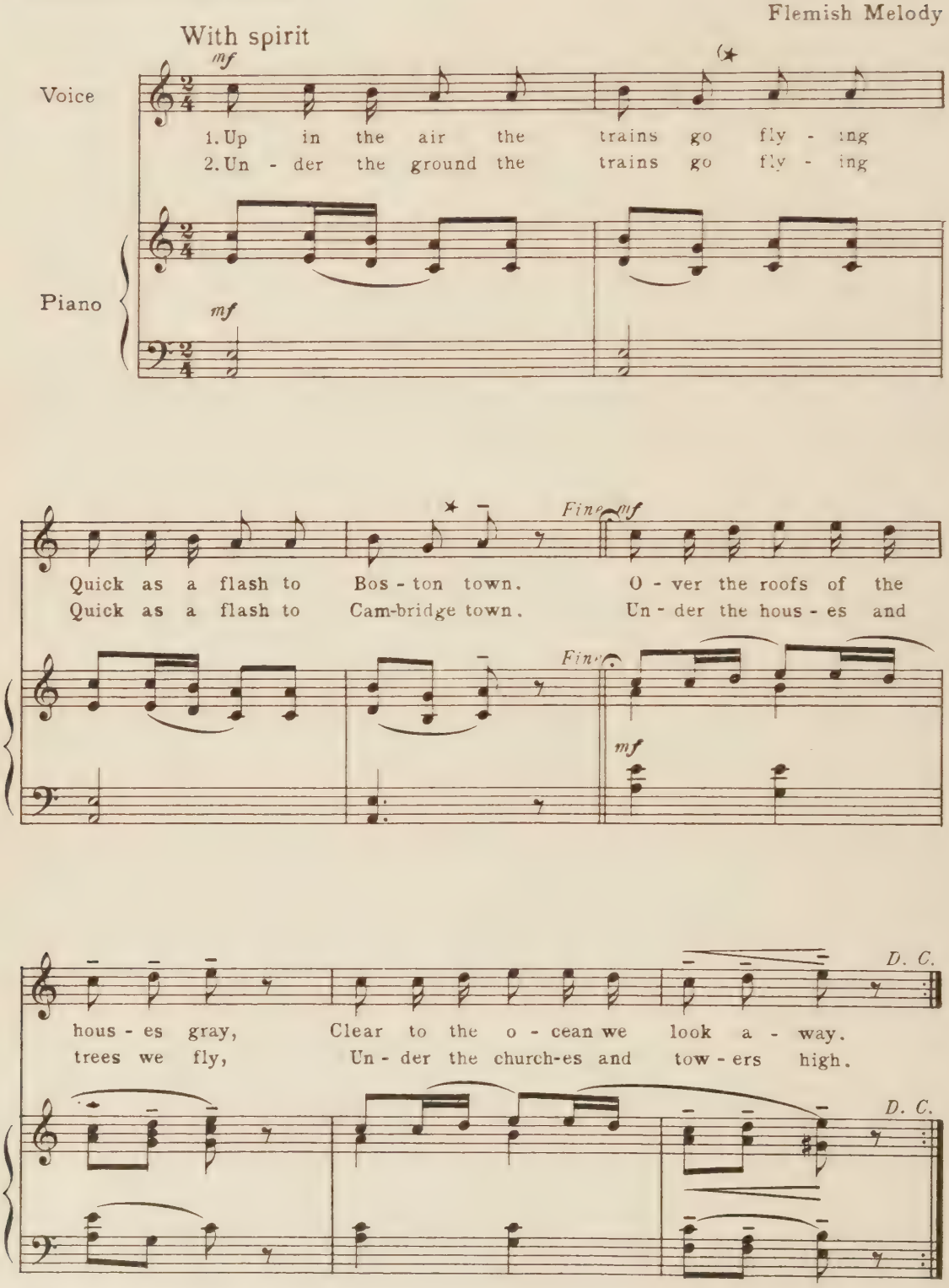
5

But the moment lamps are lighted,
And whene'er the sun comes out,
Quickly back to me he steals,
Tagging closely at my heels.

26. Riding on the Elevated

RICHARD COMPTON

Flemish Melody

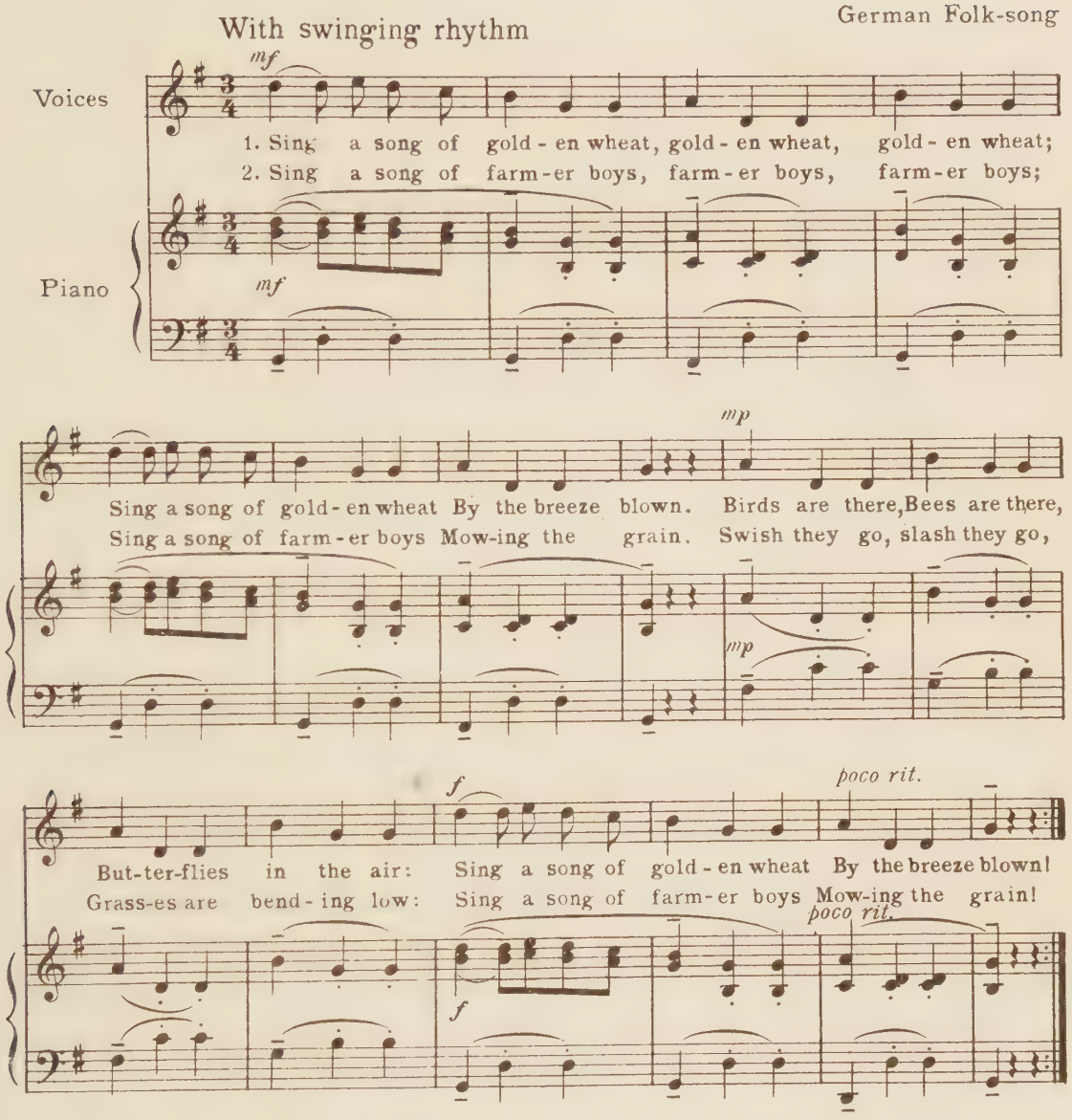

With spirit
mf
Voice
Piano
1. Up in the air the trains go fly - ing
2. Un - der the ground the trains go fly - ing
Quick as a flash to Bos - ton town. O - ver the roofs of the
Quick as a flash to Cam-bridge town. Un - der the hous - es and
Fine
D. C.
hous - es gray, Clear to the o - cean we look a - way.
trees we fly, Un - der the church-es and tow - ers high.

*) This is a "modal" song, and the whole step between *G* and *A*, in the second and fourth measures, should be strictly observed

27. A Song of Bread

HOMER H. HARBOUR

German Folk-song


With swinging rhythm
Voices
Piano
mf
1. Sing a song of gold - en wheat, gold - en wheat, gold - en wheat;
2. Sing a song of farm-er boys, farm-er boys, farm-er boys;
mp
Sing a song of gold - en wheat By the breeze blown. Birds are there, Bees are there,
Sing a song of farm-er boys Mow-ing the grain. Swish they go, slash they go,
f
poco rit.
But-ter-flies in the air: Sing a song of gold - en wheat By the breeze blown!
Grass-es are bend - ing low: Sing a song of farm-er boys Mow-ing the grain!

3

Sing a song of waterfalls,
Waterfalls, waterfalls;
Sing a song of waterfalls
Turning wheels round.
Sift the wheat,
Stamp the wheat,
Till it is soft and sweet:
Sing a song of waterfalls
Turning wheels round!

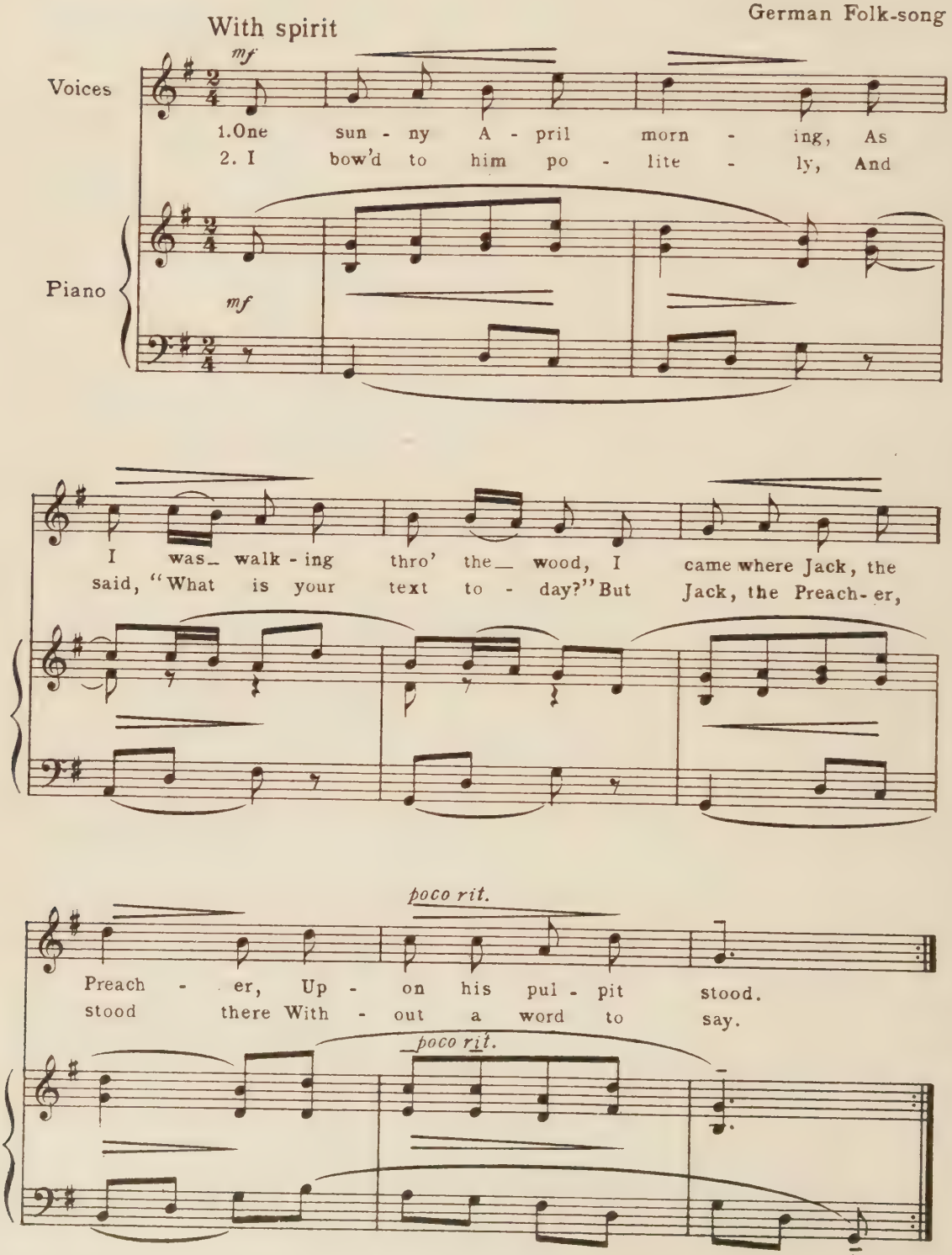
4

Sing a song of baking day,
Baking day, baking day;
Sing a song of baking day,
Coals burning red.
Milk is in,
Yeast is in,
Ovens are hot within:
Sing a song of baking day,
Loaves of white bread!

28. Jack-in-the-pulpit

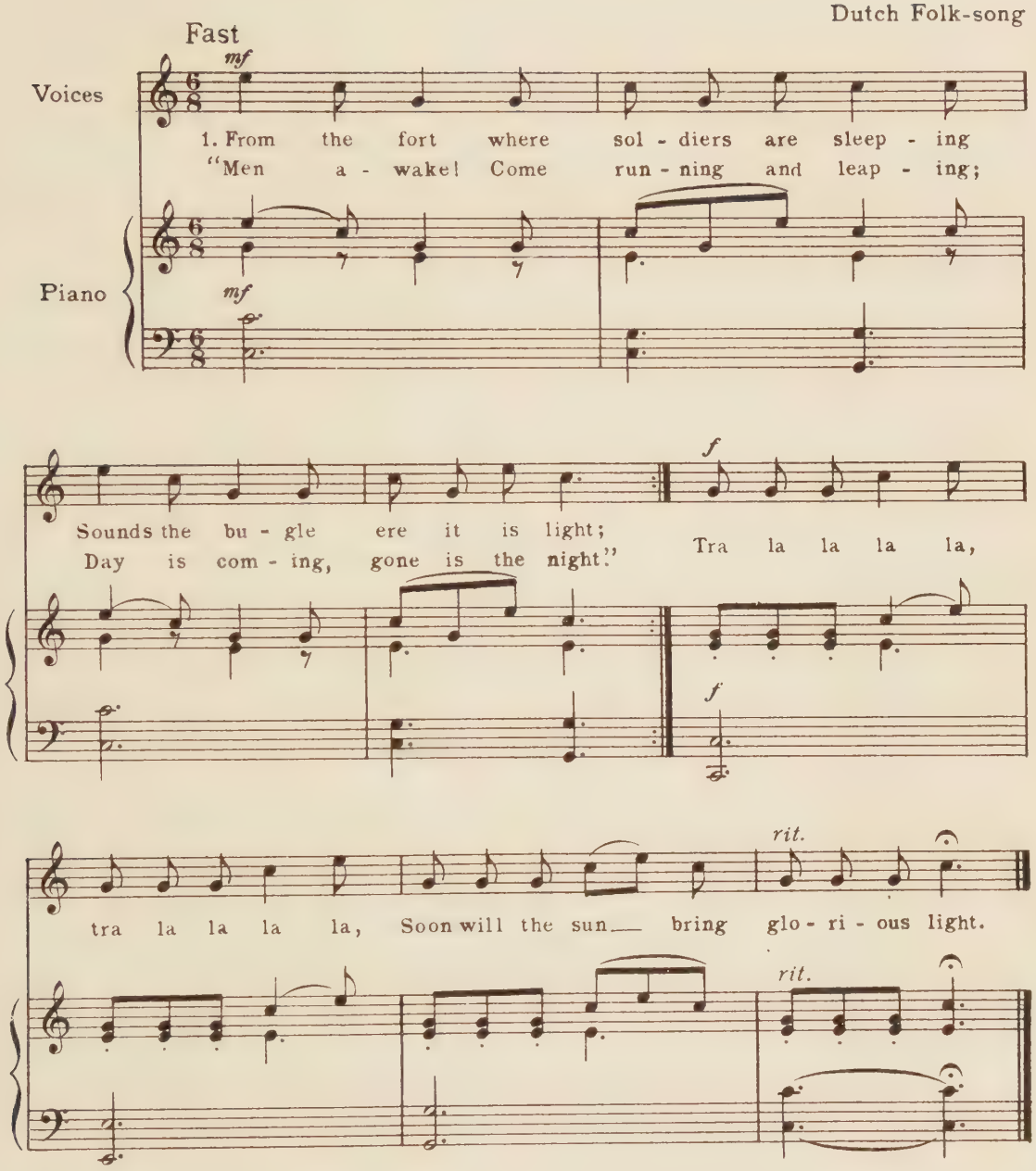
MAY MORGAN

German Folk-song


With spirit
mf
Voices
Piano
1.One sun - ny A - pril morn - ing, As
2. I bow'd to him po - lite - ly, And
I was walk - ing thro' the wood, I came where Jack, the
said, "What is your text to - day?" But Jack, the Preach - er,
poco rit.
Preach - er, Up - on his pul - pit stood.
stood there With - out a word to say.
poco rit.

29. Reveille

Anonymous

Dutch Folk-song

Fast
mf
Voices
Piano
1. From the fort where sol - diers are sleep - ing
"Men a - wake! Come run - ning and leap - ing;
Sounds the bu - gle ere it is light;
Day is com - ing, gone is the night."
f
Tra la la la la,
tra la la la la, Soon will the sun bring glo - ri - ous light.
rit.

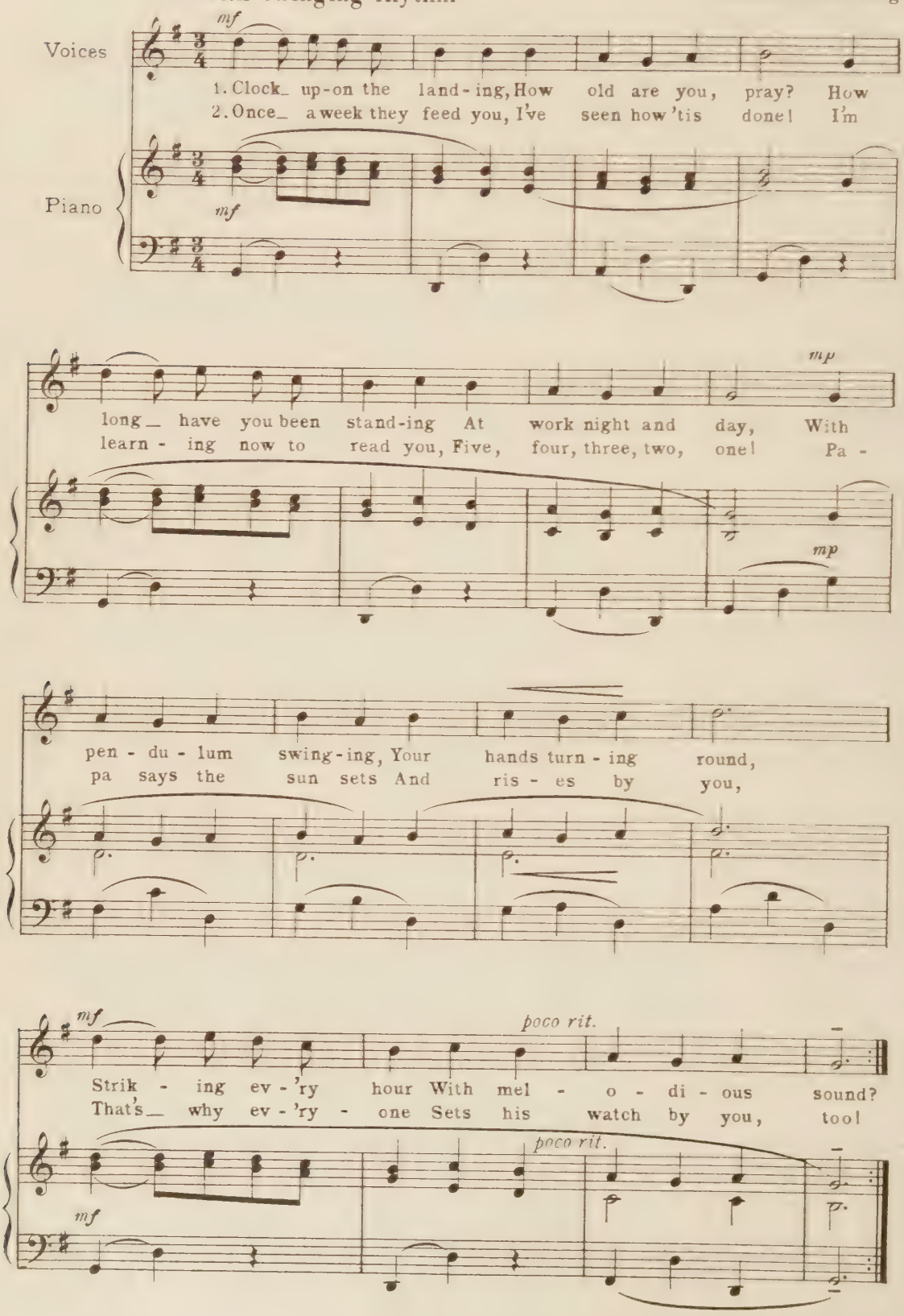
2

Hark! the bugle calling so loudly;
Far it echoes over the bay;
See the flag that's climbing so proudly
High, so high, to welcome the day!
Tra la la la la, tra la la la la,
Flag of our country greeting the day!

30. The Tall Clock

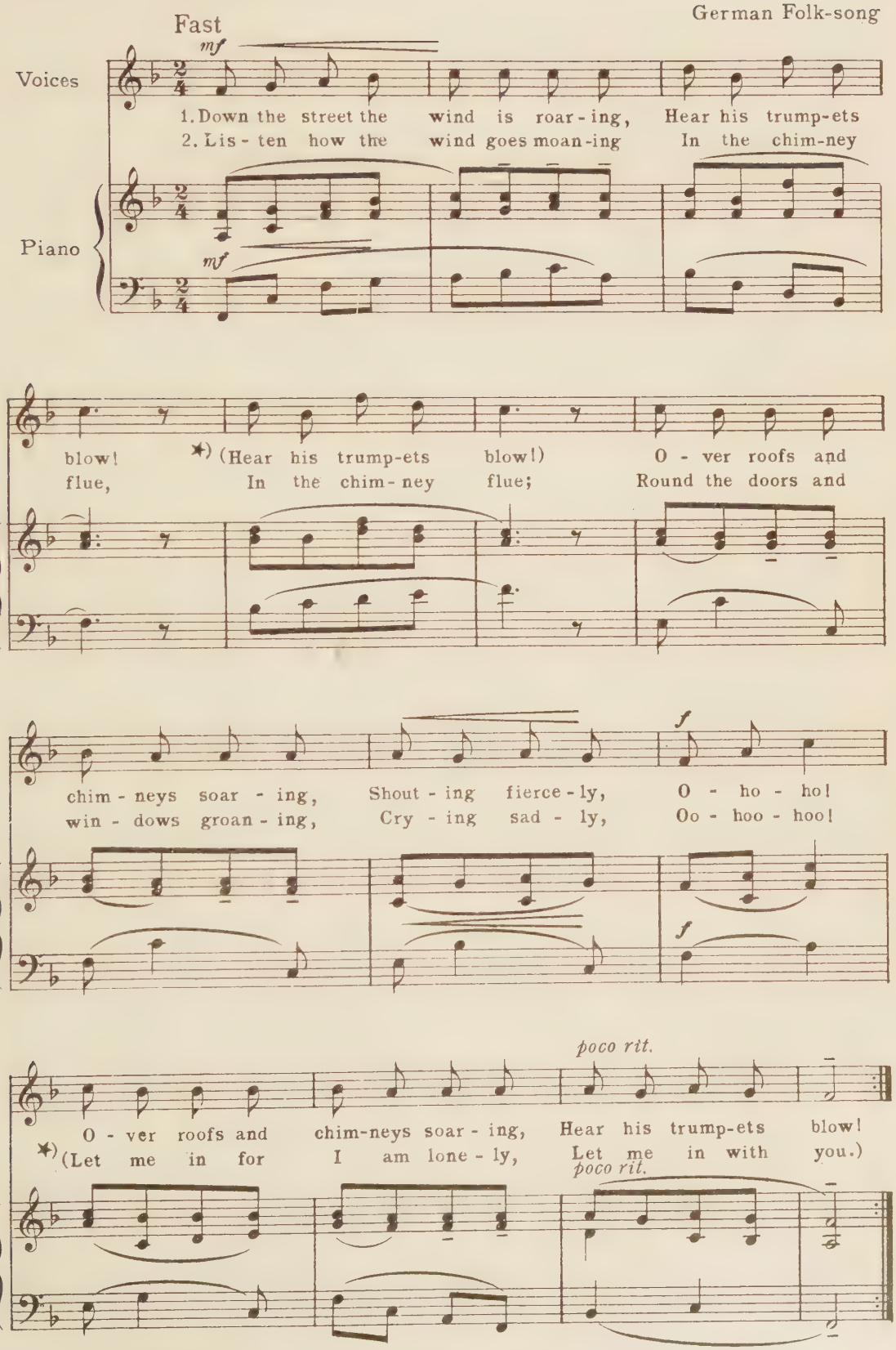
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

With swinging rhythm — German Folk-song


Voices
Piano
mf
1. Clock_ up-on the land-ing, How old are you, pray? How
2. Once_ a week they feed you, I've seen how 'tis done! I'm
long_ have you been stand-ing At work night and day, With
learn-ing now to read you, Five, four, three, two, one! Pa -
mp
pen-du-lum swing-ing, Your hands turn-ing round,
pa says the sun sets And ris-es by you,
poco rit.
Strik-ing ev-'ry hour With mel-o-di-ous sound?
That's_ why ev-'ry-one Sets his watch by you, too!

31. The Wind

HOMER H. HARBOUR

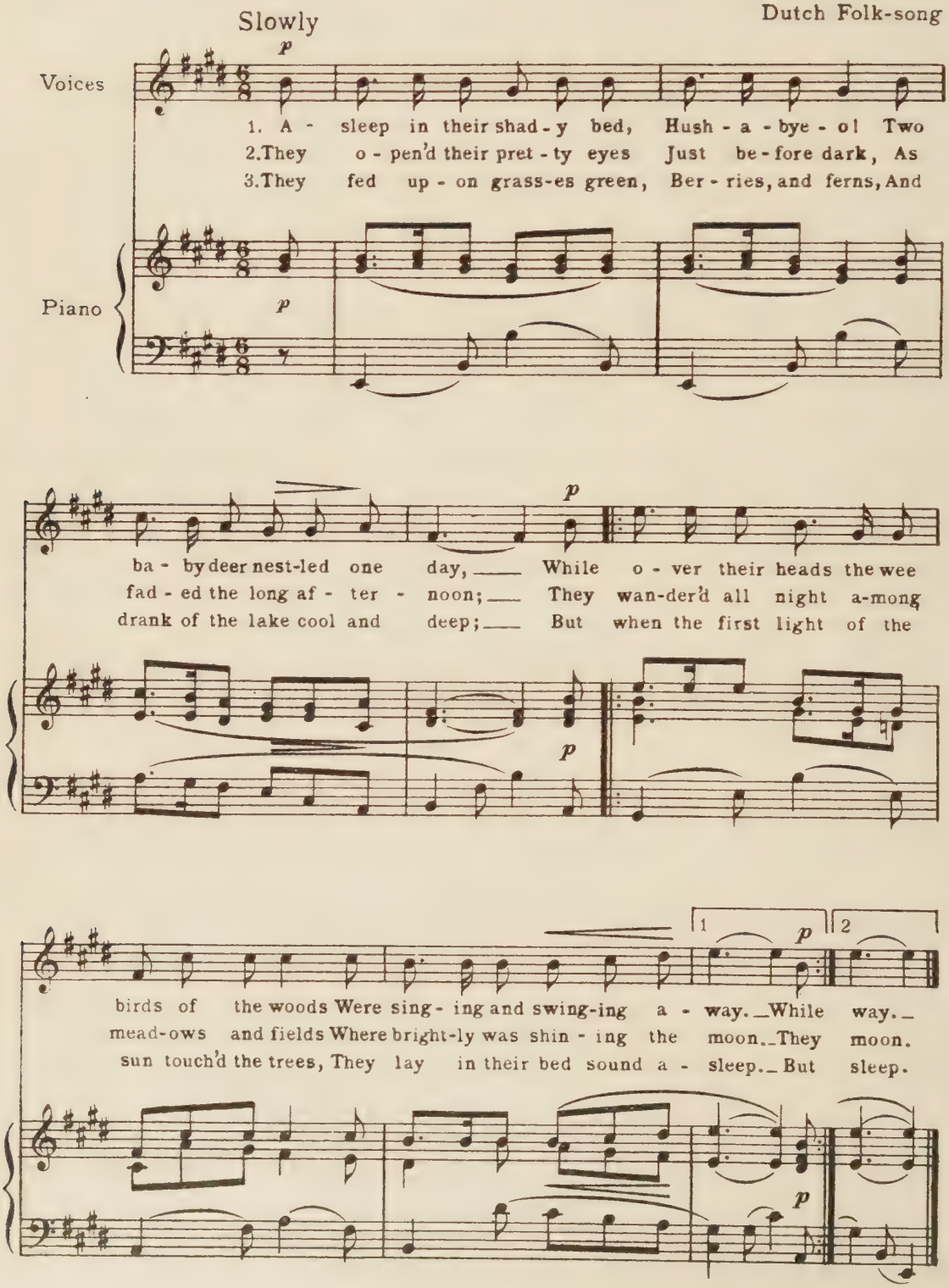
German Folk-song

Fast
mf
Voices
Piano
1. Down the street the wind is roar - ing, Hear his trump-ets
2. Lis - ten how the wind goes moan - ing In the chim-ney
blow! (Hear his trump-ets blow!) O - ver roofs and
flue, In the chim - ney flue; Round the doors and
chim - neys soar - ing, Shout - ing fierce - ly, O - ho - ho!
win - dows groan - ing, Cry - ing sad - ly, Oo - hoo - hoo!
f
poco rit.
O - ver roofs and chim-neys soar - ing, Hear his trump-ets blow!
(Let me in for I am lone - ly, Let me in with you.)

*)Words in parentheses may be sung by one child at a distance.

32. A Night in the Woods

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Dutch Folk-song

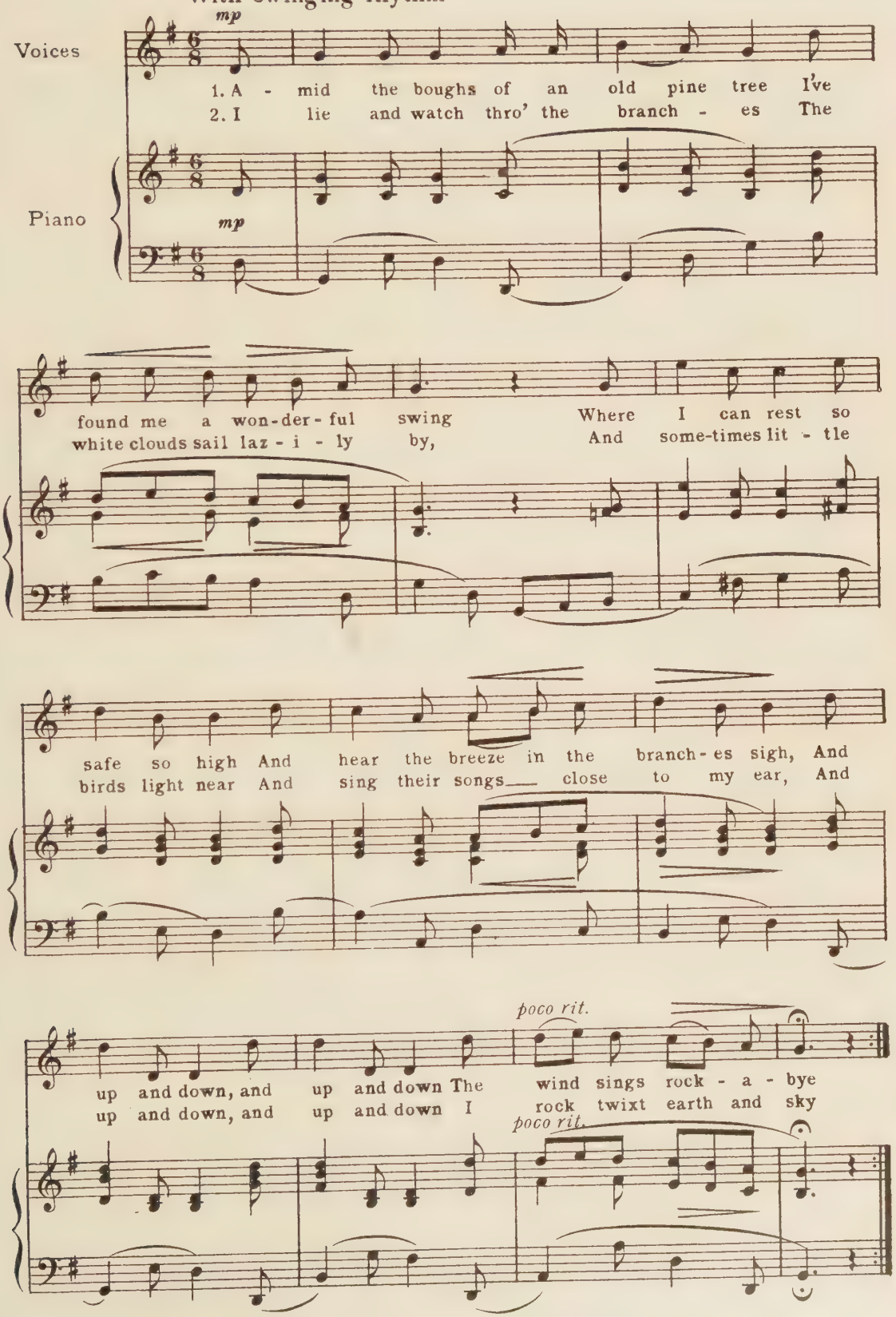

Slowly
p
Voices
1. A - sleep in their shad - y bed, Hush - a - bye - o! Two
2.They o - pen'd their pret - ty eyes Just be - fore dark, As
3.They fed up - on grass-es green, Ber - ries, and ferns, And
Piano
p
ba - by deer nest-led one day, While o - ver their heads the wee
fad - ed the long af - ter - noon; They wan-der'd all night a-mong
drank of the lake cool and deep; But when the first light of the
p
1
2
p
birds of the woods Were sing - ing and swing-ing a - way. While way.
mead-ows and fields Where bright-ly was shin - ing the moon. They moon.
sun touch'd the trees, They lay in their bed sound a - sleep. But sleep.
p

33. The Pine Tree Swing

HOMER H. HARBOUR

With swinging rhythm

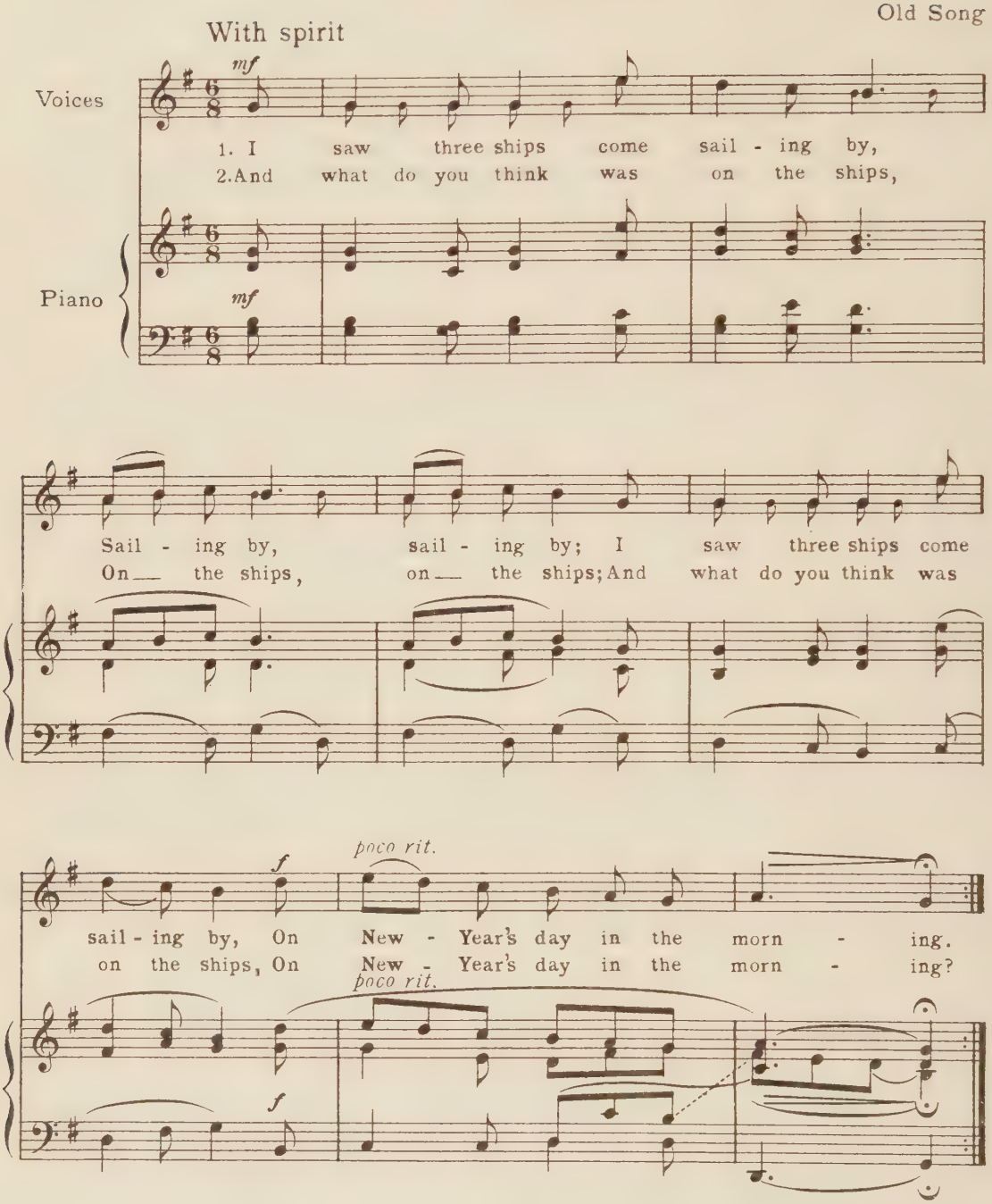
German Folk-song


Voices
Piano
mp
1. A - mid the boughs of an old pine tree I've found me a won-der-ful swing Where I can rest so safe so high And hear the breeze in the branch-es sigh, And up and down, and up and down The wind sings rock - a - bye
2. I lie and watch thro' the branch - es The white clouds sail laz - i - ly by, And some-times lit - tle birds light near And sing their songs close to my ear, And up and down, and up and down I rock twixt earth and sky
poco rit.

34. I saw three ships

Anonymous

Old Song


With spirit
Voices
Piano
mf
1. I saw three ships come sail - ing by,
2.And what do you think was on the ships,
Sail - ing by, sail - ing by; I saw three ships come
On the ships, on the ships; And what do you think was
f
poco rit.
sail - ing by, On New - Year's day in the morn - ing.
on the ships, On New - Year's day in the morn - ing?

3

Three pretty girls were on the ships,
On the ships, on the ships;
Three pretty girls were on the ships,
On New Year's day in the morning.

4

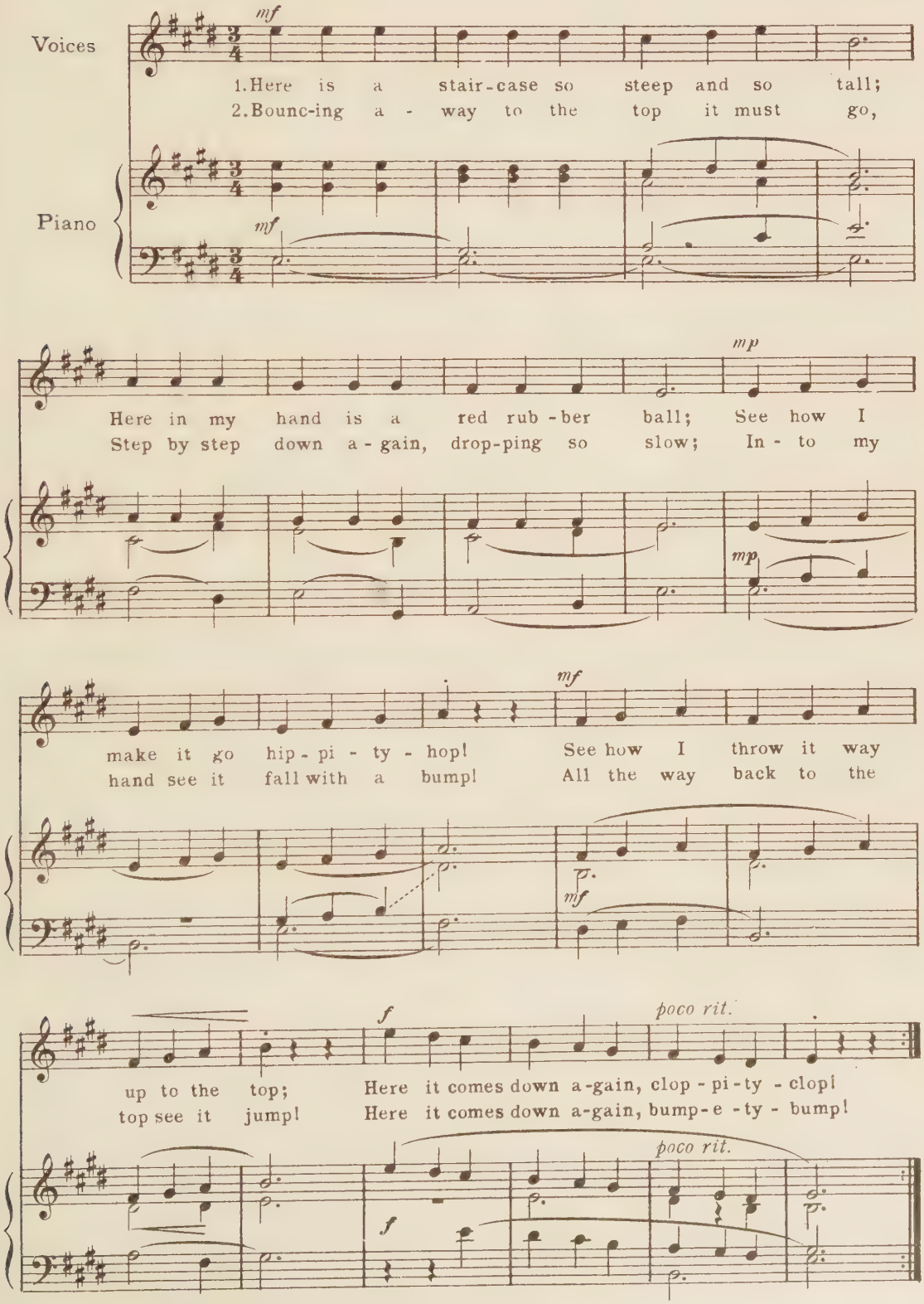
And one could whistle and one could sing,
The other could play the violin;
Such joy there was at my wedding,
On New Year's day in the morning.

35. Playing Ball on the Stairs

RICHARD COMPTON

Moderately fast

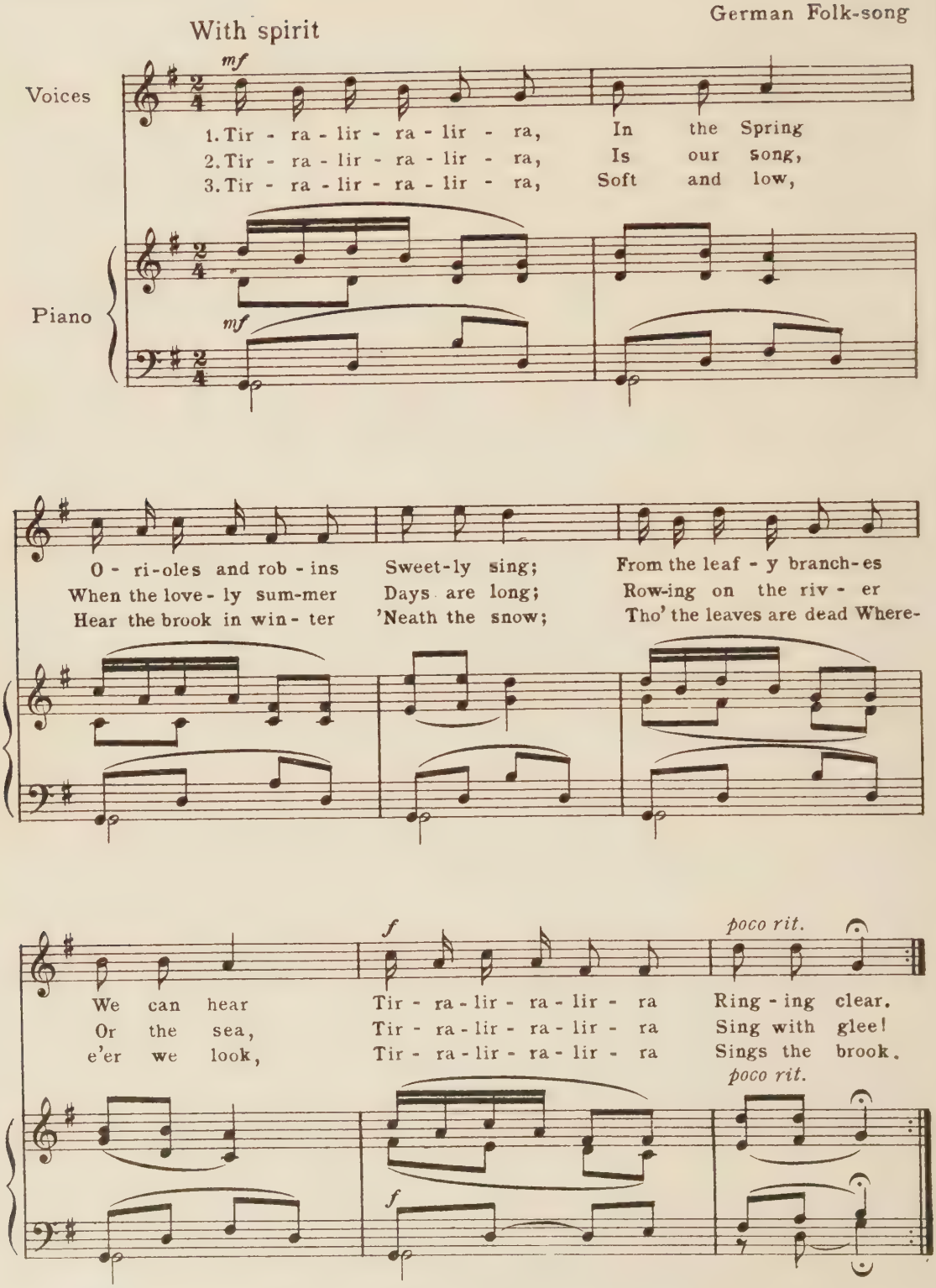
French Folk-song


Voices
Piano
mf
1. Here is a stair-case so steep and so tall;
2. Bounc-ing a - way to the top it must go,
mp
Here in my hand is a red rub-ber ball; See how I
Step by step down a-gain, drop-ping so slow; In - to my
mf
make it go hip - pi - ty - hop! See how I throw it way
hand see it fall with a bump! All the way back to the
f
poco rit.
up to the top; Here it comes down a-gain, clop - pi - ty - clop!
top see it jump! Here it comes down a-gain, bump-e - ty - bump!

36. Tirra-lirra-lirra

JOHN ERWIN

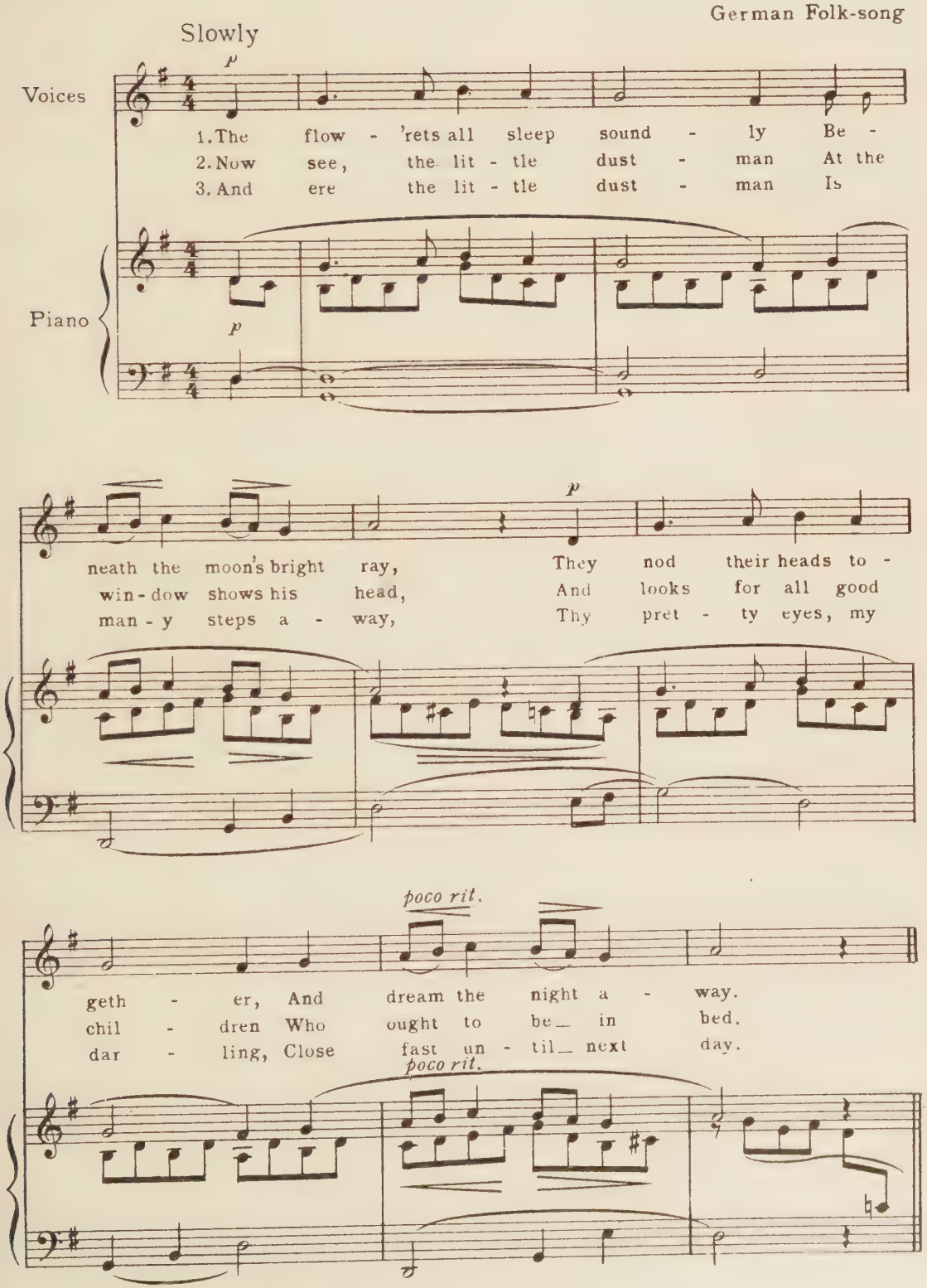
German Folk-song

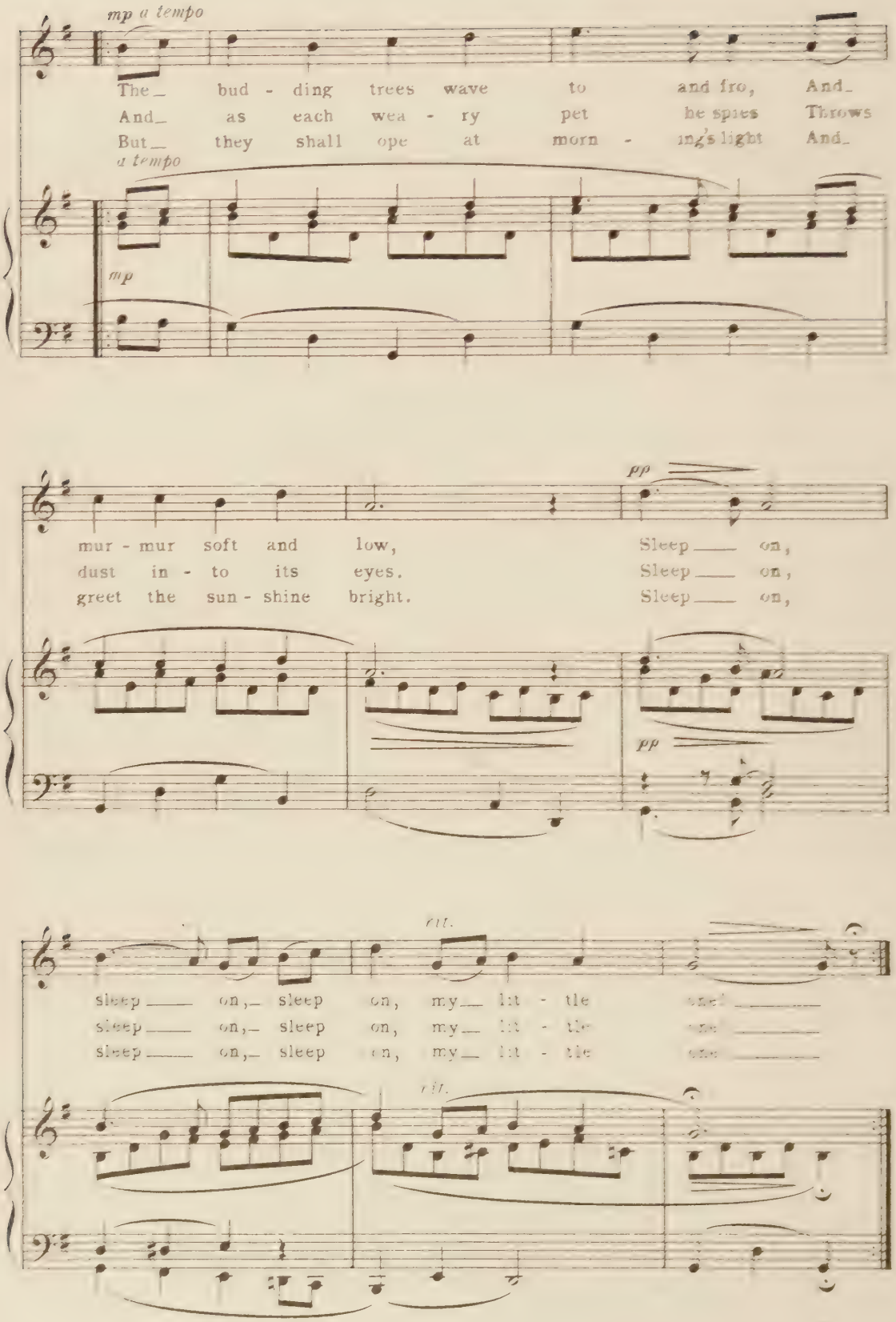

With spirit
Voices
Piano
mf
1. Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra, In the Spring
2. Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra, Is our song,
3. Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra, Soft and low,
O - ri-oles and rob - ins Sweet-ly sing; From the leaf - y branch-es
When the love - ly sum-mer Days are long; Row-ing on the riv - er
Hear the brook in win - ter 'Neath the snow; Tho' the leaves are dead Where-
We can hear Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra Ring - ing clear,
Or the sea, Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra Sing with glee!
e'er we look, Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra Sings the brook.
f
poco rit.

37. The Little Dustman

Anonymous

German Folk-song

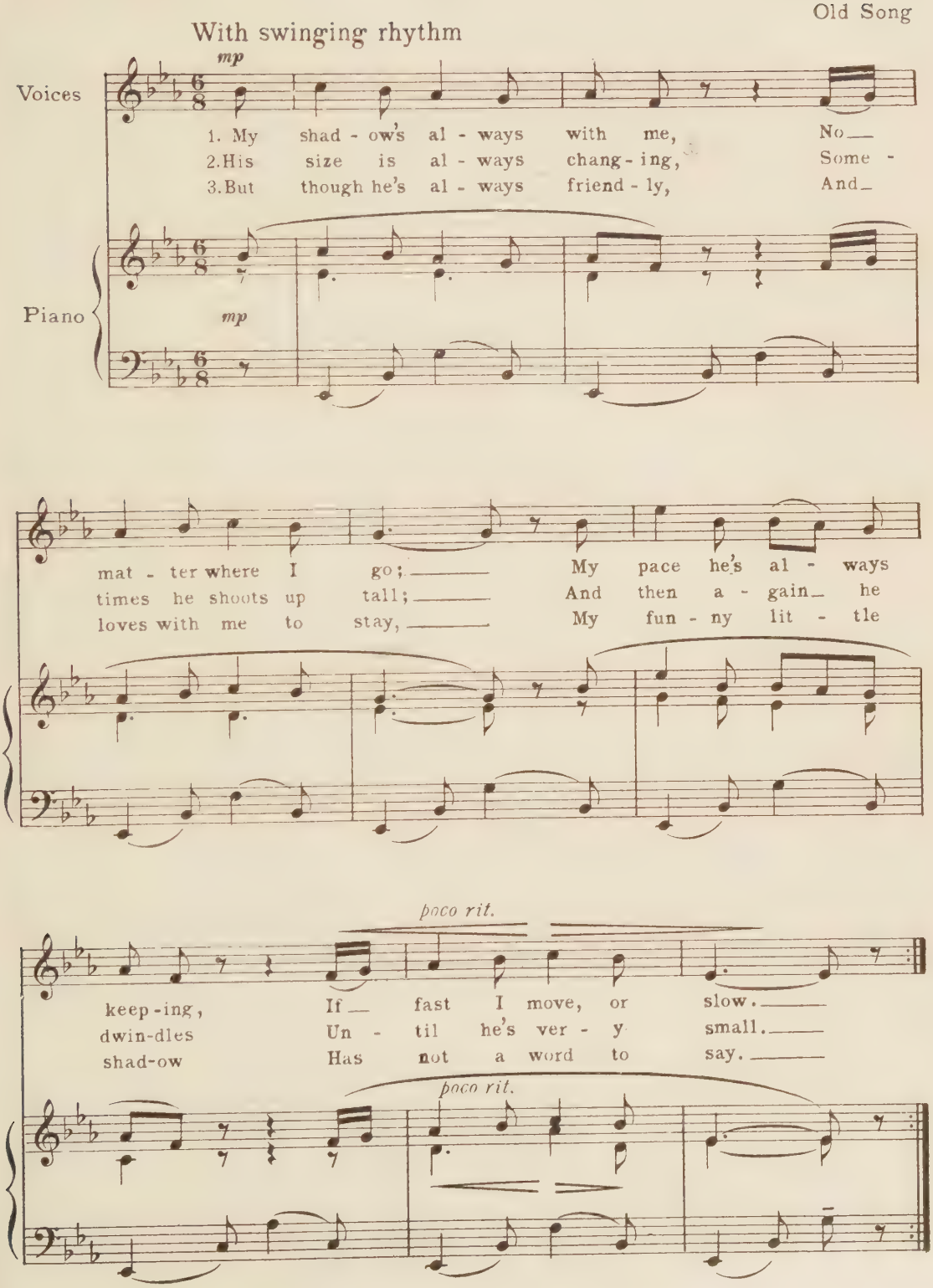

Slowly
p
Voices
Piano
1. The flow - 'rets all sleep sound - ly Be -
2. Now see, the lit - tle dust - man At the
3. And ere the lit - tle dust - man Is
neath the moon's bright ray, They nod their heads to -
win - dow shows his head, And looks for all good
man - y steps a - way, Thy pret - ty eyes, my
poco rit.
geth - er, And dream the night a - way.
chil - dren Who ought to be in bed.
dar - ling, Close fast un - til next day.


mp a tempo
The_ bud - ding trees wave to and fro, And_
And_ as each wea - ry pet he spies Throws
But_ they shall ope at morn - ing's light And_
a tempo
mp
pp
mur - mur soft and low, Sleep ___ on,
dust in - to its eyes. Sleep ___ on,
greet the sun - shine bright. Sleep ___ on,
pp
rit.
sleep ___ on,_ sleep on, my_ lit - tle one! ___
sleep ___ on,_ sleep on, my_ lit - tle one ___
sleep ___ on,_ sleep on, my_ lit - tle one ___
rit.

38. The Shadow

MAY MORGAN

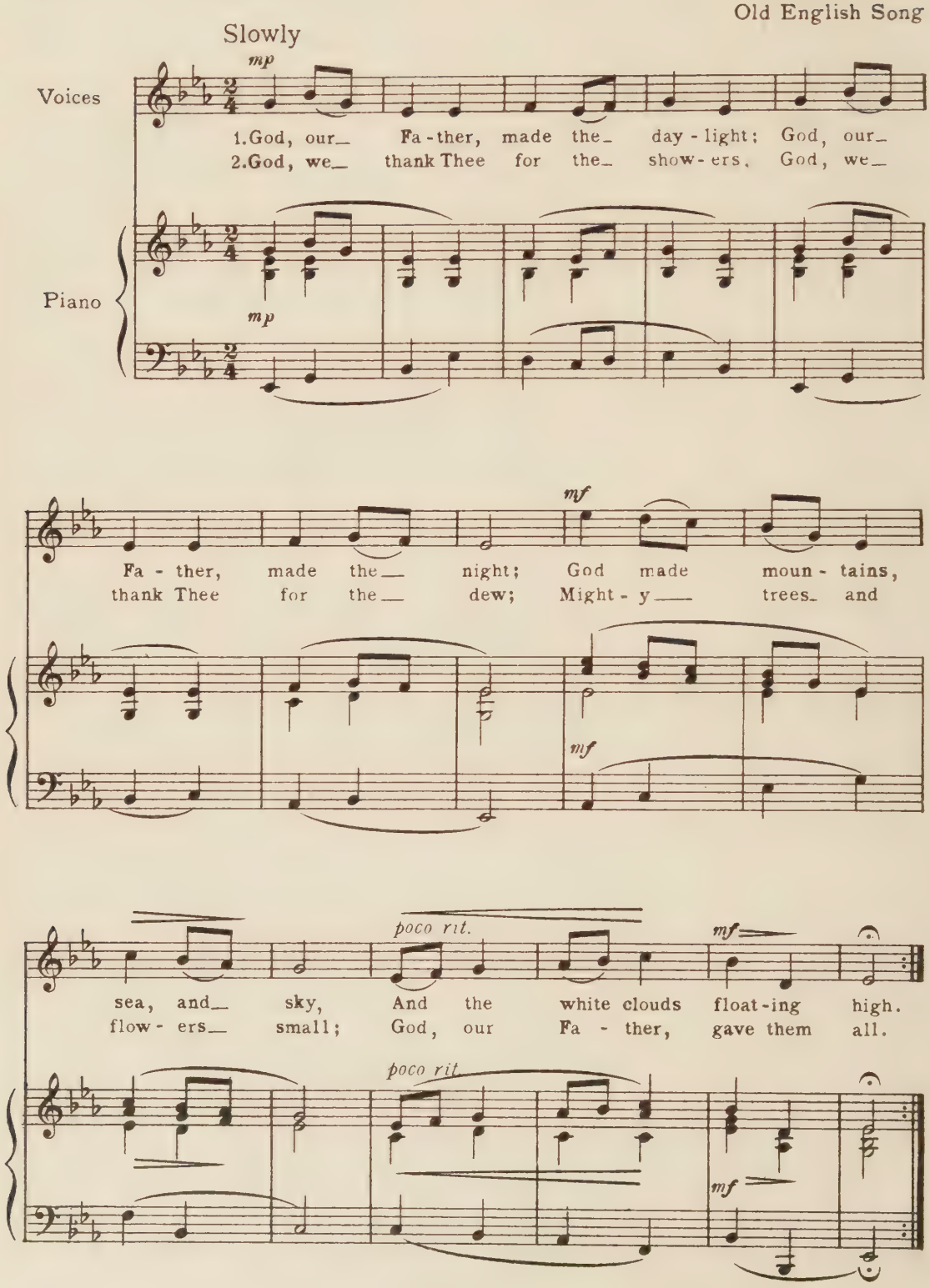
Old Song


With swinging rhythm
mp
Voices
1. My shad - ow's al - ways with me, No__
2. His size is al - ways chang - ing, Some -
3. But though he's al - ways friend - ly, And_
Piano
mp
mat - ter where I go;__ My pace he's al - ways
times he shoots up tall;__ And then a - gain_ he
loves with me to stay,__ My fun - ny lit - tle
poco rit.
keep - ing, If__ fast I move, or slow.__
dwin-dles Un - til he's ver - y small.__
shad-ow Has not a word to say.__
poco rit.

39. Song of Praise

RICHARD COMPTON

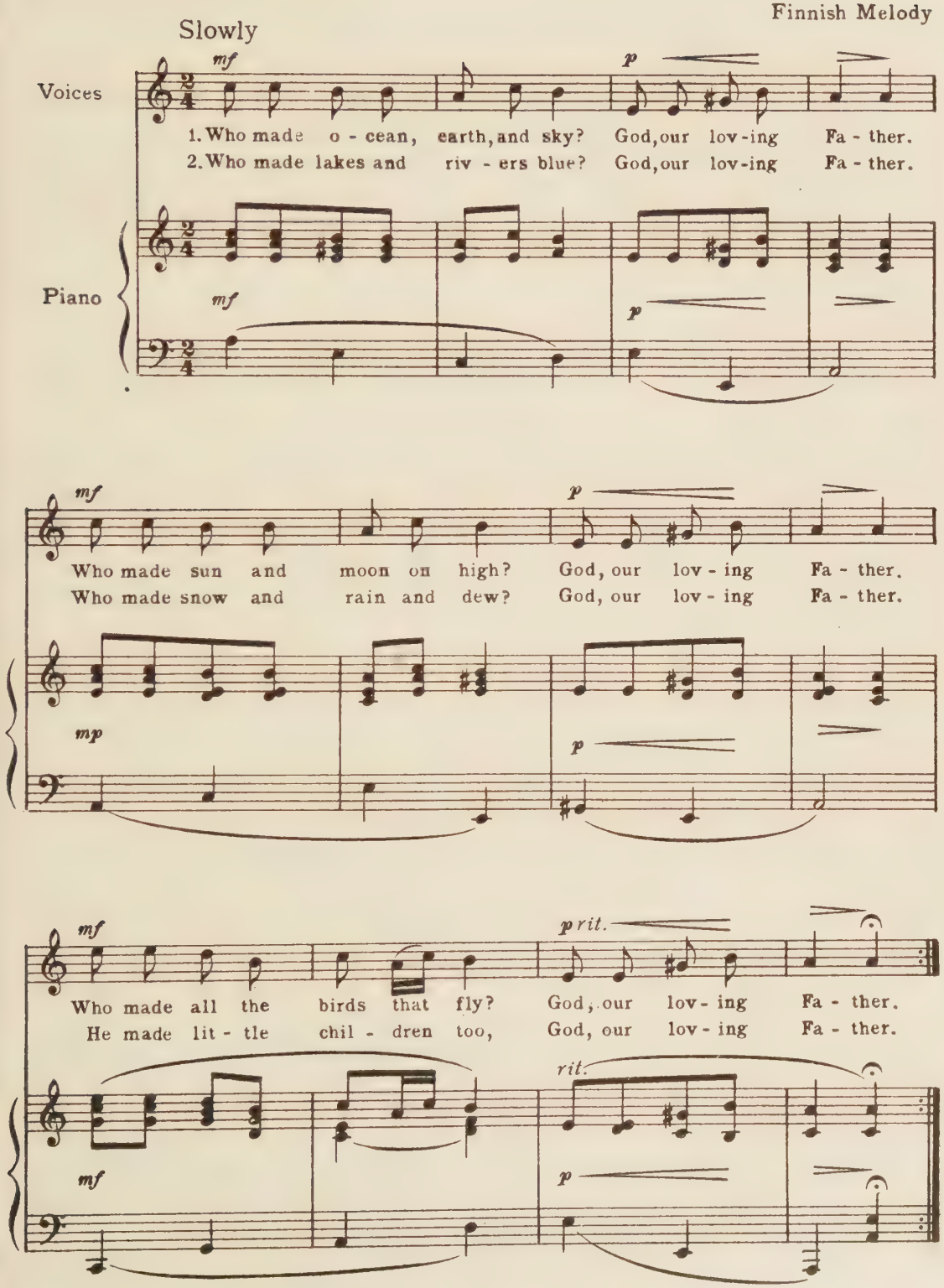
Old English Song


Slowly
Voices
Piano
mp
1.God, our Fa-ther, made the day-light; God, our
2.God, we thank Thee for the show-ers, God, we
mf
Fa-ther, made the night; God made moun-tains,
thank Thee for the dew; Might-y trees and
poco rit.
sea, and sky, And the white clouds float-ing high.
flow-ers small; God, our Fa-ther, gave them all.

40. God, our Loving Father

RICHARD COMPTON

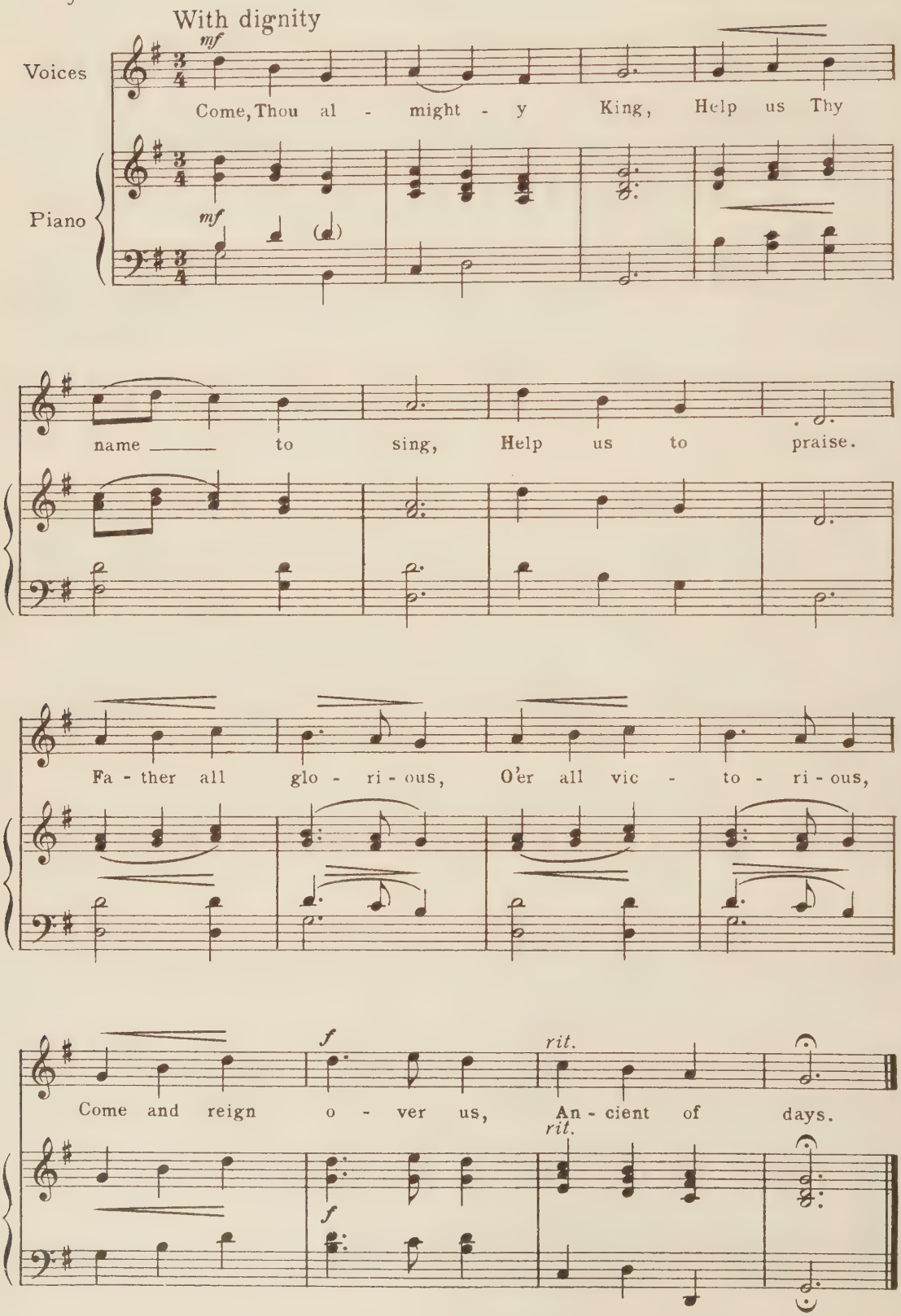
Finnish Melody


Slowly
Voices
Piano
mf
p
1. Who made o - cean, earth, and sky? God, our lov - ing Fa - ther.
2. Who made lakes and riv - ers blue? God, our lov - ing Fa - ther.
mp
Who made sun and moon on high? God, our lov - ing Fa - ther.
Who made snow and rain and dew? God, our lov - ing Fa - ther.
p rit.
Who made all the birds that fly? God, our lov - ing Fa - ther.
He made lit - tle chil - dren too, God, our lov - ing Fa - ther.
rit.

41. Come, Thou Almighty King

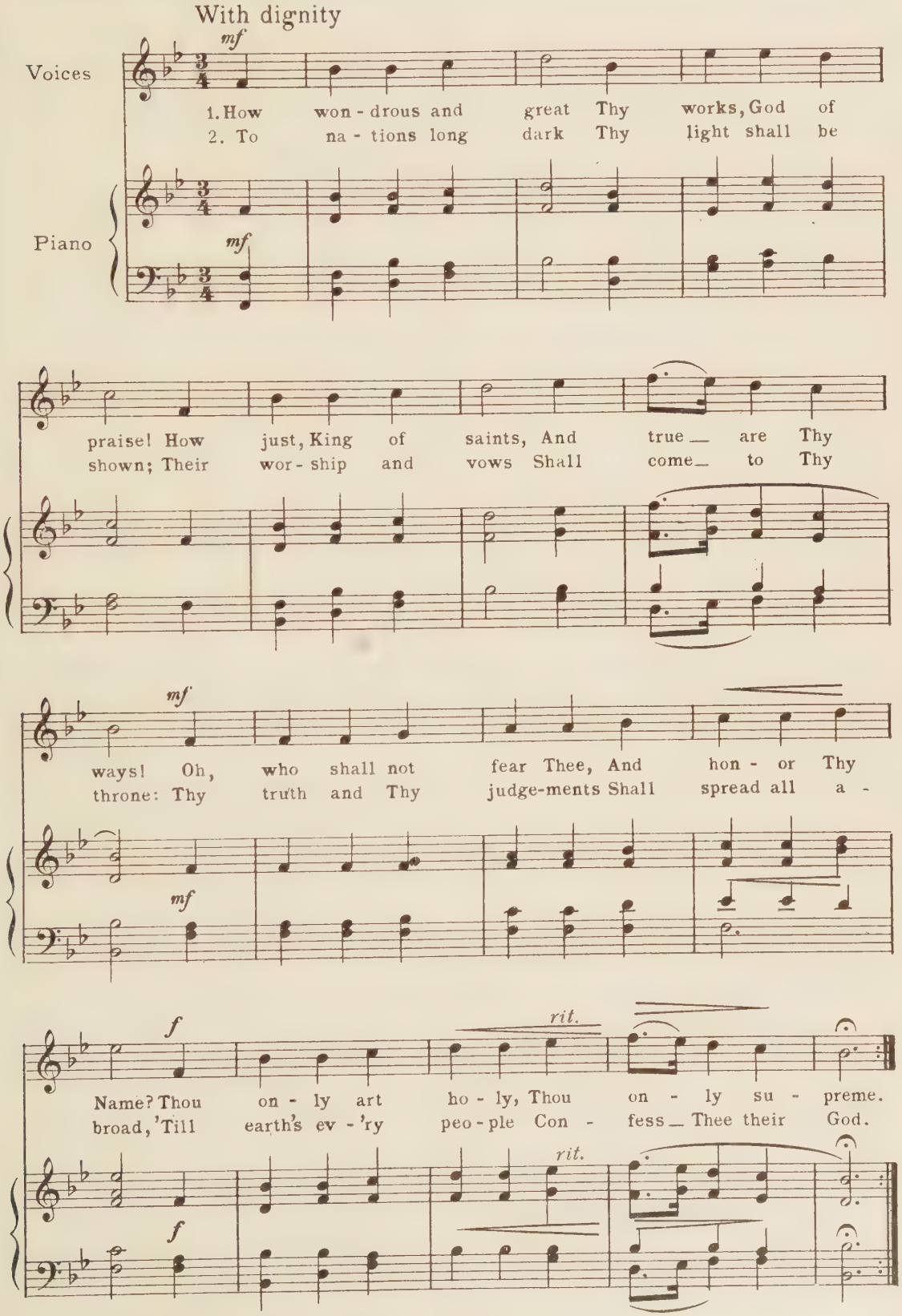
Anonymous

FELICE GIARDINI


With dignity
mf
Voices
Piano
Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy
name to sing, Help us to praise.
Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous,
f
rit.
Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.

42. How wondrous and great

Bishop H. U. ONDERDONK (1826) JOSEF HAYDN

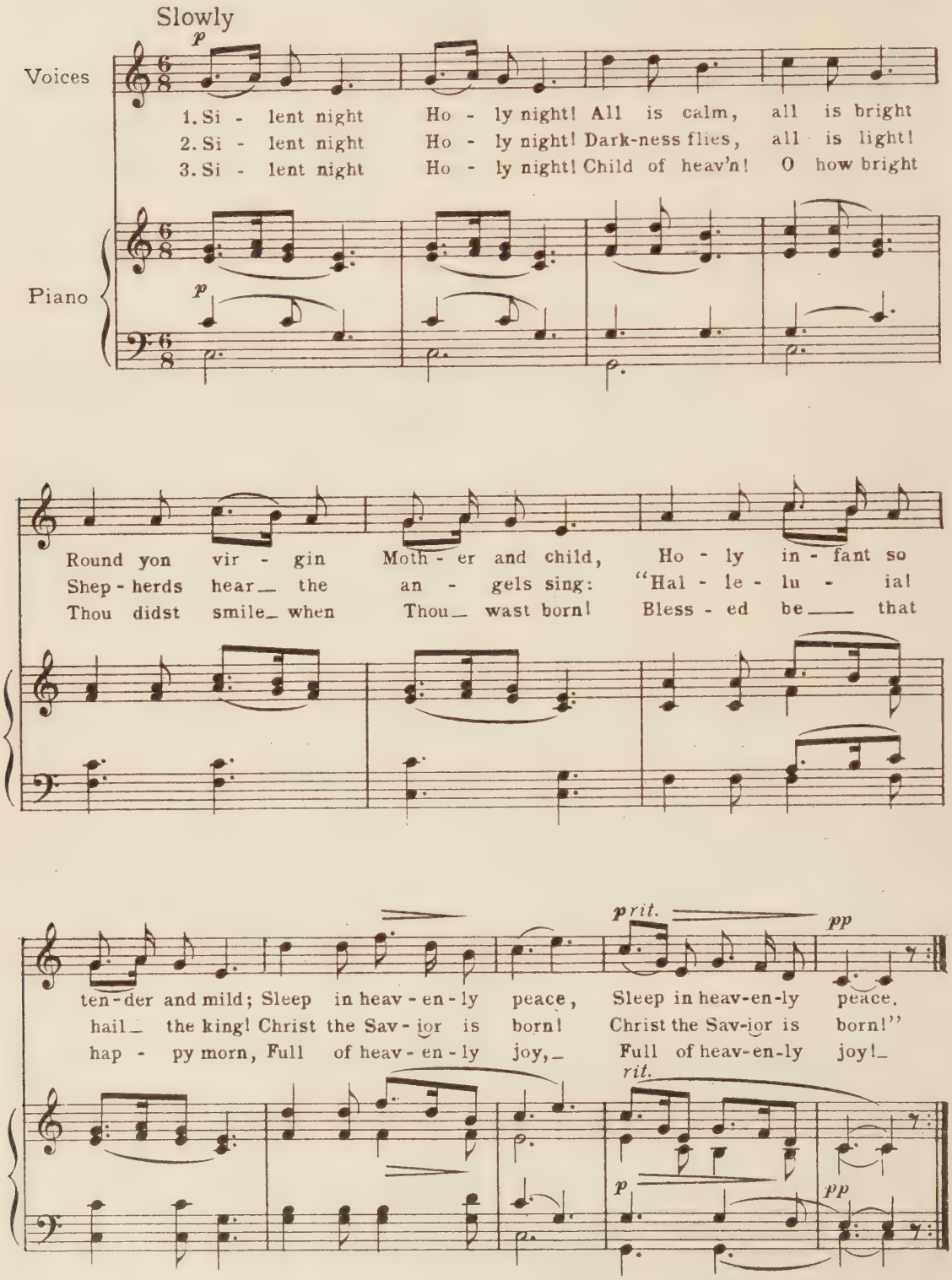

With dignity
Voices
Piano
mf
1. How won - drous and great Thy works, God of
2. To na - tions long dark Thy light shall be
praise! How just, King of saints, And true_ are Thy
shown; Their wor - ship and vows Shall come_ to Thy
ways! Oh, who shall not fear Thee, And hon - or Thy
throne: Thy truth and Thy judge-ments Shall spread all a -
f
rit.
Name? Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly su - preme.
broad, 'Till earth's ev - 'ry peo - ple Con - fess_ Thee their God.

43. Silent Night

Carol

Anonymous

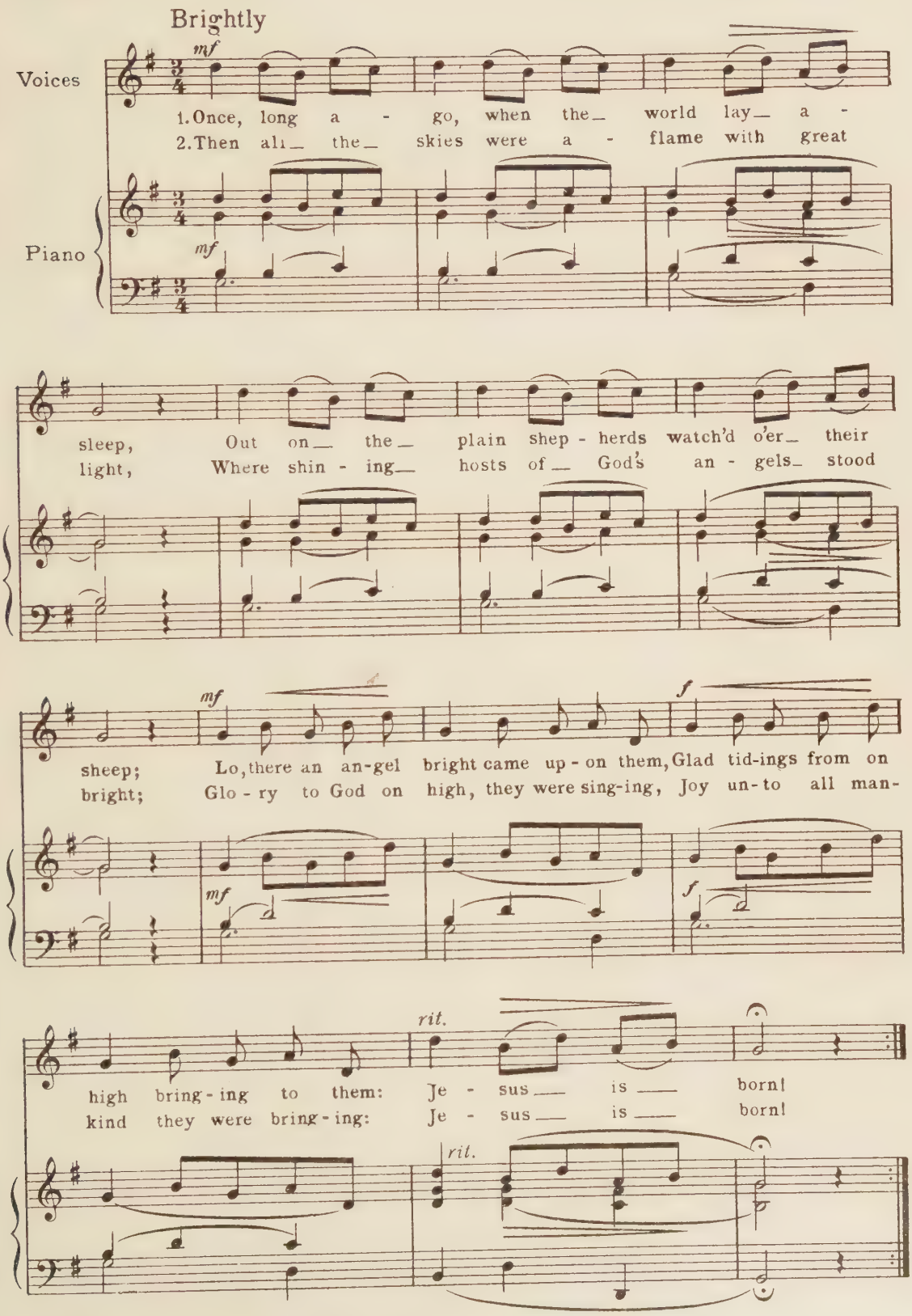
MICHAEL HAYDN


Slowly
p
Voices
Piano
1. Si - lent night Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright
2. Si - lent night Ho - ly night! Dark-ness flies, all is light!
3. Si - lent night Ho - ly night! Child of heav'n! O how bright
Round yon vir - gin Moth - er and child, Ho - ly in - fant so
Shep - herds hear the an - gels sing: "Hal - le - lu - ia!
Thou didst smile when Thou wast born! Bless - ed be that
ten - der and mild; Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace.
hail the king! Christ the Sav - ior is born! Christ the Sav-ior is born!"
hap - py morn, Full of heav - en - ly joy, Full of heav-en-ly joy!
p rit.
pp
rit.
p
pp

44. Once, long ago

RICHARD COMPTON

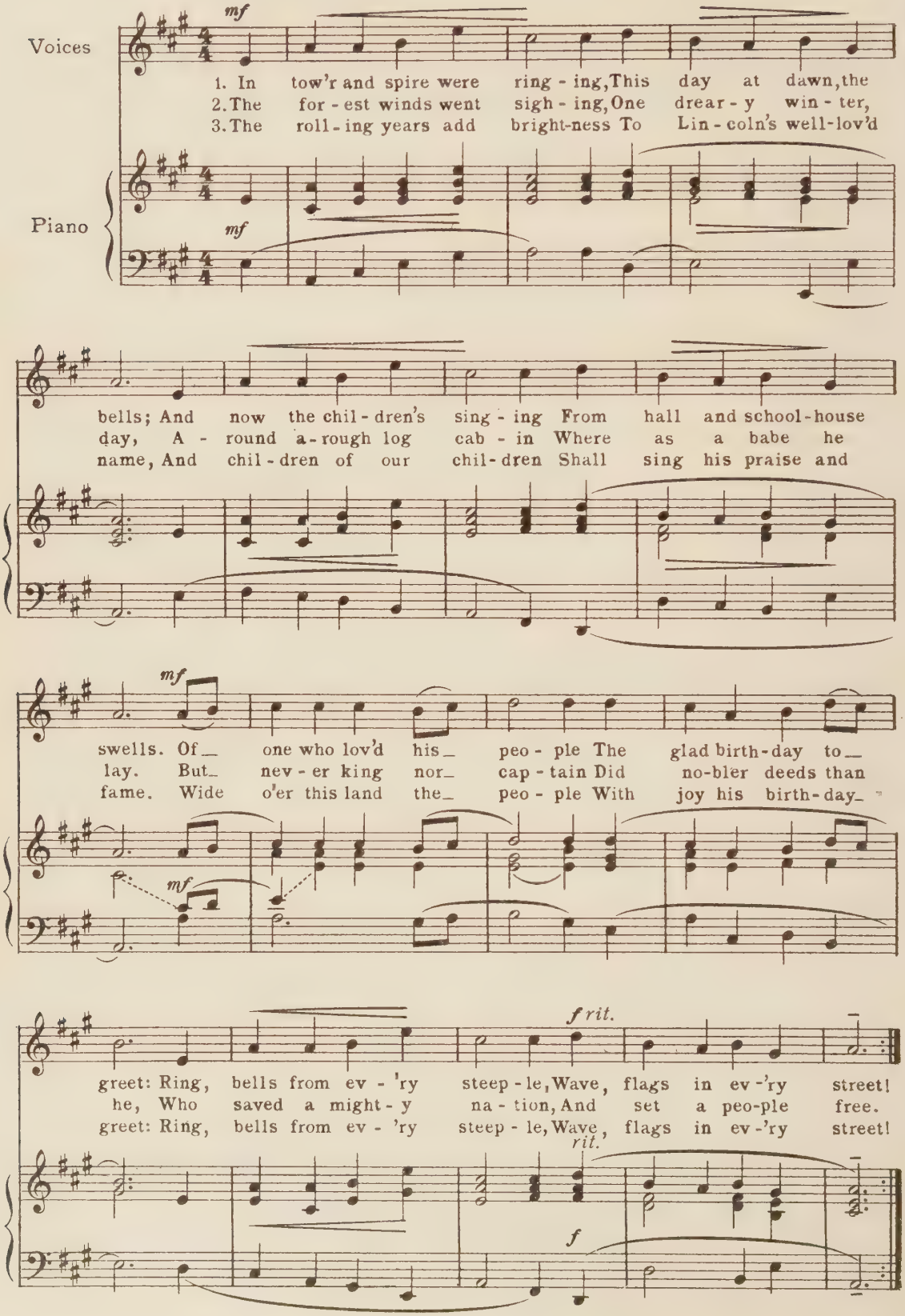
Old Bohemian Christmas Carol


Brightly
Voices
Piano
mf
1. Once, long a - go, when the_ world lay_ a -
2. Then all_ the_ skies were a - flame with great
sleep, Out on_ the_ plain shep - herds watch'd o'er_ their
light, Where shin - ing_ hosts of_ God's an - gels_ stood
sheep; Lo, there an an-gel bright came up - on them, Glad tid-ings from on
bright; Glo - ry to God on high, they were sing-ing, Joy un-to all man-
f
high bring - ing to them: Je - sus_ is_ born!
kind they were bring - ing: Je - sus_ is_ born!
rit.

45. Lincoln's Birthday

HOMER H. HARBOUR

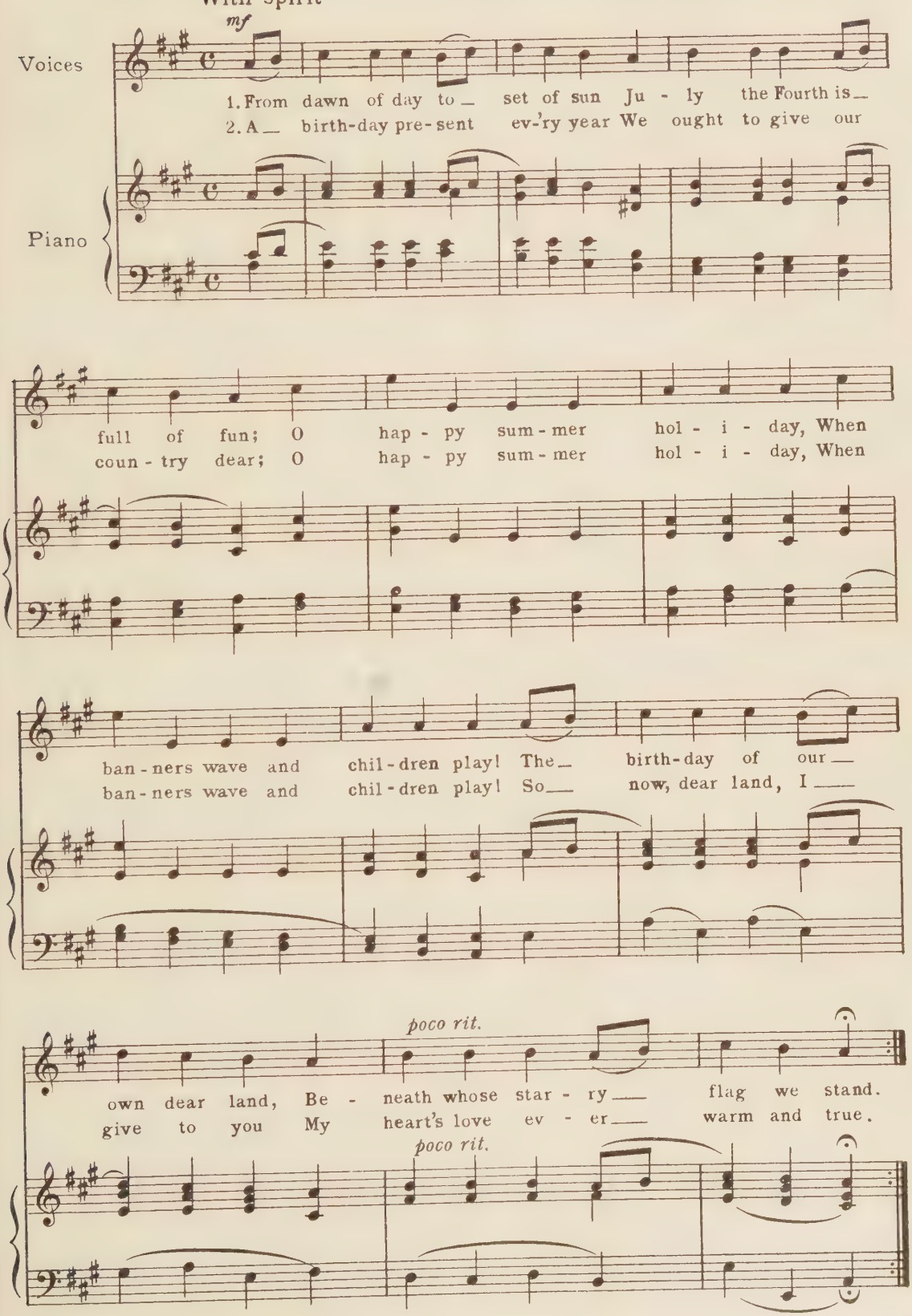
Dutch Folk-song

In moderate time

Voices
Piano
mf
1. In tow'r and spire were ring - ing, This day at dawn, the
2. The for - est winds went sigh - ing, One drear - y win - ter,
3. The roll - ing years add bright-ness To Lin - coln's well-lov'd
bells; And now the chil - dren's sing - ing From hall and school-house
day, A - round a - rough log cab - in Where as a babe he
name, And chil - dren of our chil - dren Shall sing his praise and
swells. Of_ one who lov'd his_ peo - ple The glad birth-day to_
lay. But_ nev - er king nor_ cap - tain Did no-bler deeds than
fame. Wide o'er this land the_ peo - ple With joy his birth-day_
f rit.
greet: Ring, bells from ev - 'ry steep - le, Wave, flags in ev - 'ry street!
he, Who saved a might - y na - tion, And set a peo-ple free.
greet: Ring, bells from ev - 'ry steep - le, Wave, flags in ev - 'ry street!
rit.
f

46. The Fourth of July

JOHN IRWIN

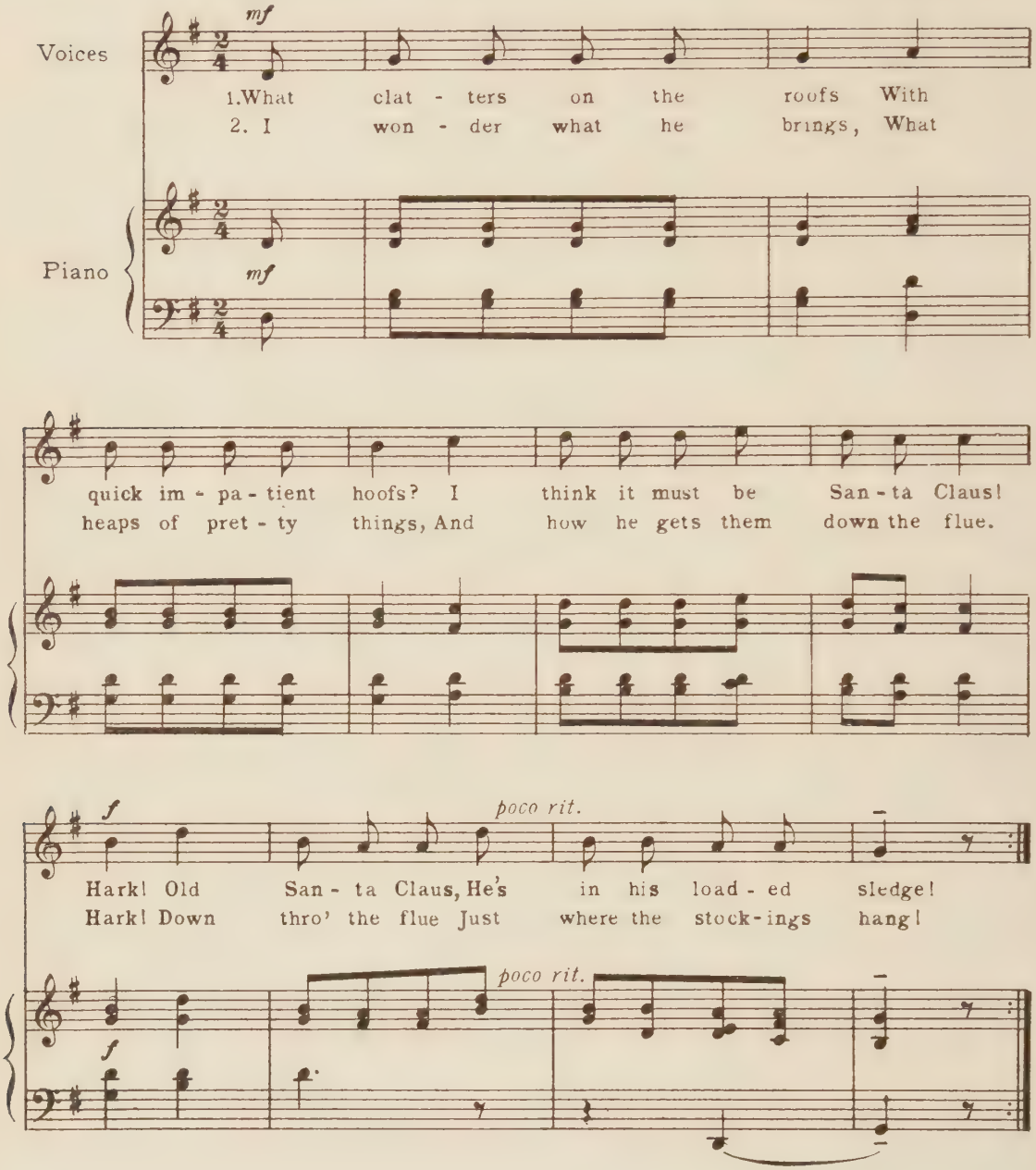
German Melody


With spirit
mf
Voices
Piano
1. From dawn of day to_ set of sun Ju - ly the Fourth is_
2. A_ birth-day pre-sent ev-'ry year We ought to give our
full of fun; O hap - py sum - mer hol - i - day, When
coun - try dear; O hap - py sum - mer hol - i - day, When
ban - ners wave and chil - dren play! The_ birth-day of our_
ban - ners wave and chil - dren play! So_ now, dear land, I_
poco rit.
own dear land, Be - neath whose star - ry_ flag we stand.
give to you My heart's love ev - er_ warm and true.
poco rit.

47. Santa Claus

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

With spirit

Old German Song

Voices
Piano
mf
1.What clat - ters on the roofs With
2. I won - der what he brings, What
quick im - pa - tient hoofs? I think it must be San - ta Claus!
heaps of pret - ty things, And how he gets them down the flue.
f
poco rit.
Hark! Old San - ta Claus, He's in his load - ed sledge!
Hark! Down thro' the flue Just where the stock - ings hang!

3

'Tis cold as cold can be,
Yet I should like to see
If Santa Claus is dressed his best.
Hark! Dressed for his ride,
His ride around the world.

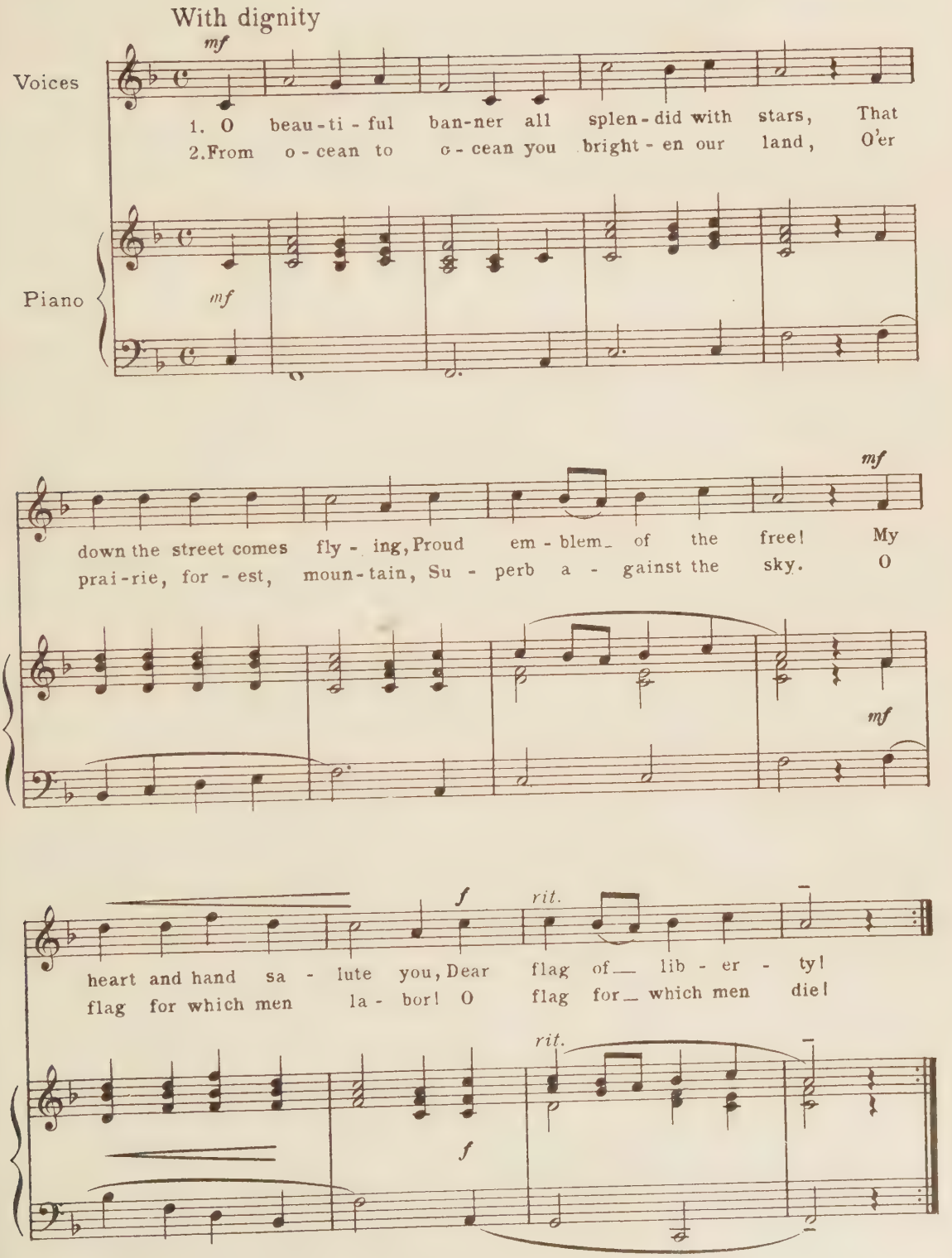
4

I guess I'll dare to peep,
He'll think me sound asleep;
Why, there he is with heaps of toys!
Hark! Yes, heaps of toys;
Yes, there is Santa Claus!

48. The Flag going by

HOMER H. HARBOUR

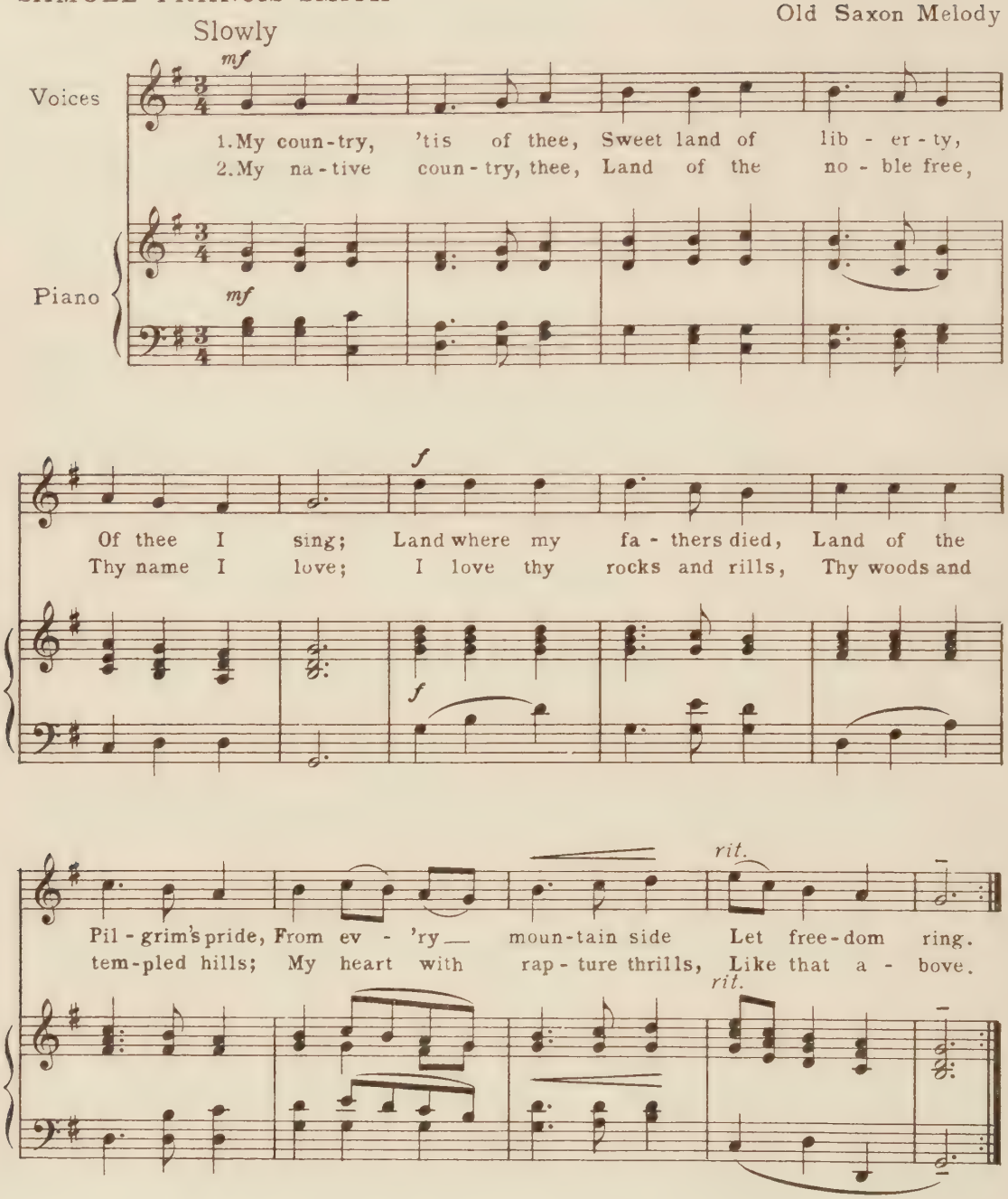
German Folk-song


With dignity
mf
Voices
1. O beau-ti-ful ban-ner all splen-did with stars, That
2. From o-cean to o-cean you bright-en our land, O'er
Piano
mf
down the street comes fly-ing, Proud em-blem of the free! My
prai-rie, for-est, moun-tain, Su-perb a-gainst the sky. O
mf
mf
heart and hand sa-lute you, Dear flag of lib-er-ty!
flag for which men la-bor! O flag for which men die!
rit.
f
rit.
f

49. America

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

Old Saxon Melody


Slowly
mf
Voices
Piano
1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
f
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
rit.
Pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring.
tem-pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.

3

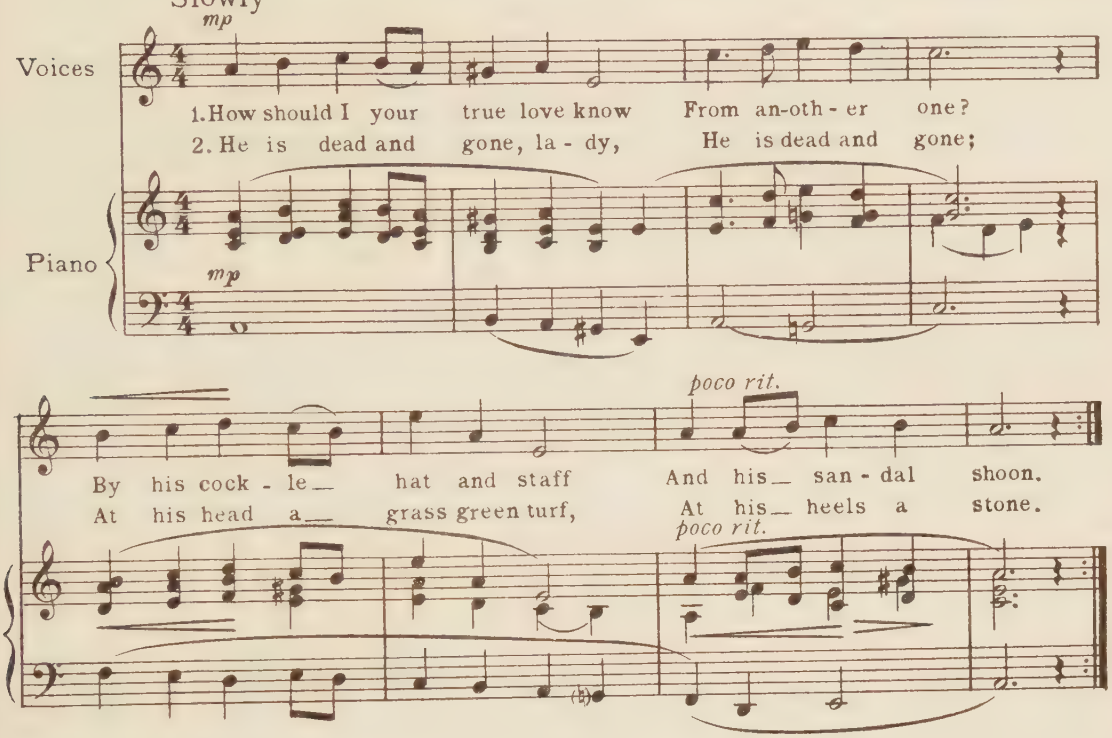
Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

50. How should I your true love know?

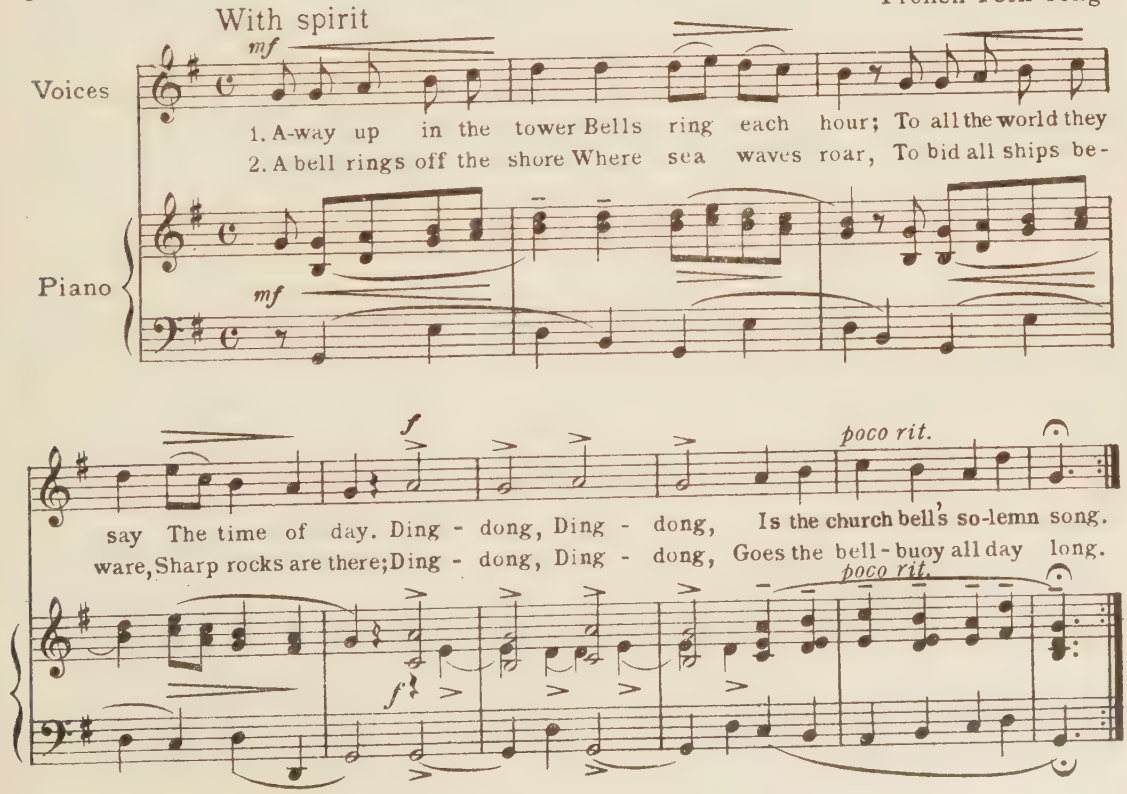
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

English Folk-song

Slowly
mp
Voices
1. How should I your true love know From an-oth-er one?
2. He is dead and gone, la-dy, He is dead and gone;
Piano
mp
poco rit.
By his cock-le hat and staff And his san-dal shoon.
At his head a grass green turf, At his heels a stone.
poco rit.

51. The Bells

JOHN ERWIN

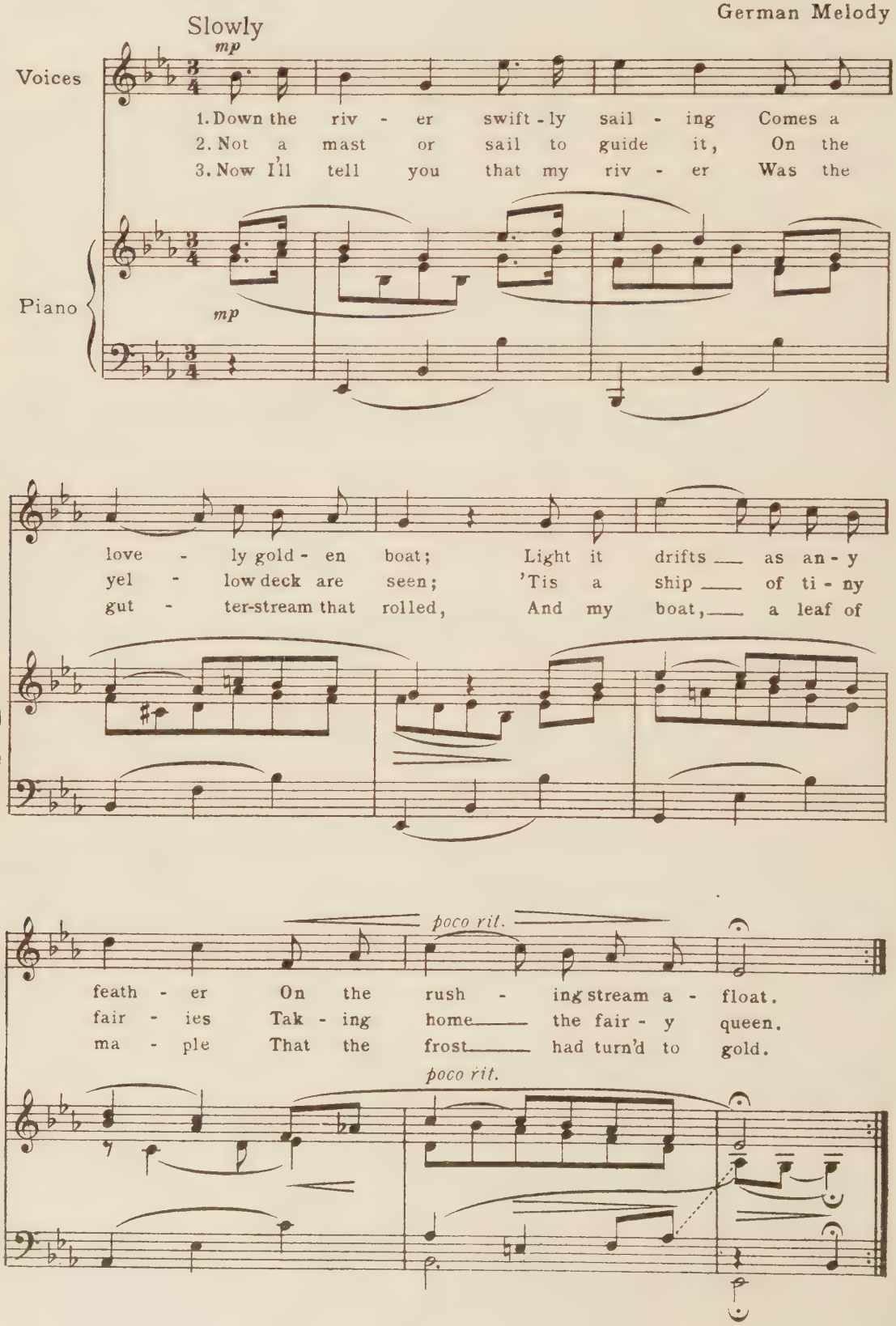
French Folk-song


With spirit
mf
Voices
1. A-way up in the tower Bells ring each hour; To all the world they
2. A bell rings off the shore Where sea waves roar, To bid all ships be-
Piano
mf
f
poco rit.
say The time of day. Ding - dong, Ding - dong, Is the church bell's so-lemn song.
ware, Sharp rocks are there; Ding - dong, Ding - dong, Goes the bell-buoy all day long.
poco rit.
f

52. The Golden Boat

HOMER H. HARBOUR

German Melody

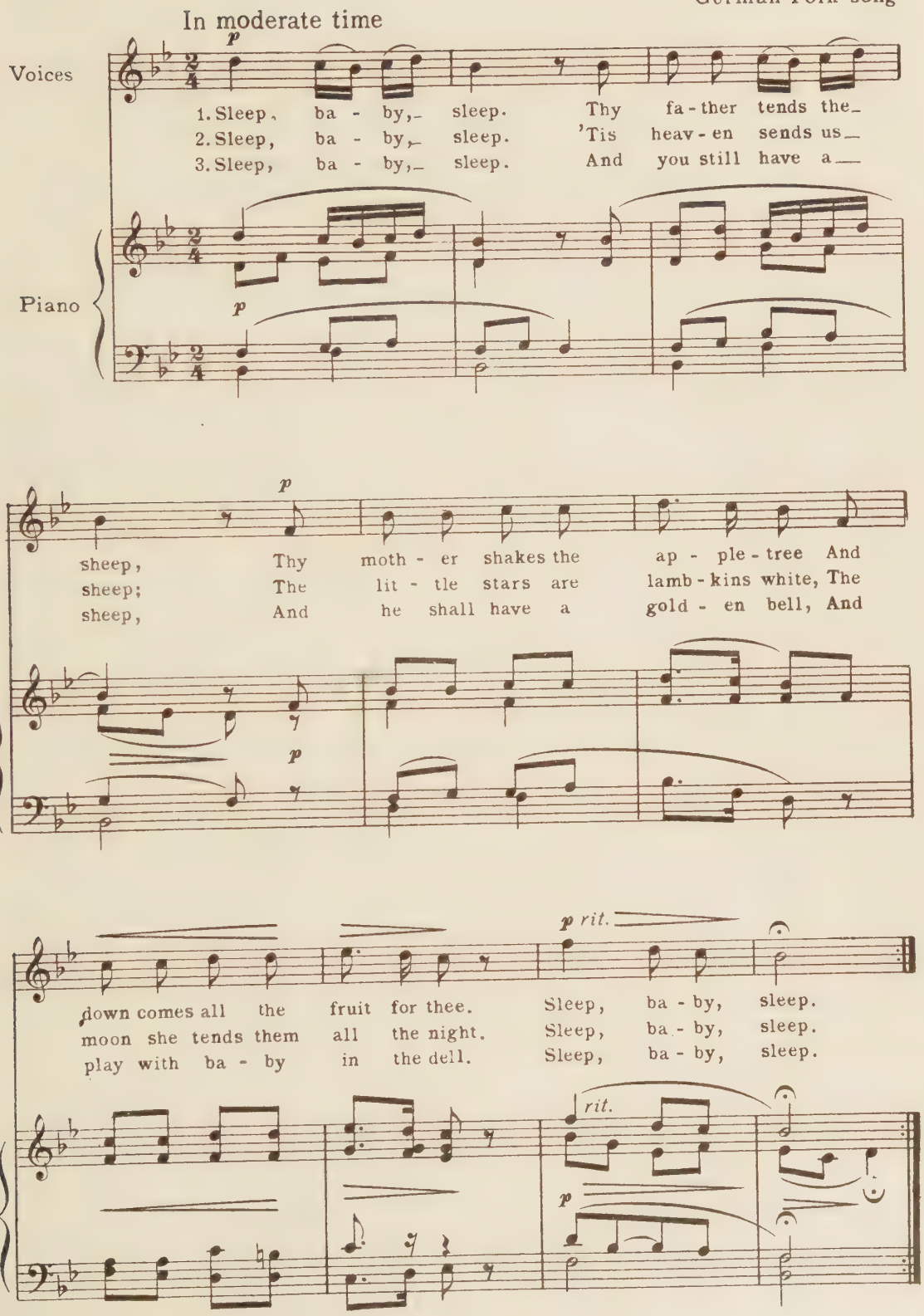

Slowly
mp
Voices
Piano
1. Down the riv - er swift - ly sail - ing Comes a
2. Not a mast or sail to guide it, On the
3. Now I'll tell you that my riv - er Was the
mp
love - ly gold - en boat; Light it drifts as an - y
yel - low deck are seen; 'Tis a ship of ti - ny
gut - ter-stream that rolled, And my boat, a leaf of
poco rit.
feath - er On the rush - ing stream a - float.
fair - ies Tak - ing home the fair - y queen.
ma - ple That the frost had turn'd to gold.
poco rit.

53. Cradle Song

Anonymous

German Folk-song

In moderate time

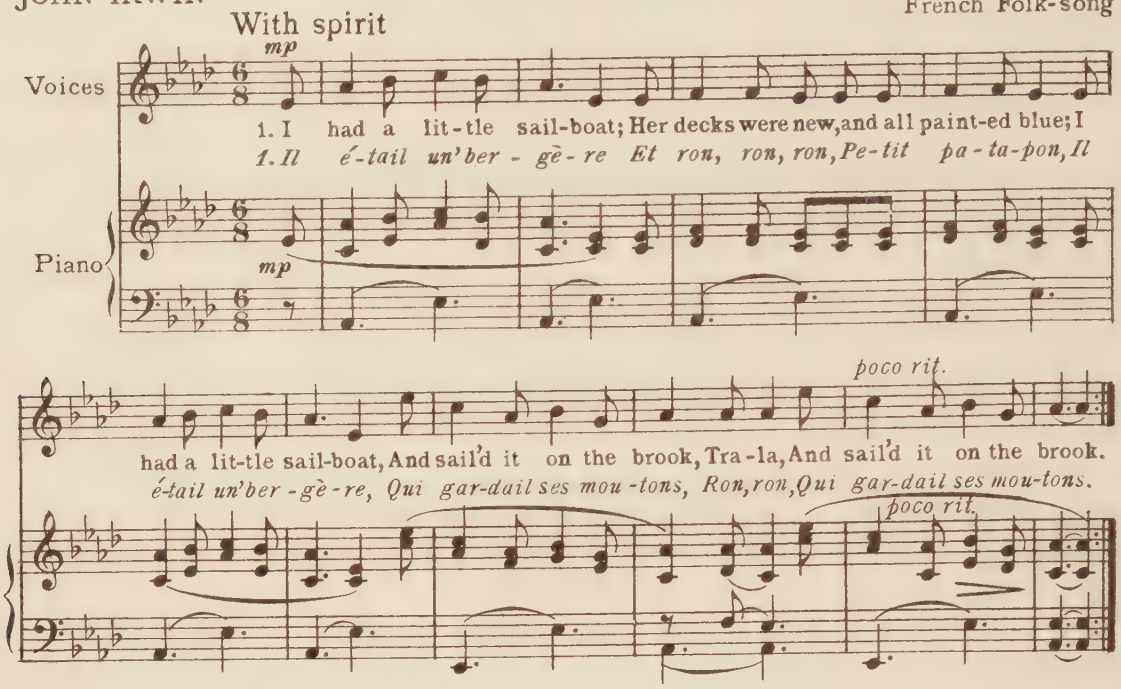

Voices
Piano
p
1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep. Thy fa - ther tends the
2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep. 'Tis heav - en sends us
3. Sleep, ba - by, sleep. And you still have a
sheep, Thy moth - er shakes the ap - ple - tree And
sheep; The lit - tle stars are lamb - kins white, The
sheep, And he shall have a gold - en bell, And
down comes all the fruit for thee. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.
moon she tends them all the night. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.
play with ba - by in the dell. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.
p rit.
rit.

54. I had a little sail-boat

La Bergère

JOHN IRWIN

French Folk-song


With spirit
mp
Voices
Piano
1. I had a lit-tle sail-boat; Her decks were new, and all paint-ed blue; I
1. Il é-tail un' ber - gè - re Et ron, ron, ron, Pe-tit pa - ta-pon, Il
poco rit.
had a lit-tle sail-boat, And sail'd it on the brook, Tra-la, And sail'd it on the brook.
é-tail un'ber - gè - re, Qui gar-dail ses mou-tons, Ron, ron, Qui gar-dail ses mou-tons.
poco rit.

2

An ugly frog sat staring,
An ugly frog that was on a log;
An ugly frog sat staring,
And leaped upon the deck,
Tra la,
And leaped upon the deck.

3

My ship went topsy-turvy;
Her sails so white disappeared from sight;
My ship went topsy-turvy,
Beneath the water clear,
Tra la,
Beneath the water clear.

2

El le fit une fromage,
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,
El le fit une fromage,
Du lait de ses moutons,
Ron, ron,
Du lait de ses moutons.

3

Le chat qui la regarde,
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,
Le chat qui la regarde
D'un petit air fripon,
Ron, ron,
D'un petit air fripon.

4

Si tu mets y la patte,
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,
Si tu mets y la patte,
Tu auras du bâton,
Ron, ron,
Tu auras du bâton.

5

Il n'y mit pas la patte,
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,
Il n'y mit pas la patte,
Il y mit le menton,
Ron, ron,
Il y mit le menton.

6

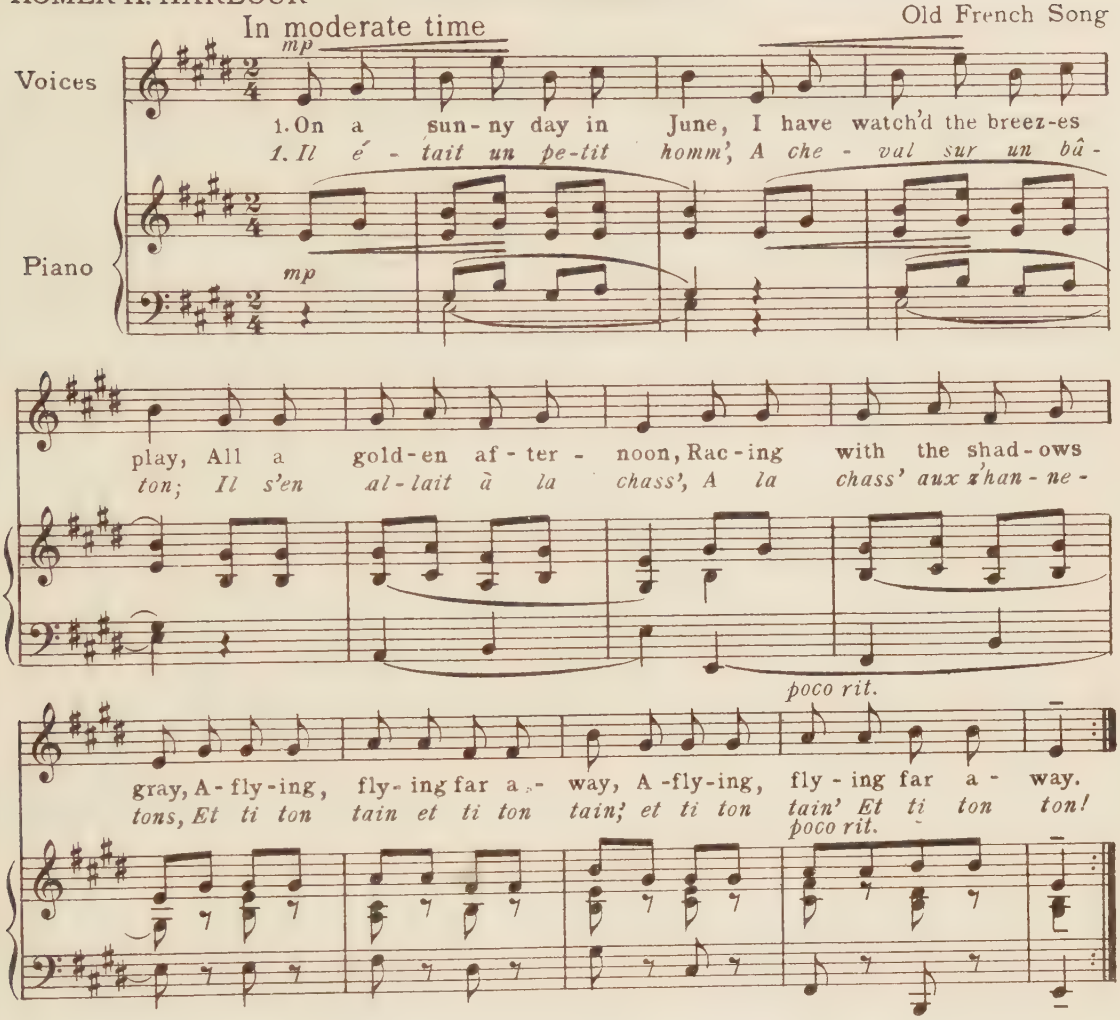
La bergère en colère,
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,
La bergère en colère,
A tué son chaton,
Ron, ron,
A tué son chaton.

55. The Winds and the Shadows

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Le Petit Chasseur

Old French Song


In moderate time
mp
Voices
Piano
1. On a sun-ny day in June, I have watch'd the breez-es
1. Il é - tait un pe-tit homm', A che - val sur un bâ -
play, All a gold-en af-ter - noon, Rac-ing with the shad-ows
ton; Il s'en al-lait à la chass', A la chass' aux z'han-ne-
poco rit.
gray, A-fly-ing, fly-ing far a - way, A-fly-ing, fly-ing far a - way.
tons, Et ti ton tain et ti ton tain; et ti ton tain' Et ti ton ton!
poco rit.

2

Over wood and over hill
Sliding swift the shadows go,
Over church and farm and mill,
When the merry breezes blow,
A-gliding, gliding on below,
A-gliding, gliding on below.

3

But the breezes stop their play,
In the golden sunset light,
And the shadows creep away
In the forest out of sight,
A-sleeping, sleeping through the night,
A-sleeping, sleeping through the night.

2

Il s'en allait a la chasse
A la chass' aux z'hannetons;
Quand il ful sur la montagn',
Il partit un coup d'cannon.
Et ti ton tain', etc.

3

Quand il fut sur la montagn',
Il partit un coup d'cannon;
Il en eut si peur d'mêm',
Qu'il tomba sur ses talons,
Et ti ton tain', etc.

4

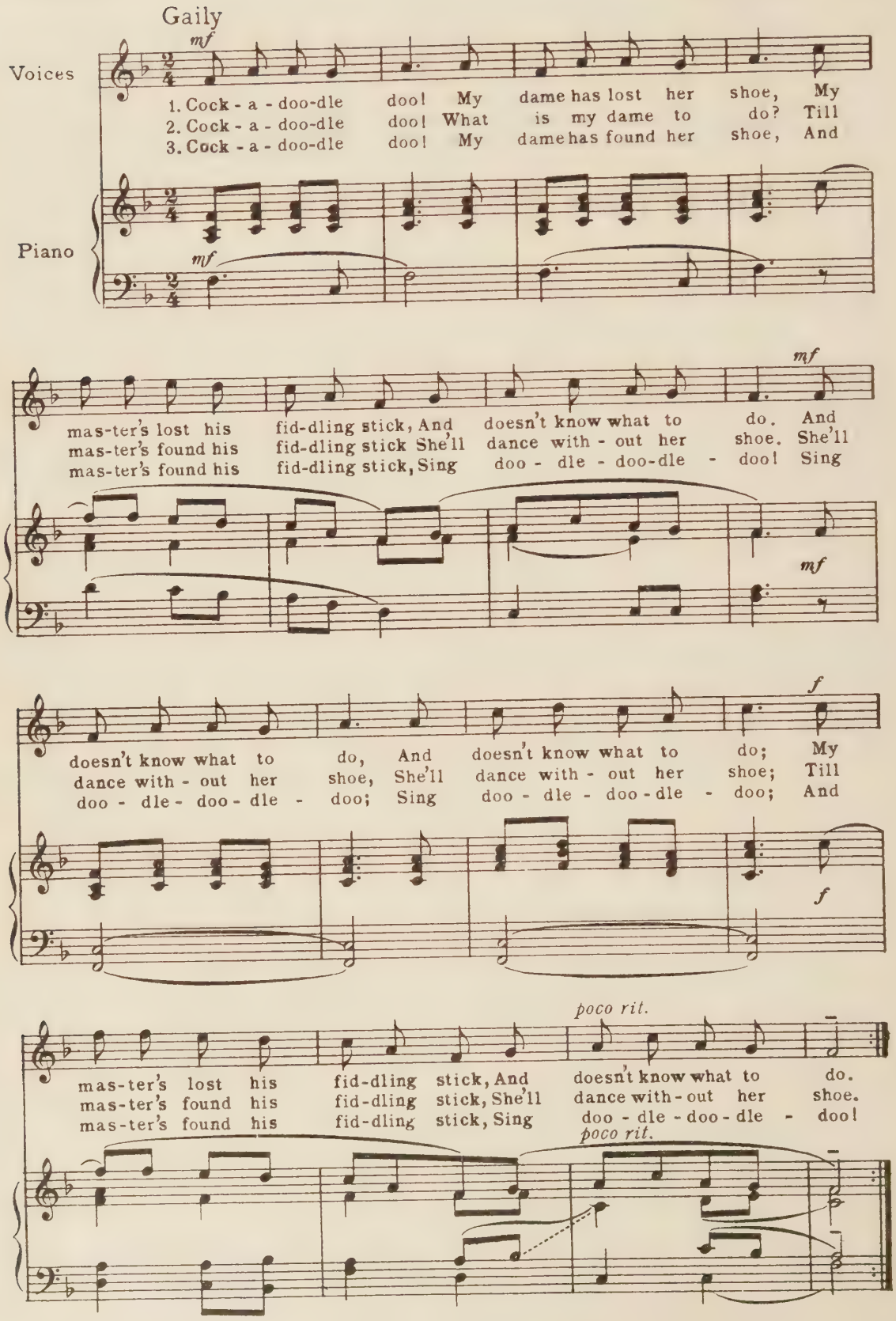
Il en eut si peur d'mêm',
Qu'il tomba sur ses talons;
Tout's les dames du village
Lui porterent des bonbons.
Et ti ton tain', etc.

5

Tout's les dames du village
Lui porterent des bonbons.
Je vous remerci' mesdam's,
De vous et de vos bonbons.
Et ti ton tain', etc.

56. Cock-a-doodle-doo!

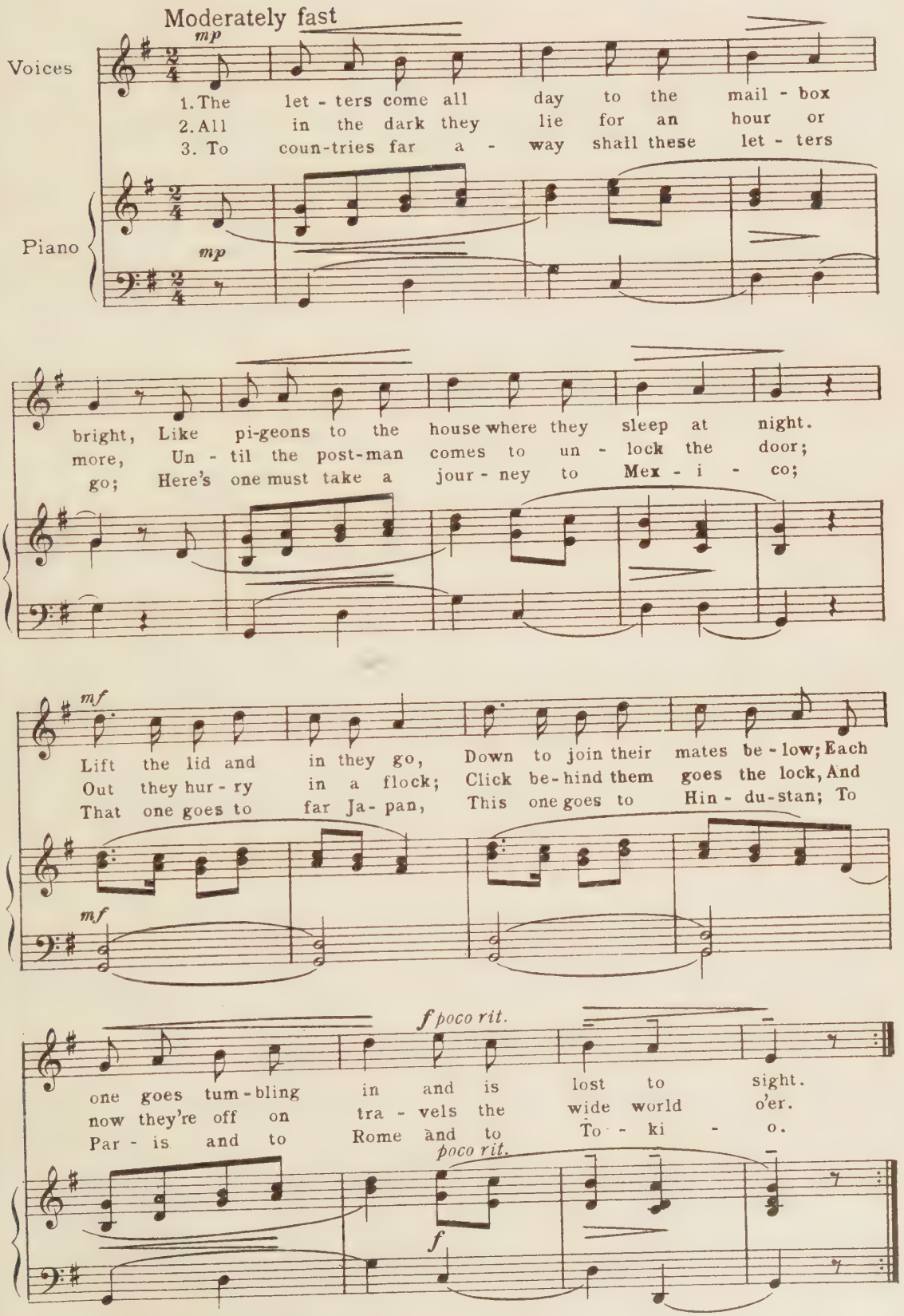
Anonymous

English Folk-song

Gaily
mf
Voices
Piano
1. Cock - a - doo-dle doo! My dame has lost her shoe, My
2. Cock - a - doo-dle doo! What is my dame to do? Till
3. Cock - a - doo-dle doo! My dame has found her shoe, And
mas-ter's lost his fid-dling stick, And doesn't know what to do. And
mas-ter's found his fid-dling stick She'll dance with - out her shoe. She'll
mas-ter's found his fid-dling stick, Sing doo - dle - doo-dle - doo! Sing
doesn't know what to do, And doesn't know what to do; My
dance with - out her shoe, She'll dance with - out her shoe; Till
doo - dle - doo - dle - doo; Sing doo - dle - doo - dle - doo; And
poco rit.
mas-ter's lost his fid-dling stick, And doesn't know what to do.
mas-ter's found his fid-dling stick, She'll dance with - out her shoe.
mas-ter's found his fid-dling stick, Sing doo - dle - doo - dle - doo!

57. The Mail-box

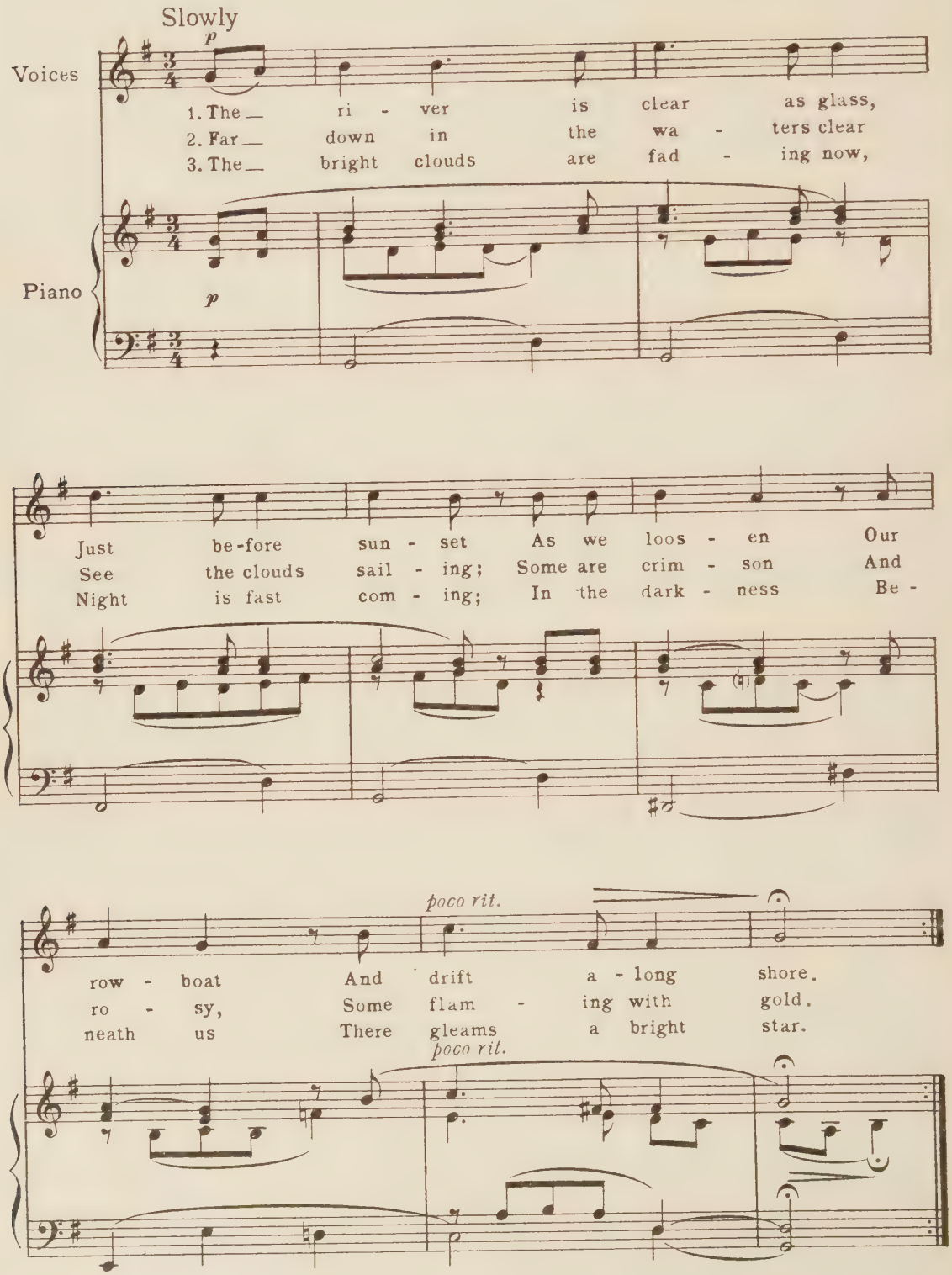
HOMER H. HARBOUR

German Folk-song


Moderately fast
mp
Voices
Piano
1. The let - ters come all day to the mail - box
2. All in the dark they lie for an hour or
3. To coun-tries far a - way shall these let - ters
bright, Like pi-geons to the house where they sleep at night.
more, Un - til the post-man comes to un - lock the door;
go; Here's one must take a jour - ney to Mex - i - co;
mf
Lift the lid and in they go, Down to join their mates be - low; Each
Out they hur - ry in a flock; Click be-hind them goes the lock, And
That one goes to far Ja- pan, This one goes to Hin - du-stan; To
f poco rit.
one goes tum - bling in and is lost to sight.
now they're off on tra - vels the wide world o'er.
Par - is and to Rome and to To - ki - o.
poco rit.
f

58. Evening on the River

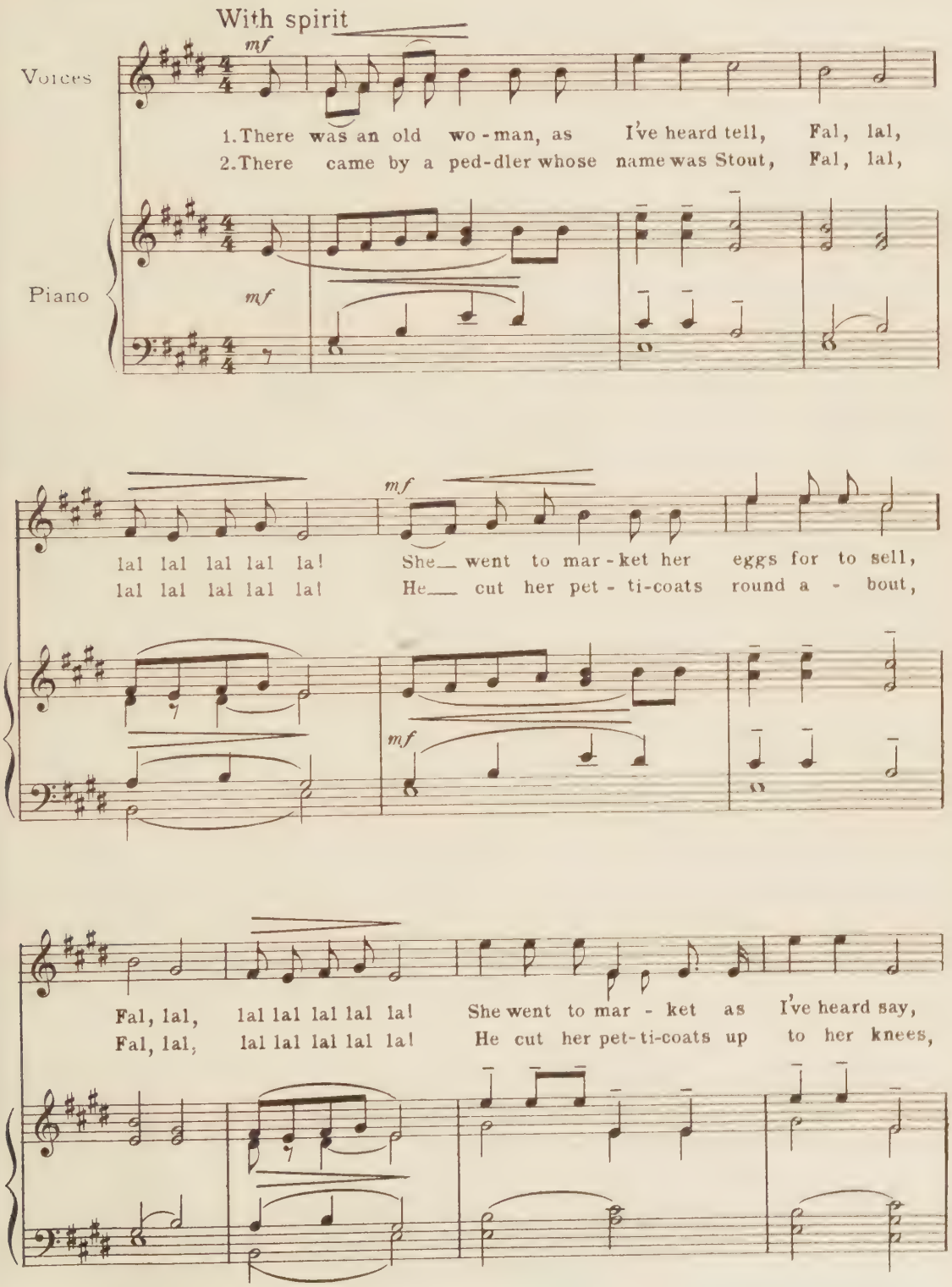
RICHARD COMPTON

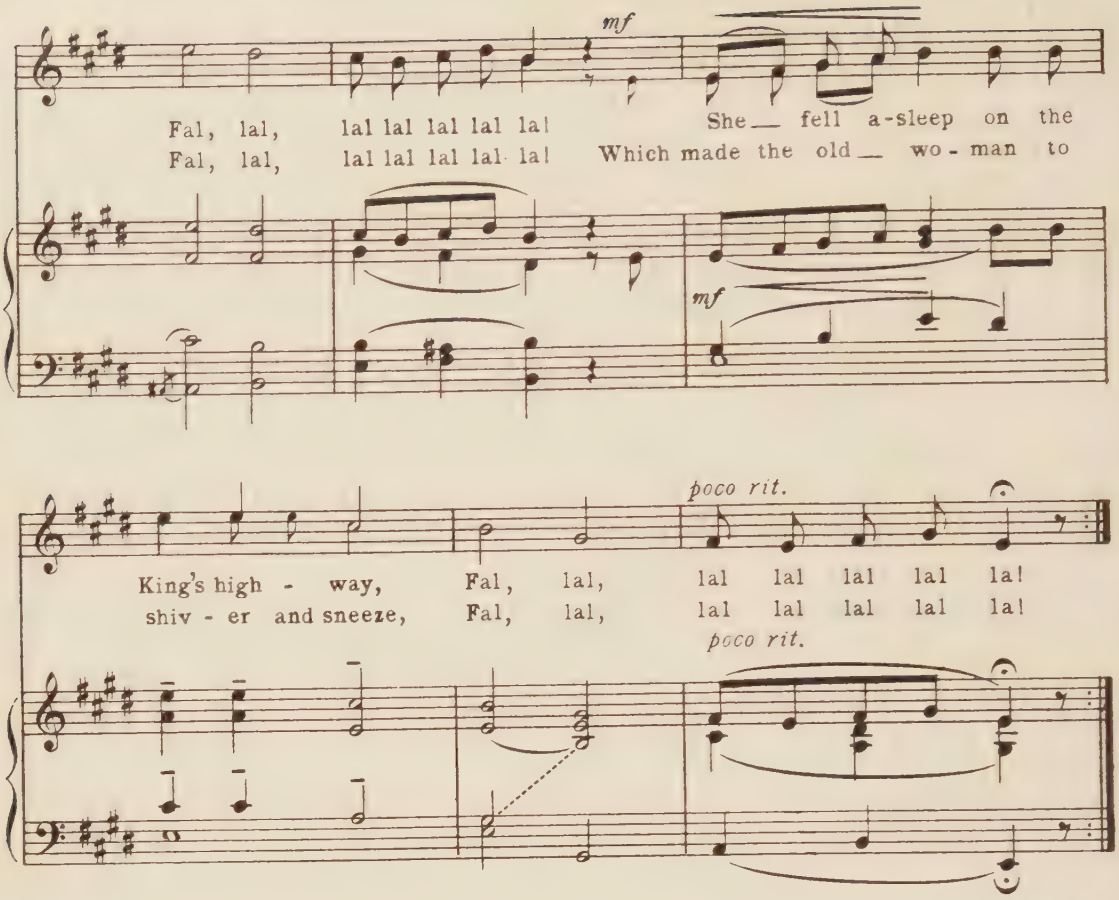
German Folk-song

Slowly
p
Voices
Piano
1. The ri - ver is clear as glass,
2. Far down in the wa - ters clear
3. The bright clouds are fad - ing now,
Just be-fore sun - set As we loos - en Our
See the clouds sail - ing; Some are crim - son And
Night is fast com - ing; In the dark - ness Be -
poco rit.
row - boat And drift a - long shore.
ro - sy, Some flam - ing with gold.
neath us There gleams a bright star.
poco rit.

59. The Old Woman and the Peddler

Anonymous

English Folk-song


With spirit
mf
Voices
Piano
1. There was an old wo - man, as I've heard tell, Fal, lal,
2. There came by a ped-dler whose name was Stout, Fal, lal,
lal lal lal lal la! She went to mar - ket her eggs for to sell,
lal lal lal lal la! He cut her pet - ti-coats round a - bout,
Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal la! She went to mar - ket as I've heard say,
Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal la! He cut her pet-ti-coats up to her knees,


mf
Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal lal
Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal lal
She__ fell a-sleep on the
Which made the old__ wo-man to
mf
poco rit.
King's high - way, Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal lal
shiv - er and sneeze, Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal lal
poco rit.

3

When this little woman did first awake,
Fal lal, etc.
She began to shiver and began to shake;
Fal lal, etc.
She began to wonder, she began to cry,
Fal lal, etc.
"Oh, deary me, this can never be I!"
Fal lal, etc.

4

"But if it be I, as I hope it be,
Fal lal, etc.
I've a doggie at home that I'm sure knows me.
Fal lal, etc.
And if it be I, he will wag his tail,
Fal lal, etc.
And if it's not I, he will bark and wail."
Fal lal, etc.

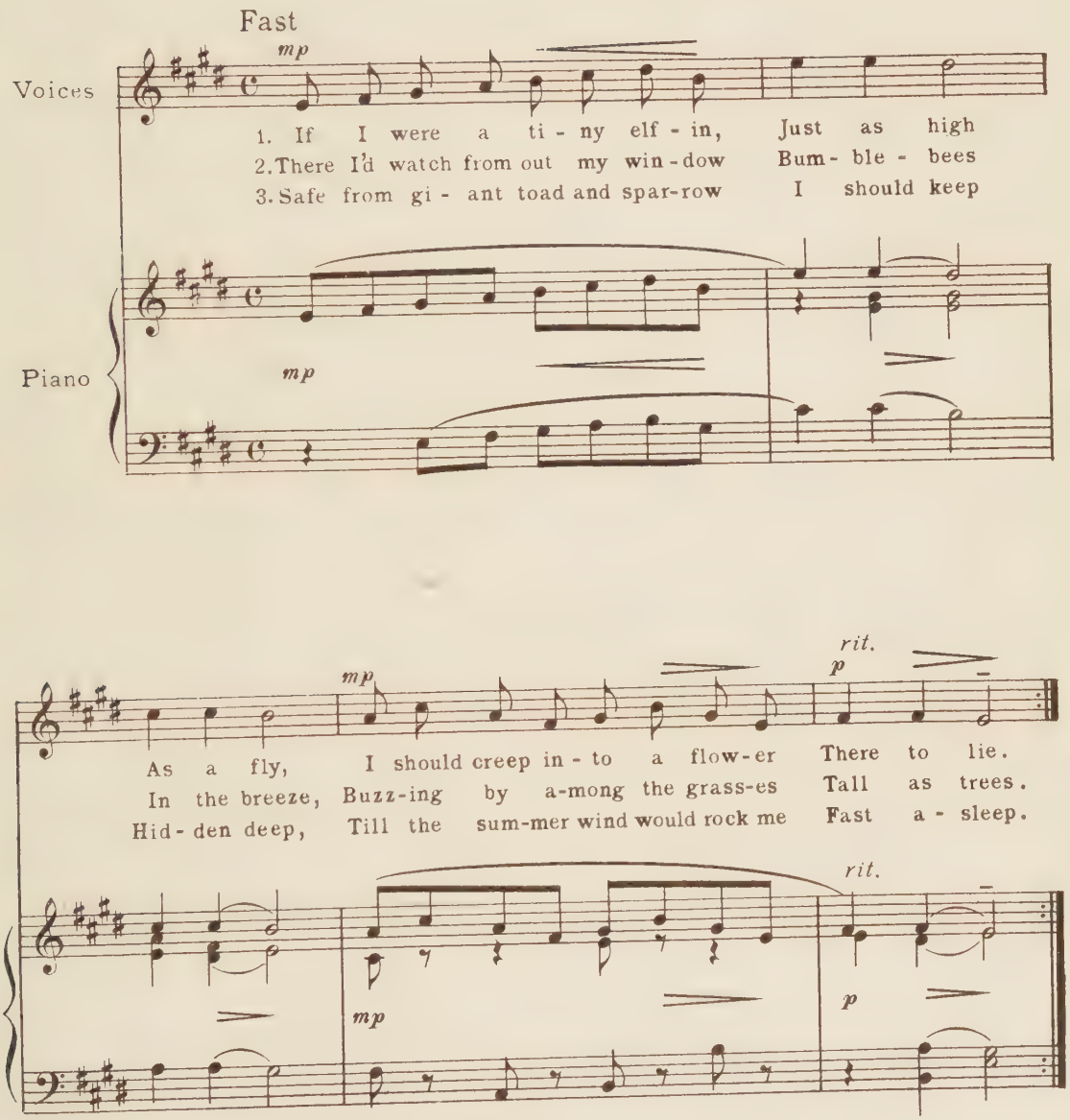
5

Home went the old woman all in the dark,
Fal lal, etc.
Then up got her dog and began to bark,
Fal lal, etc.
He began to bark; she began to cry.
Fal lal, etc.
"Deary me, dear! this is none of I!"
Fal lal, etc.

60. If I were an Elfin

HOMER H. HARBOUR

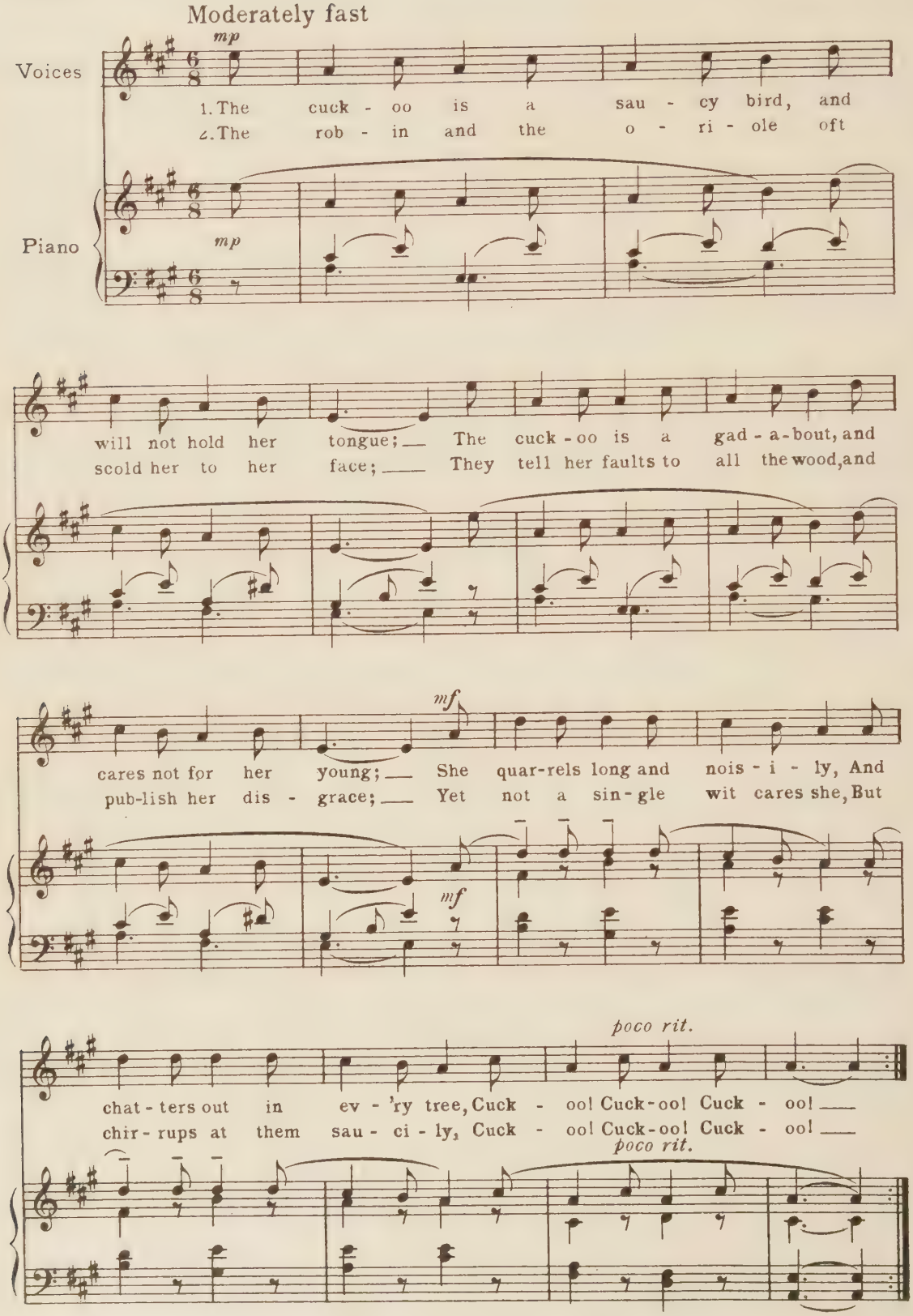
Bohemian Folk-song


Fast
Voices
Piano
mp
1. If I were a ti - ny elf - in, Just as high
2. There I'd watch from out my win - dow Bum - ble - bees
3. Safe from gi - ant toad and spar-row I should keep
mp
rit.
p
As a fly, I should creep in - to a flow-er There to lie.
In the breeze, Buzz-ing by a-mong the grass-es Tall as trees.
Hid - den deep, Till the sum-mer wind would rock me Fast a - sleep.
rit.
mp
p

61. The Cuckoo

HOMER H. HARBOUR

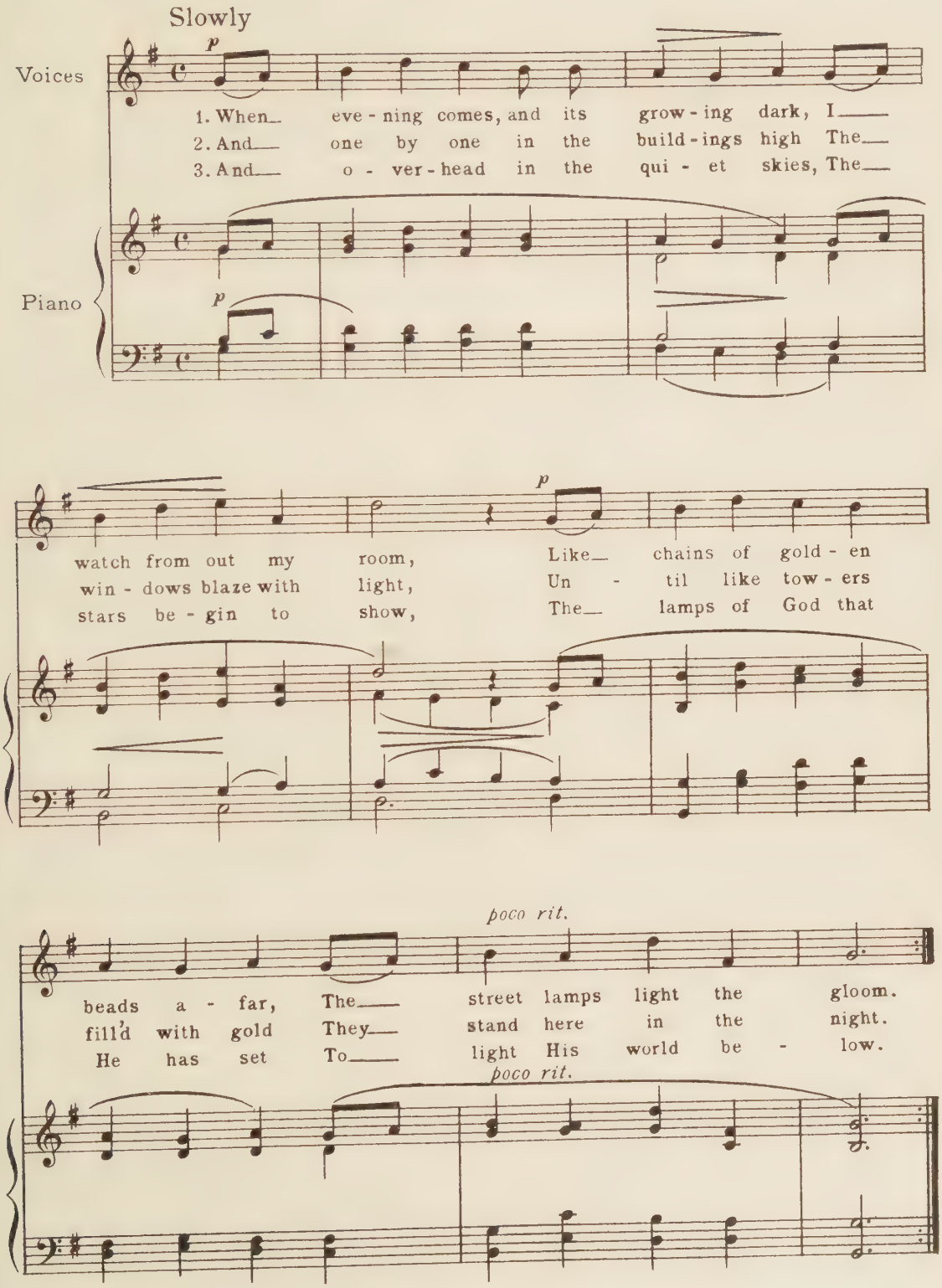
German Folk-song


Moderately fast
Voices
Piano
mp
1. The cuck - oo is a sau - cy bird, and
2. The rob - in and the o - ri - ole oft
will not hold her tongue; The cuck - oo is a gad - a - bout, and
scold her to her face; They tell her faults to all the wood, and
mf
cares not for her young; She quar-rels long and nois - i - ly, And
pub-lish her dis - grace; Yet not a sin - gle wit cares she, But
poco rit.
chat - ters out in ev - 'ry tree, Cuck - oo! Cuck-oo! Cuck - oo!
chir - rups at them sau - ci - ly, Cuck - oo! Cuck-oo! Cuck - oo!
poco rit.

62. The Lamps of Night

HOMER H. HARBOUR

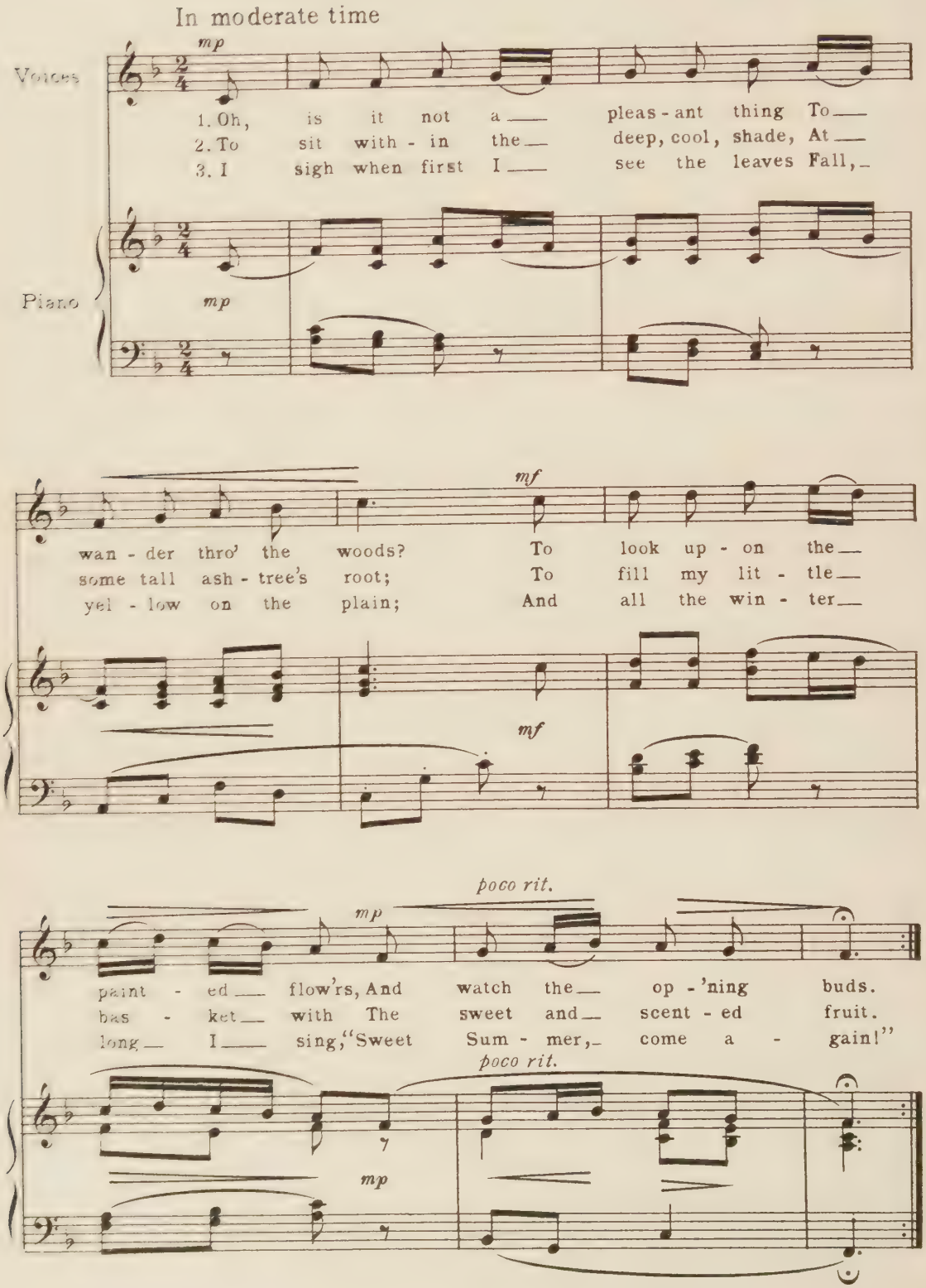
English Melody


Slowly
Voices
Piano
1. When eve - ning comes, and its grow - ing dark, I
2. And one by one in the build - ings high The
3. And o - ver - head in the qui - et skies, The
watch from out my room,
win - dows blaze with light,
stars be - gin to show,
Like chains of gold - en
Un - til like tow - ers
The lamps of God that
poco rit.
beads a - far,
fill'd with gold
He has set
The
They
To
street lamps light the gloom.
stand here in the night.
light His world be - low.
poco rit.

63. The Strawberry Girl

Anonymous

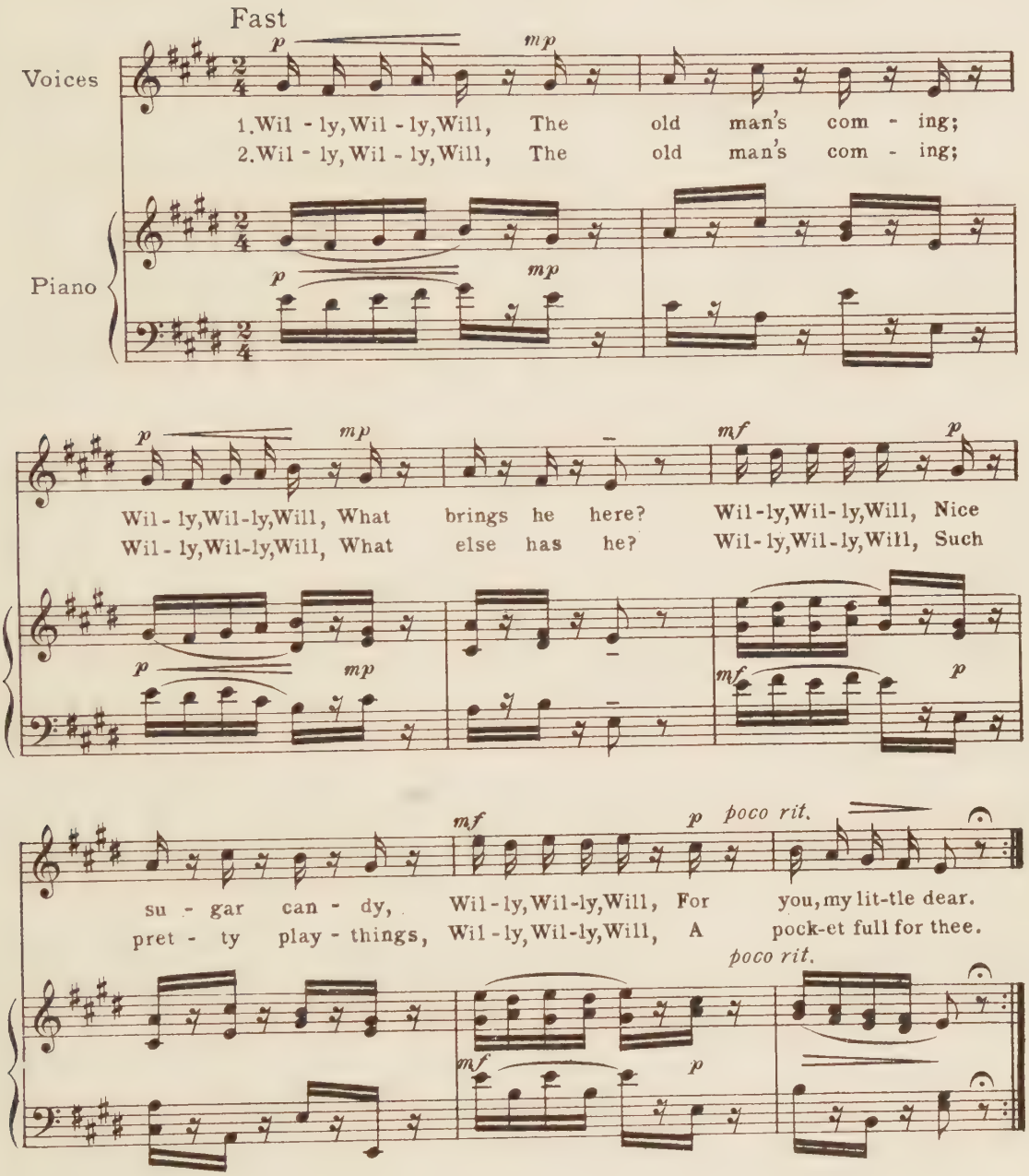
Old English Melody


In moderate time
Voices
Piano
mp
1. Oh, is it not a pleas - ant thing To
2. To sit with - in the deep, cool, shade, At
3. I sigh when first I see the leaves Fall,
wan - der thro' the woods? To look up - on the
some tall ash - tree's root; To fill my lit - tle
yel - low on the plain; And all the win - ter
mf
paint - ed flow'rs, And watch the op - 'ning buds.
bas - ket with The sweet and scent - ed fruit.
long I sing, "Sweet Sum - mer, come a - gain!"
poco rit.

64. The Old Man

Anonymous

Old English Melody


Fast
Voices
Piano
1. Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, The old man's com - ing;
2. Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, The old man's com - ing;
Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, What brings he here? Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, Nice
Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, What else has he? Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, Such
su - gar can - dy, Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, For you, my lit - tle dear.
pret - ty play - things, Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, A pock - et full for thee.
poco rit.
poco rit.

3

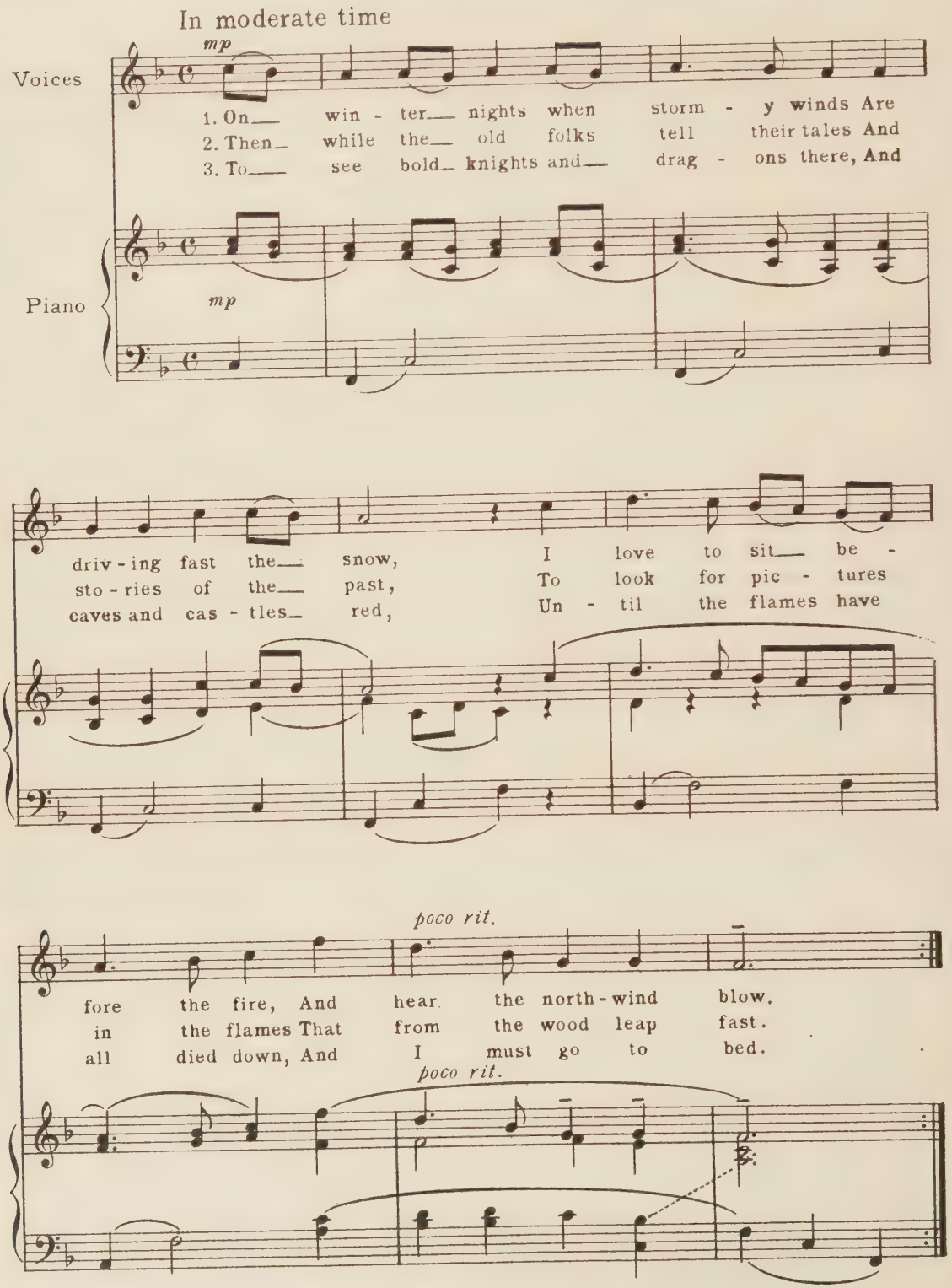
Willy, Willy, Will,
What more I wonder?
Willy, Willy, Will,
A good stout cane;
Willy, Willy, Will,
Some little boy's been crying,
Willy, Willy, Will,
He'd best not cry again.

4

Willy, Willy, Will,
My Will's a darling;
Willy, Willy, Will,
Ne'er cries he'll find;
Willy, Willy, Will,
He'll keep his caning,
Willy, Willy, Will,
For boys who will not mind.

65. In the Firelight

HOMER H. HARBOUR

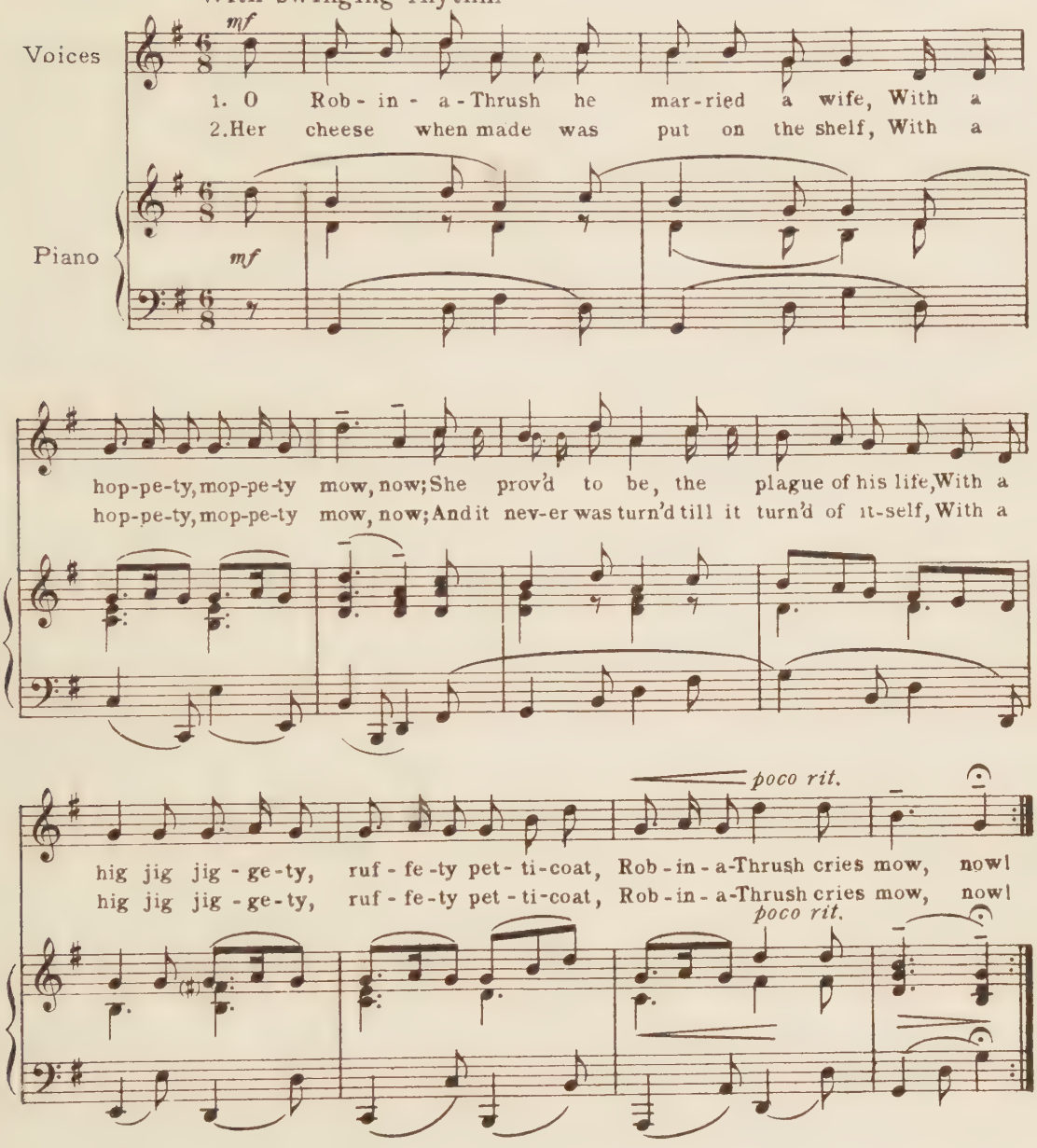
English Folk-song

In moderate time
Voices
Piano
mp
1. On win - ter nights when storm - y winds Are
2. Then while the old folks tell their tales And
3. To see bold knights and drag - ons there, And
driv - ing fast the snow, I love to sit be -
sto - ries of the past, To look for pic - tures
caves and cas - tles red, Un - til the flames have
poco rit.
fore the fire, And hear the north - wind blow.
in the flames That from the wood leap fast.
all died down, And I must go to bed.
poco rit.

66. Robin-a-Thrush

Anonymous

English Folk-song

With swinging rhythm


Voices
Piano
mf
1. O Rob - in - a - Thrush he mar - ried a wife, With a
2. Her cheese when made was put on the shelf, With a
hop-pe-ty, mop-pe-ty mow, now; She prov'd to be, the plague of his life, With a
hop-pe-ty, mop-pe-ty mow, now; And it nev-er was turn'd till it turn'd of it-self, With a
poco rit.
hig jig jig - ge-ty, ruf - fe-ty pet - ti-coat, Rob - in - a-Thrush cries mow, now!
hig jig jig - ge-ty, ruf - fe-ty pet - ti-coat, Rob - in - a-Thrush cries mow, now!
poco rit.

3

It turned and turned till it walked on the floor,
With a hoppety, moppety mow, now;
It stood upon legs and walked to the door,
With a hig jig jiggety, ruffety petticoat,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mow, now!

4

It walked till it came to Banbury Fair,
With a hoppety, moppety mow, now;
The dame followed after upon a grey mare
With a hig jig jiggety, ruffety petticoat,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mow, now!

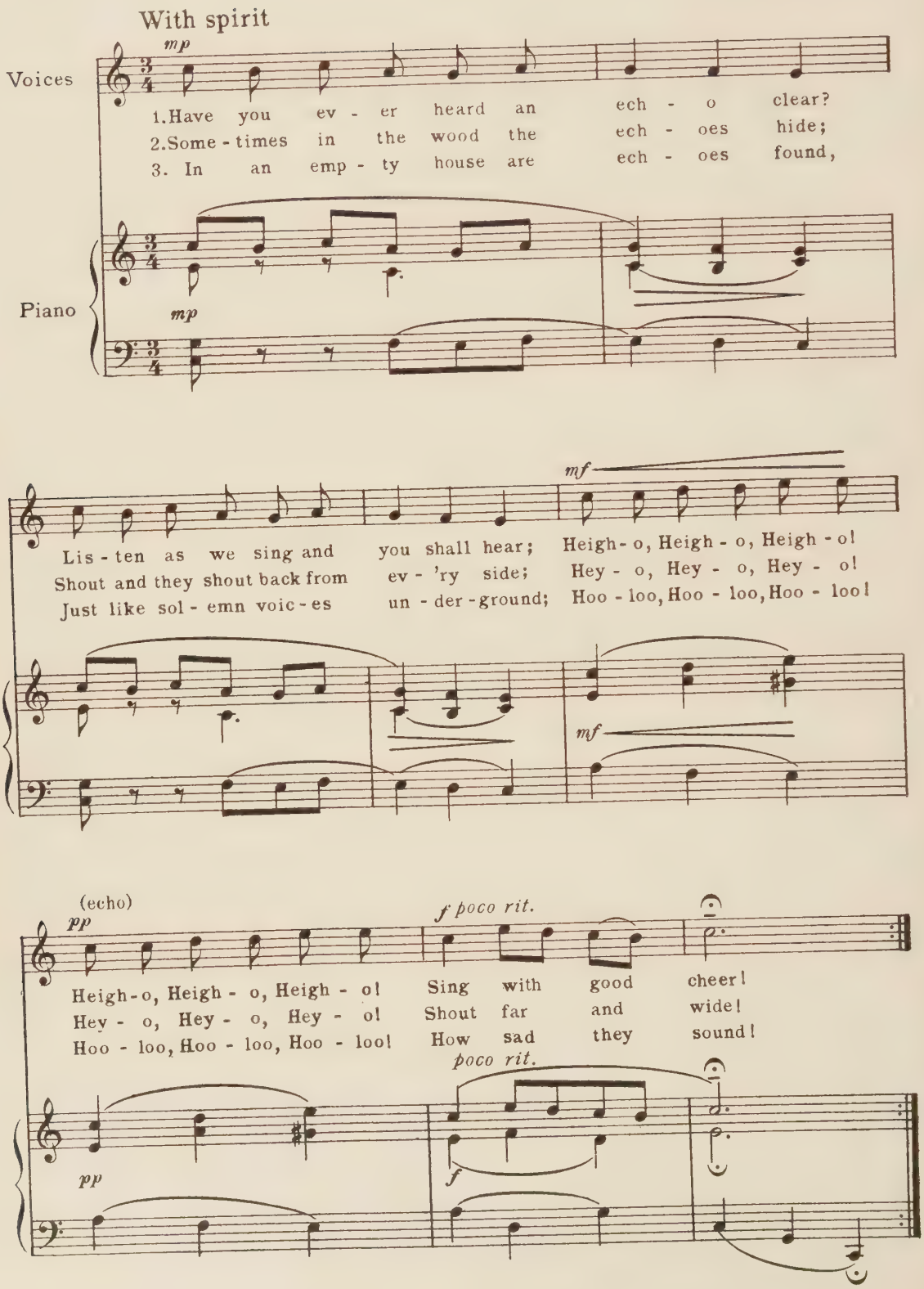
5

This song it was made for gentlemen,
With a hoppety, moppety mow, now;
If you want any more you must sing it again,
With a hig jig jiggety, ruffety petticoat,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mow, now!

67. Echo Song

JOHN IRWIN

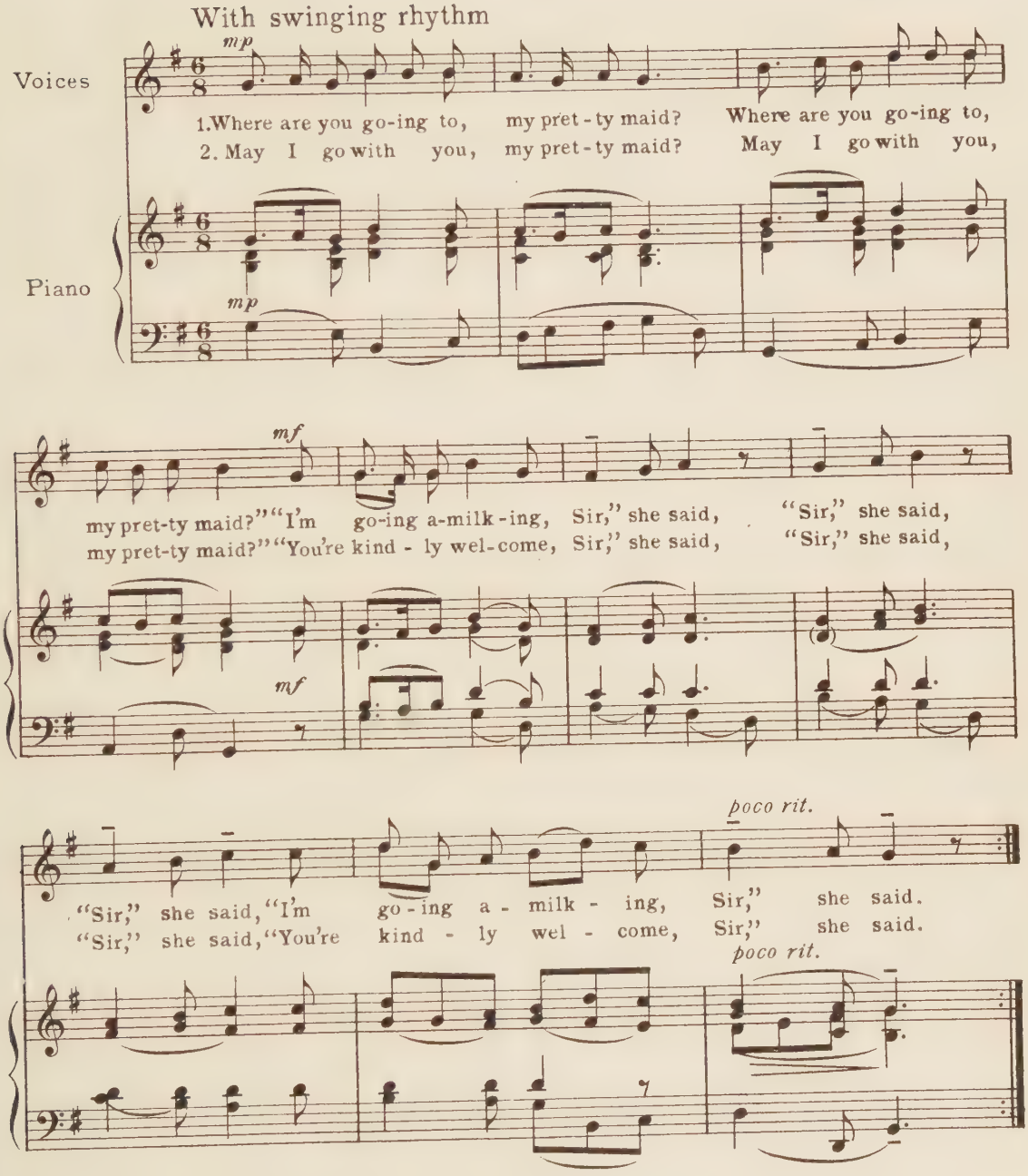
German Folk-song


With spirit
mp
Voices
1.Have you ev - er heard an ech - o clear?
2.Some - times in the wood the ech - oes hide;
3. In an emp - ty house are ech - oes found,
Piano
mp
mf
Lis - ten as we sing and you shall hear; Heigh - o, Heigh - o, Heigh - o!
Shout and they shout back from ev - 'ry side; Hey - o, Hey - o, Hey - o!
Just like sol - emn voic - es un - der - ground; Hoo - loo, Hoo - loo, Hoo - loo!
mf
(echo)
pp
f poco rit.
Heigh - o, Heigh - o, Heigh - o! Sing with good cheer!
Hey - o, Hey - o, Hey - o! Shout far and wide!
Hoo - loo, Hoo - loo, Hoo - loo! How sad they sound!
poco rit.
pp
f

68. Where are you going to?

Anonymous

Old Song


With swinging rhythm
Voices
Piano
mp
1.Where are you go-ing to, my pret-ty maid? Where are you go-ing to,
2. May I go with you, my pret-ty maid? May I go with you,
mf
my pret-ty maid?" "I'm go-ing a-milk-ing, Sir," she said, "Sir," she said,
my pret-ty maid?" "You're kind - ly wel-come, Sir," she said, "Sir," she said,
poco rit.
"Sir," she said, "I'm go-ing a - milk - ing, Sir," she said.
"Sir," she said, "You're kind - ly wel - come, Sir," she said.

3

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?
What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, Sir," she said,
"Sir," she said, "Sir," she said,
"My face is my fortune, Sir," she said.

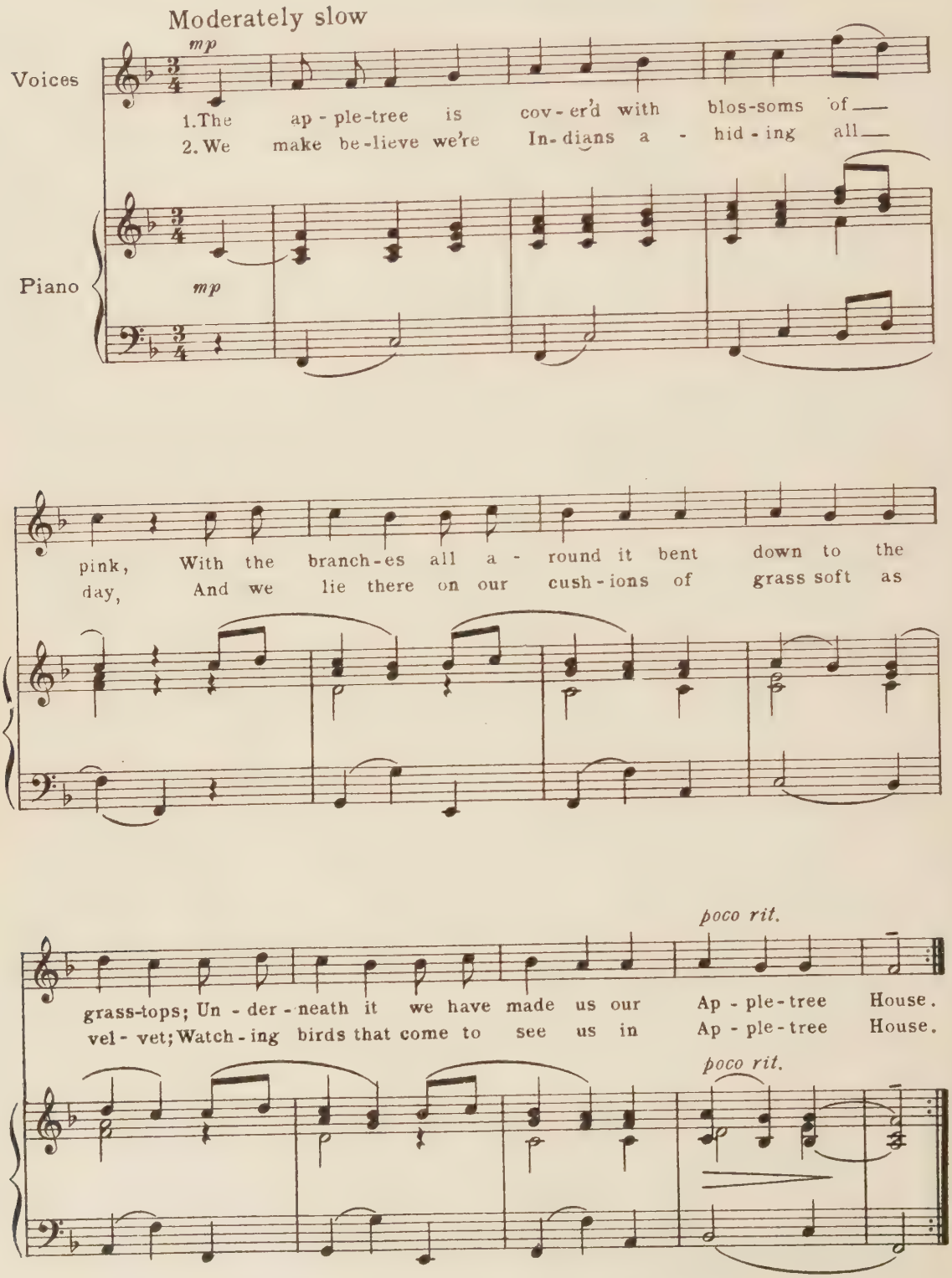
4

"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid,
Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody asked you, Sir," she said,
"Sir," she said, "Sir," she said,
"Nobody asked you, Sir," she said.

69. The Apple-tree House

RICHARD COMPTON

German Melody

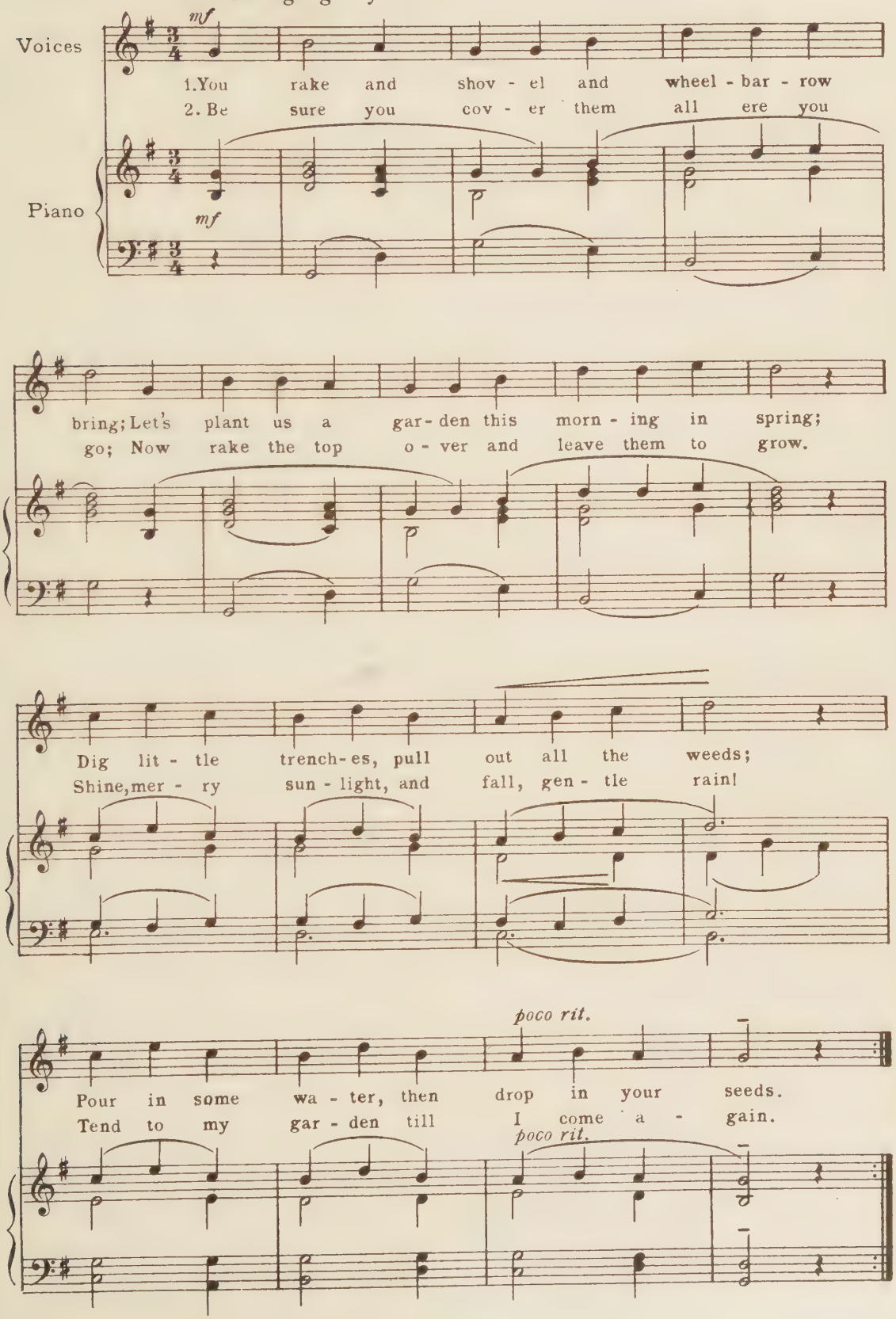

Moderately slow
mp
Voices
1. The ap - ple-tree is cov - er'd with blos-soms of
2. We make be-lieve we're In-dians a - hid - ing all
Piano
mp
pink, With the branch-es all a - round it bent down to the
day, And we lie there on our cush-ions of grass soft as
poco rit.
grass-tops; Un - der - neath it we have made us our Ap - ple-tree House.
vel - vet; Watch - ing birds that come to see us in Ap - ple-tree House.
poco rit.

70. Planting a Garden

RICHARD COMPTON

Flemish Melody

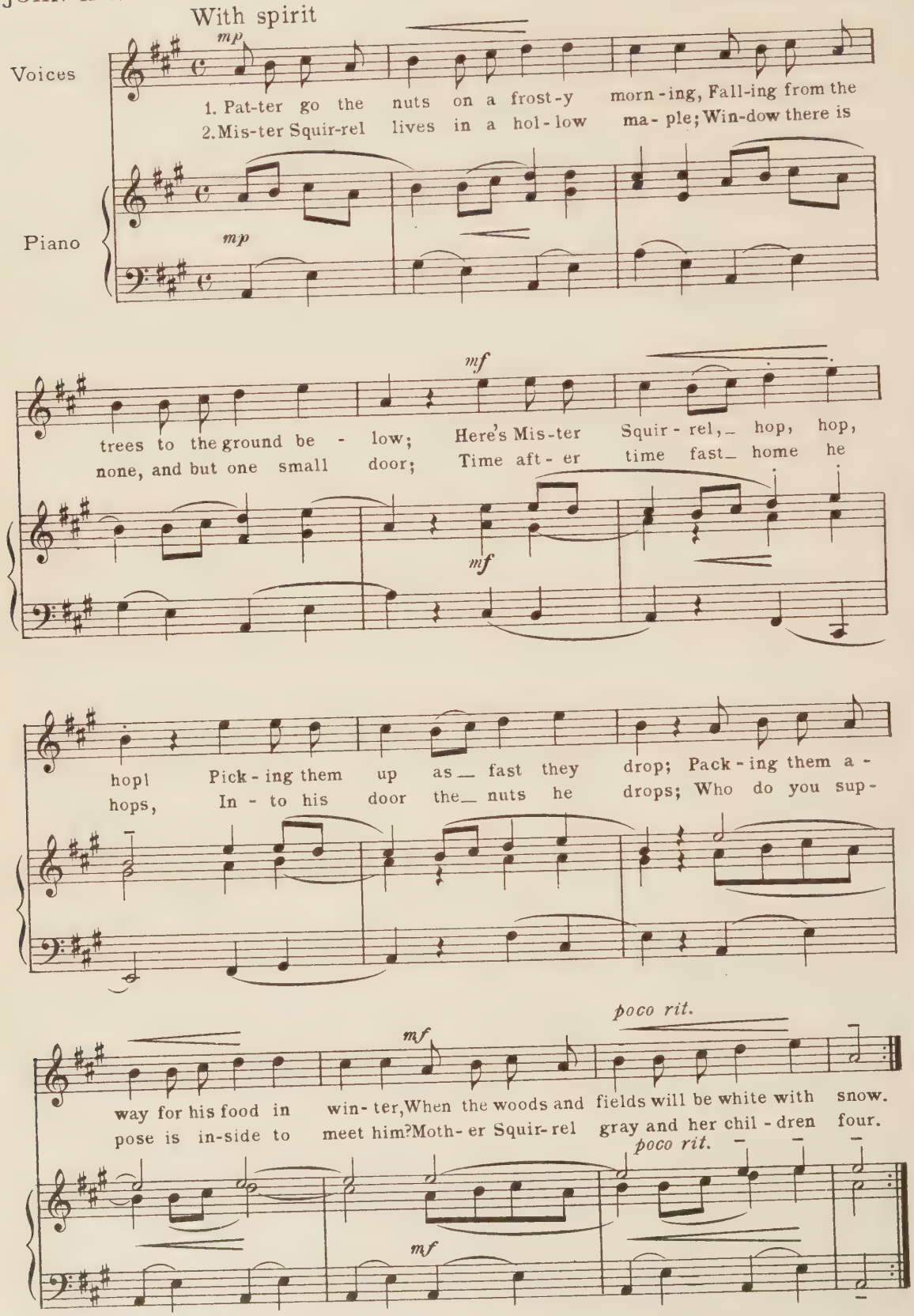
With swinging rhythm


Voices
Piano
mf
1. You rake and shov - el and wheel - bar - row
2. Be sure you cov - er them all ere you
bring; Let's plant us a gar - den this morn - ing in spring;
go; Now rake the top o - ver and leave them to grow.
Dig lit - tle trench - es, pull out all the weeds;
Shine, mer - ry sun - light, and fall, gen - tle rain!
poco rit.
Pour in some wa - ter, then drop in your seeds.
Tend to my gar - den till I come a - gain.
poco rit.

71. On a Frosty Morning

JOHN IRWIN

French Folk-song

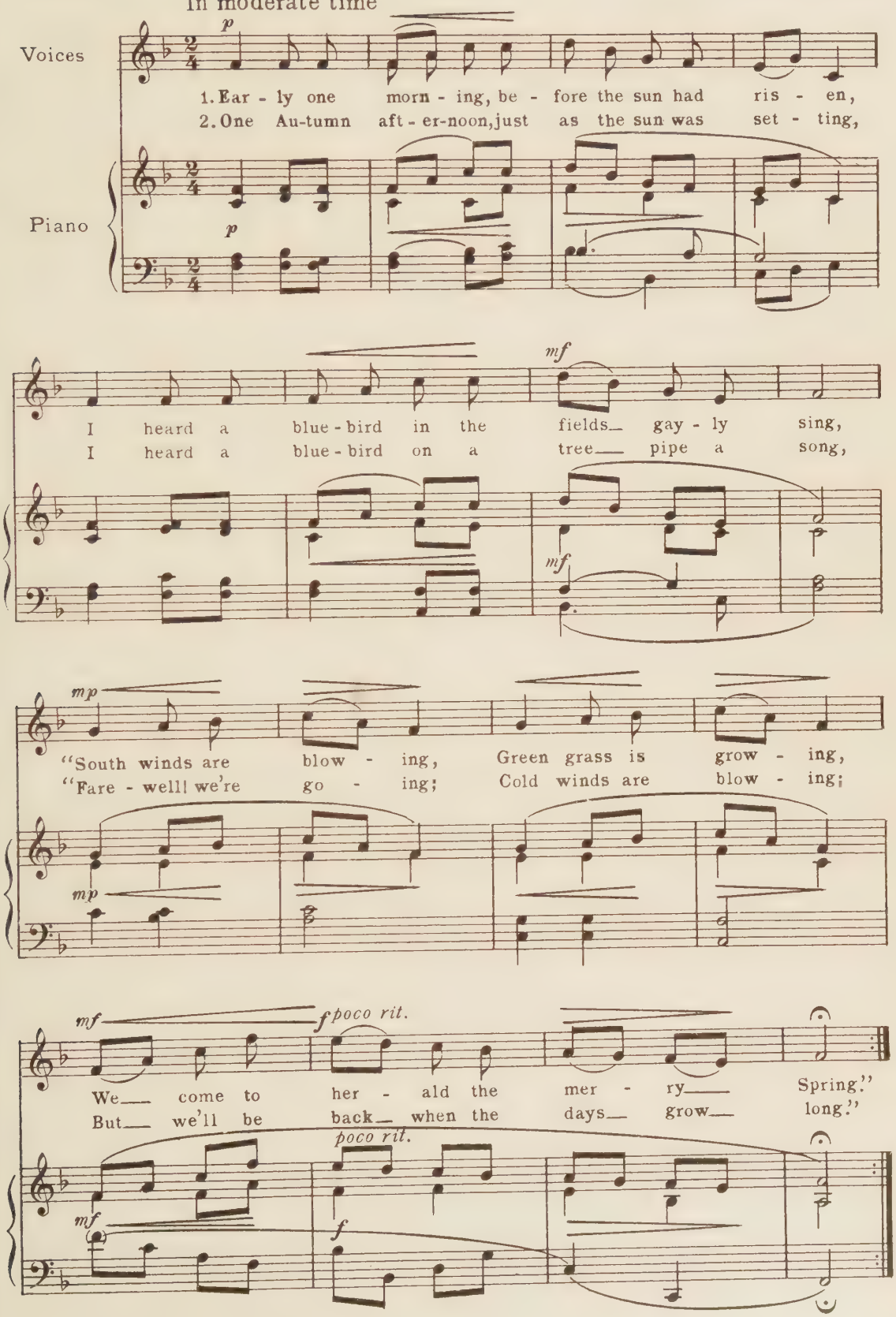

With spirit
mp
Voices
Piano
1. Pat-ter go the nuts on a frost-y morn-ing, Fall-ing from the
2. Mis-ter Squir-rel lives in a hol-low ma-ple; Win-dow there is
mp
mf
trees to the ground be - low; Here's Mis-ter Squir-rel, hop, hop,
none, and but one small door; Time aft-er time fast home he
mf
hop! Pick-ing them up as fast they drop; Pack-ing them a-
hops, In-to his door the nuts he drops; Who do you sup-
poco rit.
mf
way for his food in win-ter, When the woods and fields will be white with snow.
pose is in-side to meet him? Moth-er Squir-rel gray and her chil-dren four.
poco rit.
mf

72. Early One Morning

Anonymous

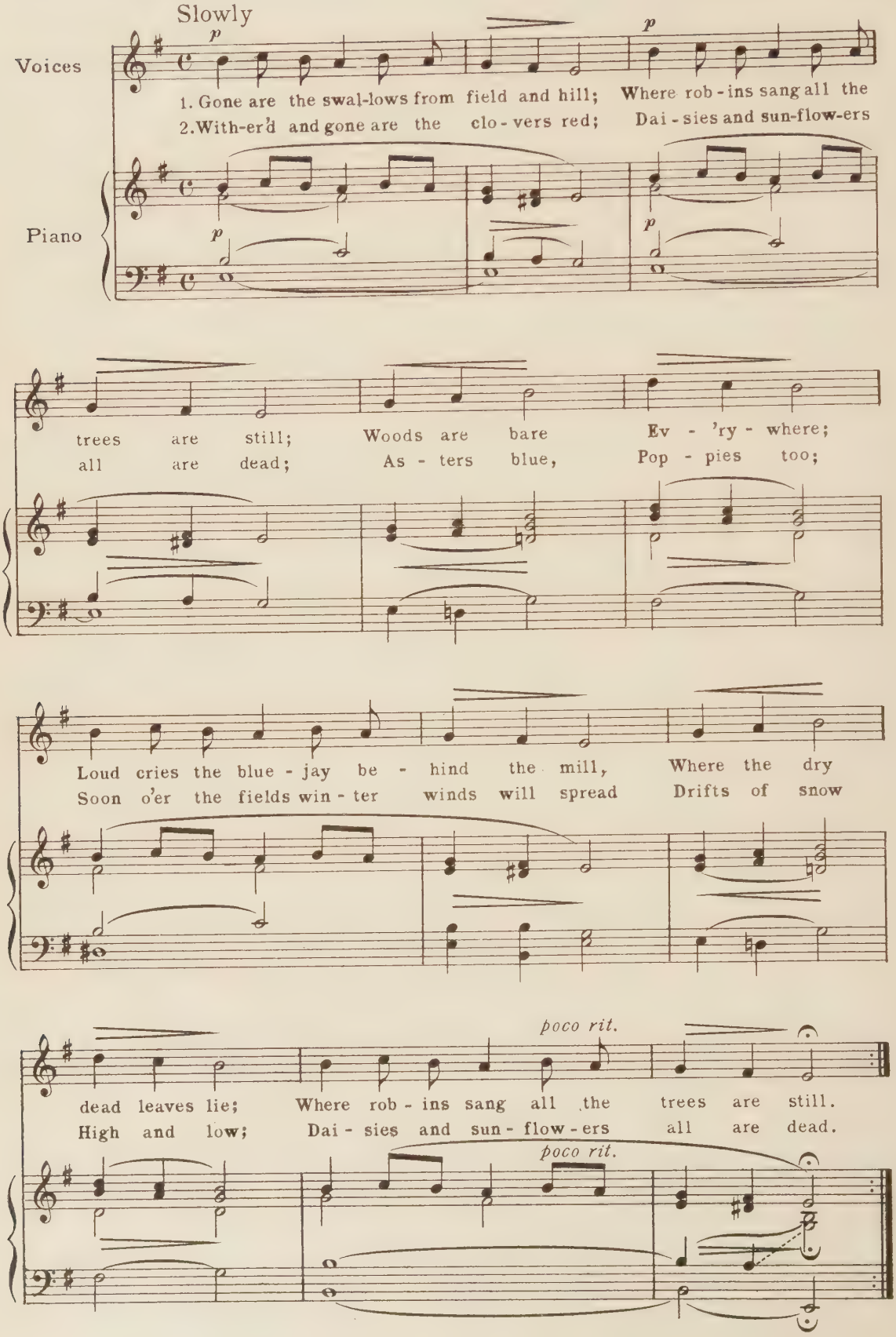
English Folk-song

In moderate time


Voices
Piano
p
1. Ear - ly one morn - ing, be - fore the sun had ris - en,
2. One Au-tumn aft - er-noon, just as the sun was set - ting,
mf
I heard a blue - bird in the fields gay - ly sing,
I heard a blue - bird on a tree pipe a song,
mp
"South winds are blow - ing, Green grass is grow - ing,
"Fare - well! we're go - ing; Cold winds are blow - ing;
mf
f poco rit.
We come to her - ald the mer - ry Spring."
But we'll be back when the days grow long."
poco rit.

73. November

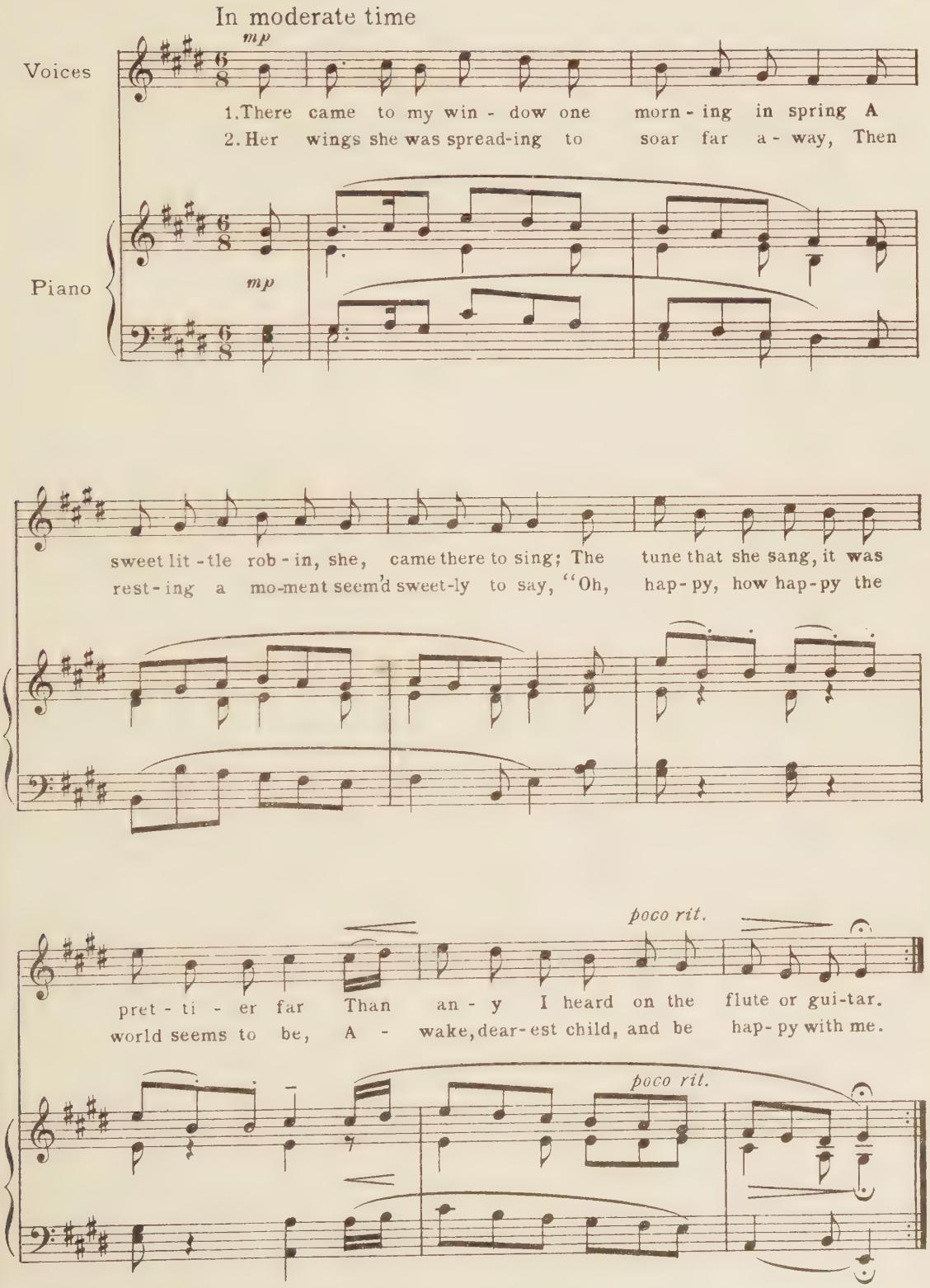
HOMER H. HARBOUR — Bohemian Folk-song


Slowly
Voices
Piano
1. Gone are the swal-lows from field and hill; Where rob-ins sang all the
2. With-er'd and gone are the clo-vers red; Dai-sies and sun-flow-ers
trees are still; Woods are bare Ev-'ry-where;
all are dead; As-ters blue, Pop-pies too;
Loud cries the blue-jay be-hind the mill, Where the dry
Soon o'er the fields win-ter winds will spread Drifts of snow
poco rit.
dead leaves lie; Where rob-ins sang all the trees are still.
High and low; Dai-sies and sun-flow-ers all are dead.
poco rit.

74. The Robin

Anonymous

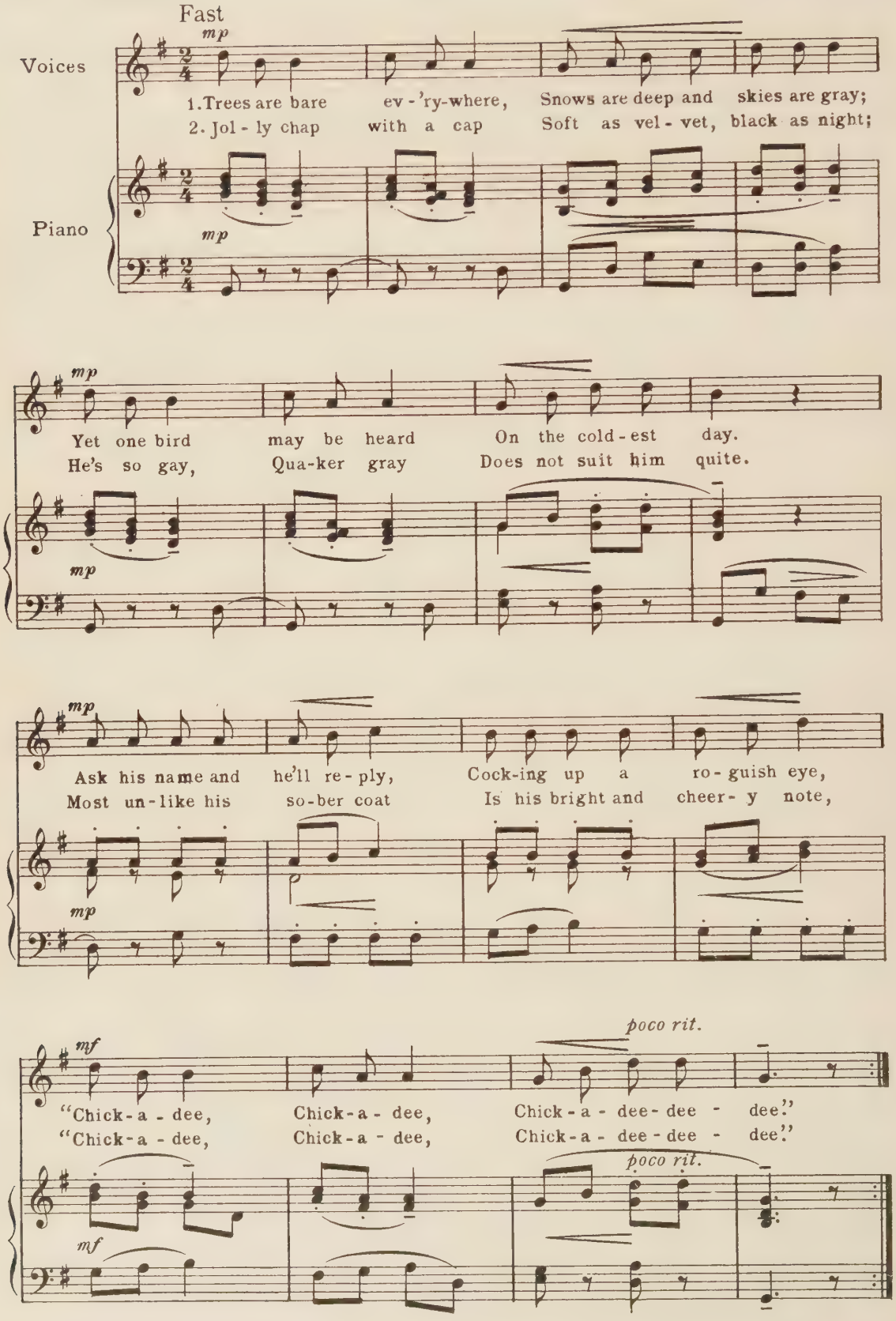
Old Song


In moderate time
mp
Voices
Piano
1. There came to my win - dow one morn - ing in spring A
2. Her wings she was spread-ing to soar far a - way, Then
sweet lit - tle rob - in, she, came there to sing; The tune that she sang, it was
rest - ing a mo-ment seem'd sweet-ly to say, "Oh, hap - py, how hap - py the
poco rit.
pret - ti - er far Than an - y I heard on the flute or gui-tar.
world seems to be, A - wake, dear-est child, and be hap - py with me.
poco rit.

75. The Chickadee

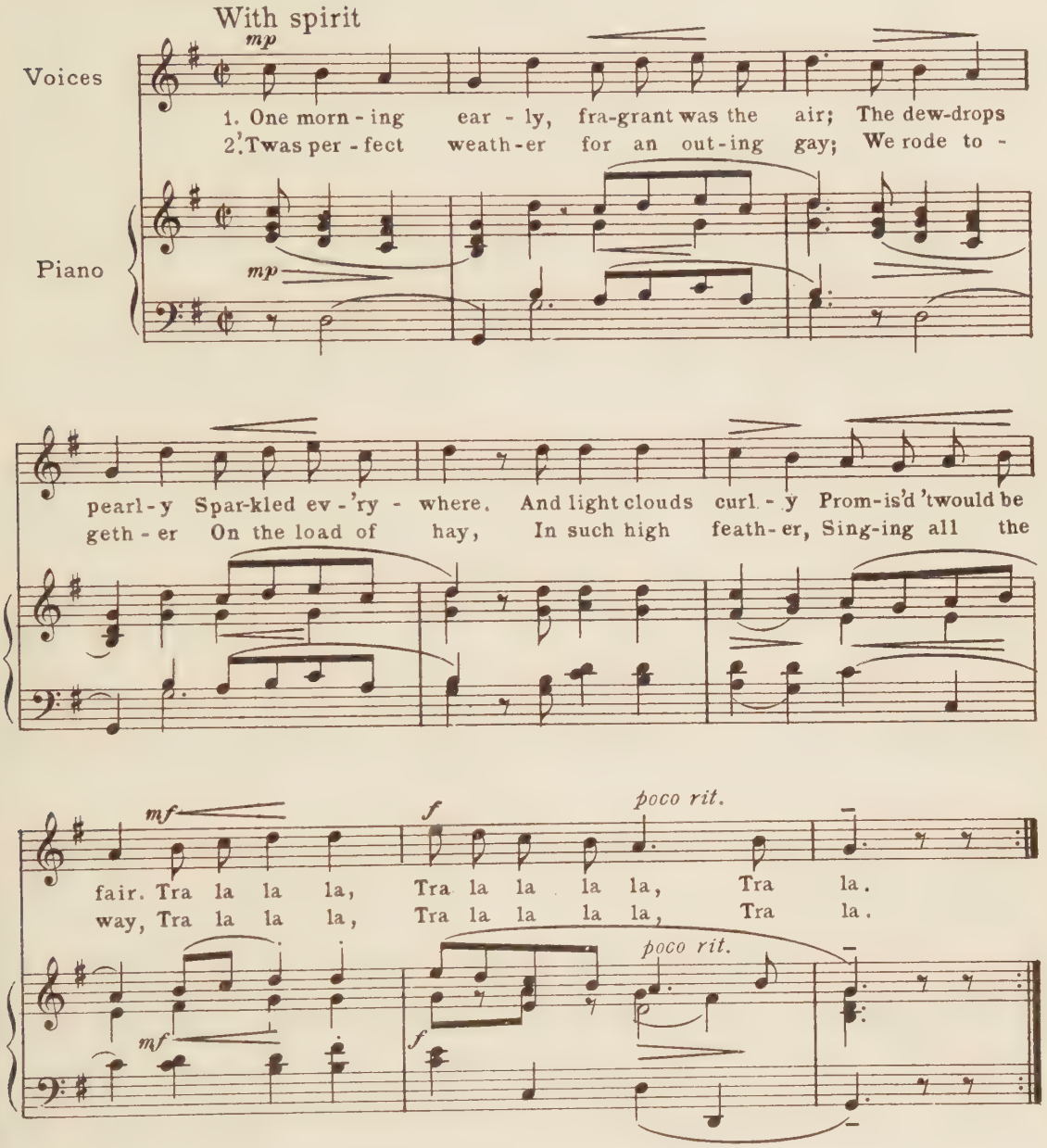
MAY MORGAN

German Folk-song


Fast
mp
Voices
Piano
1. Trees are bare ev-'ry-where, Snows are deep and skies are gray;
2. Jol-ly chap with a cap Soft as vel-vet, black as night;
Yet one bird may be heard On the cold-est day.
He's so gay, Qua-ker gray Does not suit him quite.
Ask his name and he'll re-ply, Cock-ing up a ro-guish eye,
Most un-like his so-ber coat Is his bright and cheer-y note,
mf
poco rit.
"Chick-a-dee, Chick-a-dee, Chick-a-dee-dee-dee."
"Chick-a-dee, Chick-a-dee, Chick-a-dee-dee-dee."

76. The Holiday

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE — Old French Song


With spirit
Voices
Piano
mp
1. One morn - ing ear - ly, fra-grant was the air; The dew-drops
2. 'Twas per - fect weath-er for an out-ing gay; We rode to -
pearl - y Spar-kled ev - 'ry - where. And light clouds curl - y Prom-is'd 'twould be
geth - er On the load of hay, In such high feath-er, Sing-ing all the
mf
f
poco rit.
fair. Tra la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la.
way, Tra la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la.

3

The pine grove shaded
Rustic seat and swings;
The small boys waded,
Tried their swimming wings;
The young girls aided
With the picnic things.
Tra la la la,
Tra la la la la,
Tra la.

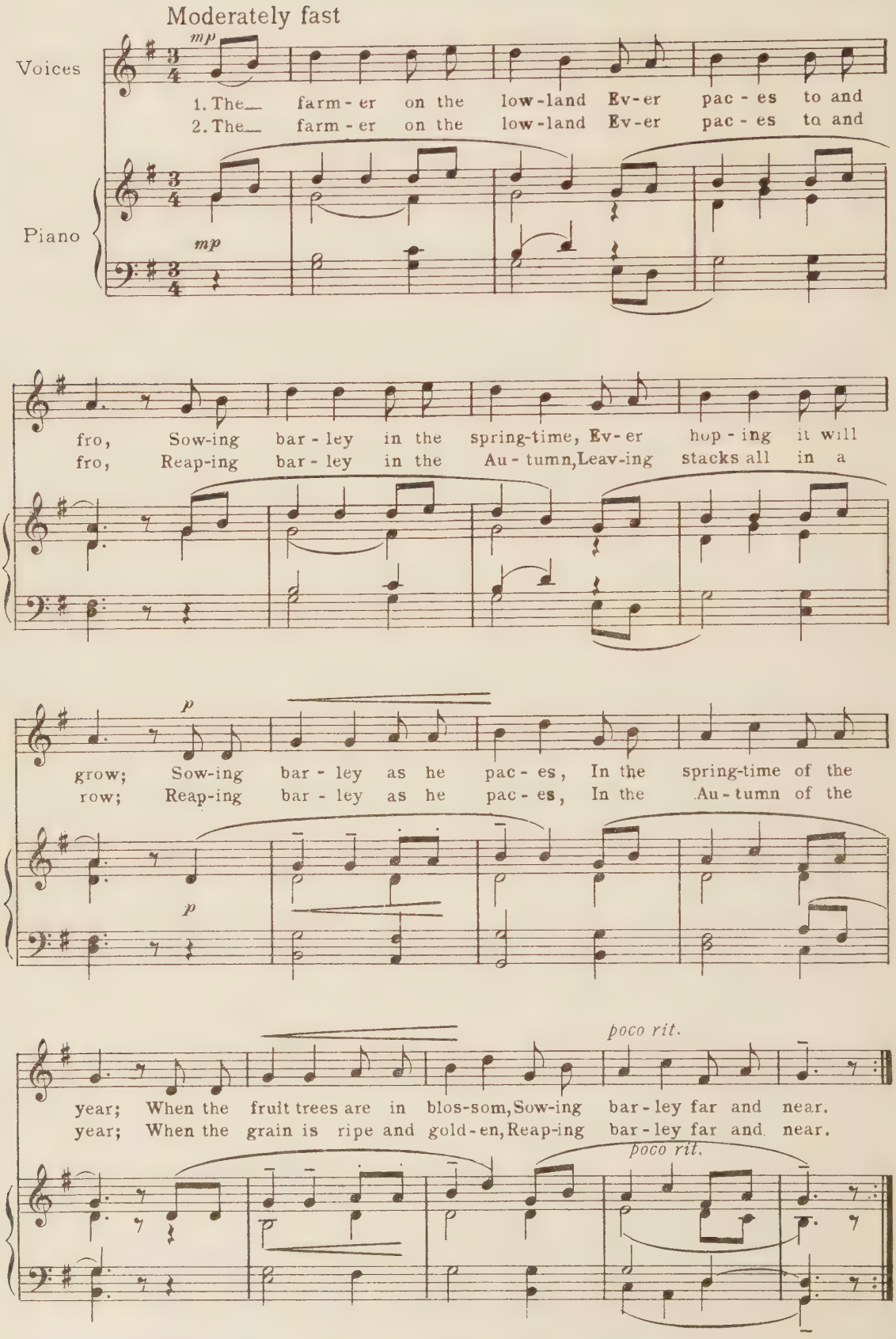
4

And then day ended
With the homeward ride;
Our voices blended
As the sunset died;
The full moon splendid
All things glorified.
Tra la la la,
Tra la la la la,
Tra la.

77. The Farmer

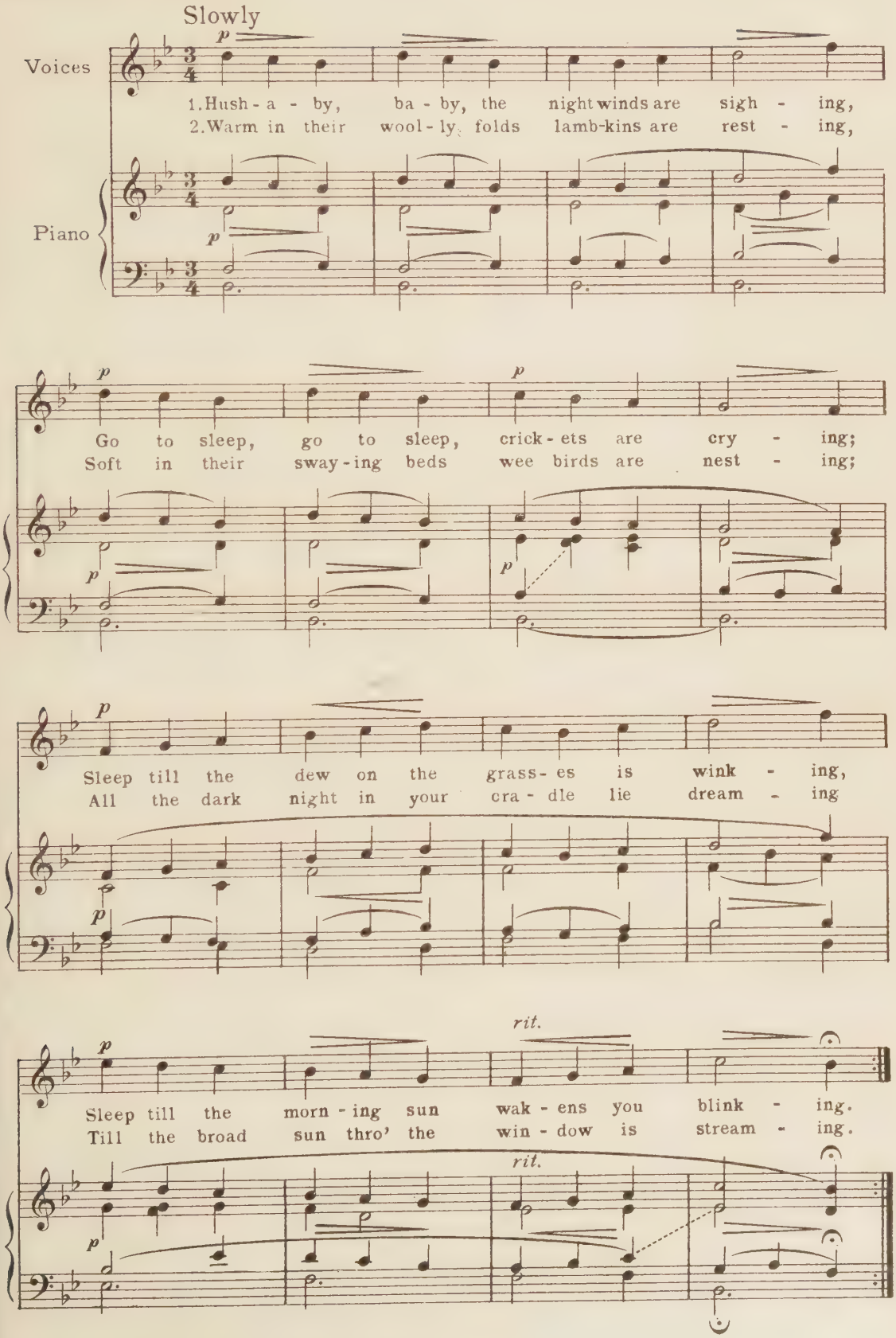
Anonymous

French Folk-song


Moderately fast
Voices
Piano
mp
1. The farm-er on the low-land Ev-er pac-es to and
2. The farm-er on the low-land Ev-er pac-es to and
fro, Sow-ing bar-ley in the spring-time, Ev-er hop-ing it will
fro, Reap-ing bar-ley in the Au-tumn, Leav-ing stacks all in a
p
grow; Sow-ing bar-ley as he pac-es, In the spring-time of the
row; Reap-ing bar-ley as he pac-es, In the Au-tumn of the
poco rit.
year; When the fruit trees are in blos-som, Sow-ing bar-ley far and near.
year; When the grain is ripe and gold-en, Reap-ing bar-ley far and near.
poco rit.

78. Lullaby

RICHARD COMPTON — Scotch Folk-song


Slowly
Voices
Piano
1. Hush - a - by, ba - by, the night winds are sigh - ing,
2. Warm in their wool - ly folds lamb-kins are rest - ing,
Go to sleep, go to sleep, crick - ets are cry - ing;
Soft in their sway - ing beds wee birds are nest - ing;
Sleep till the dew on the grass - es is wink - ing,
All the dark night in your cra - dle lie dream - ing
rit.
Sleep till the morn - ing sun wak - ens you blink - ing.
Till the broad sun thro' the win - dow is stream - ing.
rit.

79. The Little Ship

Anonymous

English Folk-song

With swinging rhythm

Voices

Piano

mp

1. I saw a ship a - sail - ing, A - sail - ing on the
2. The four and twen - ty sail - ors That stood be-tween the

mf

sea! And, oh, it was all lad - en With pret - ty things for
decks, Were four and twen-ty white mice With chains a - bout their

thee! There were com-fits in the cab - in, And ap-ples in the
necks; The cap-tain was a lit - tle duck With a pack-et on his

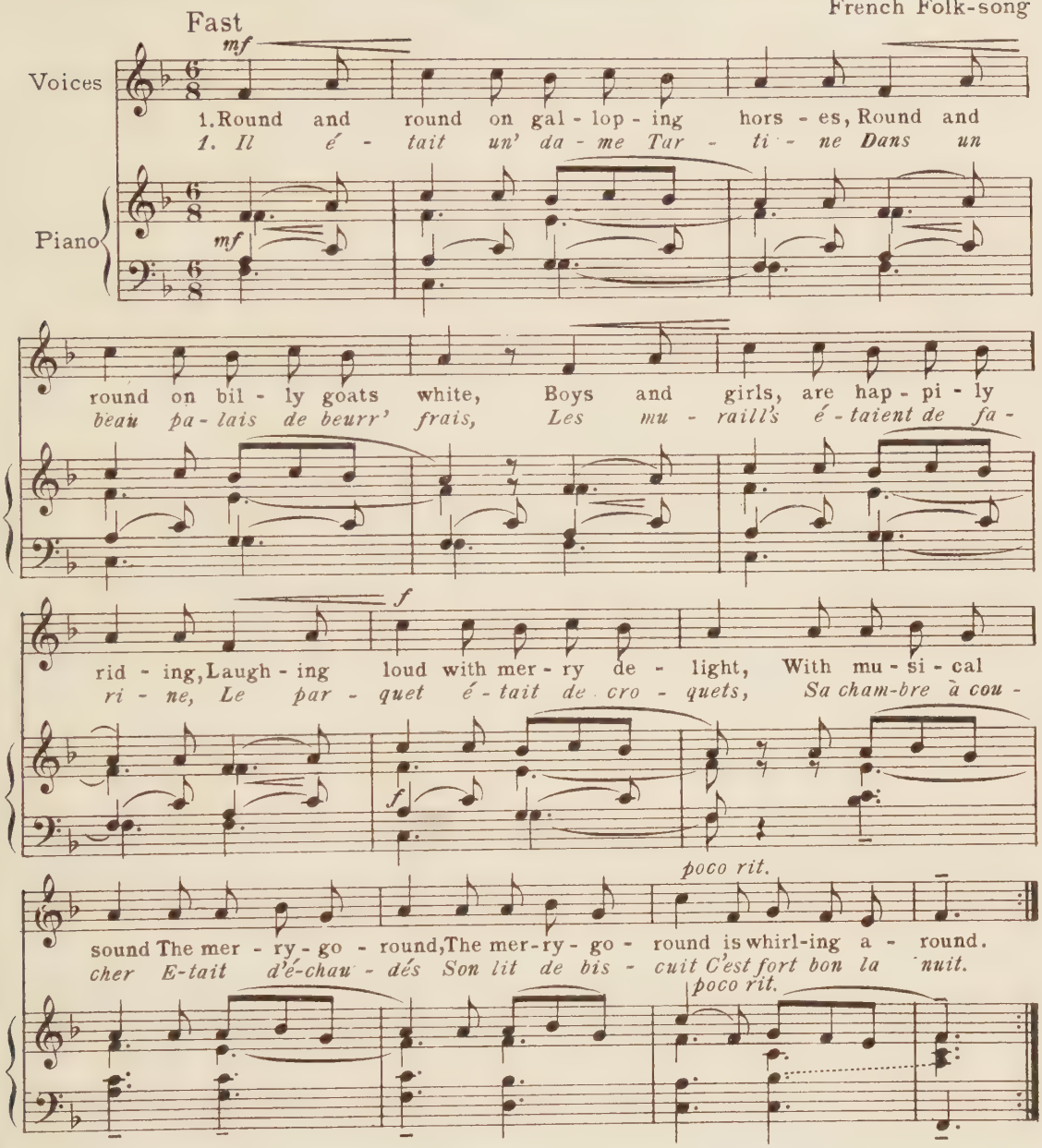
poco rit.

hold, And the spread-ing sails were made of silk, And the masts were made of gold.
back, And when the ship be - gan to move, The cap - tain cried, "Quack! Quack!"

80. The Merry-go-round

Dame Tartine

HOMER H. HARBOUR

French Folk-song

Fast
mf
Voices
Piano
1. Round and round on gal - lop - ing hors - es, Round and
1. Il é - tait un' da - me Tar - ti - ne Dans un
round on bil - ly goats white, Boys and girls, are hap - pi - ly
beau pa - lais de beurr' frais, Les mu - raill's é - taient de fa -
f
rid - ing, Laugh - ing loud with mer - ry de - light, With mu - si - cal
ri - ne, Le par - quet é - tait de cro - quets, Sa cham-bre à cou -
poco rit.
sound The mer - ry - go - round, The mer-ry - go - round is whirl-ing a - round.
cher E-tait d'é-chau - dés Son lit de bis - cuit C'est fort bon la nuit.
poco rit.

2

Side by side go lions and tigers,
Tall giraffes and long-legged cranes,
Every one is wearing a saddle;
Every one has beautiful reins.
With musical sound the merry-go-round,
The merry-go-round is whirling around.

3

We can choose whichever we want to,
When our turn for riding is here;
I think I shall go on a tiger;
Don't you want to go on a deer?
With musical sound the merry-go-round,
The merry-go-round is whirling.

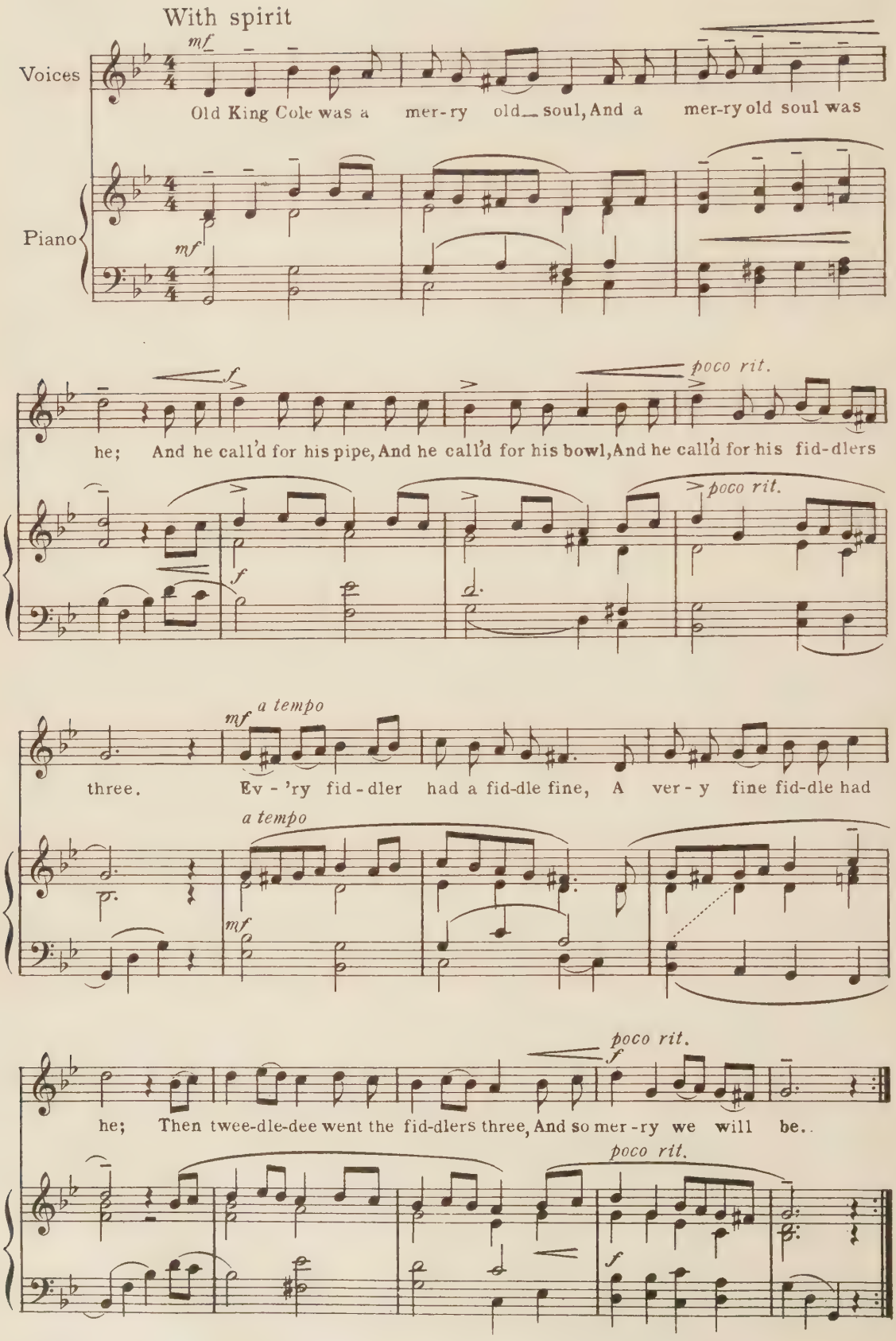
2

Quand ell' s'en allait à la ville,
Elle avait un petit bonnet;
Les rubans étaient de pastille,
Et le fond de bon raisiné;
Sa petit' carriole
Était d'croquignole;
Ses petits chevaux
Étaient d'pâtés chauds.

81. Old King Cole

Anonymous

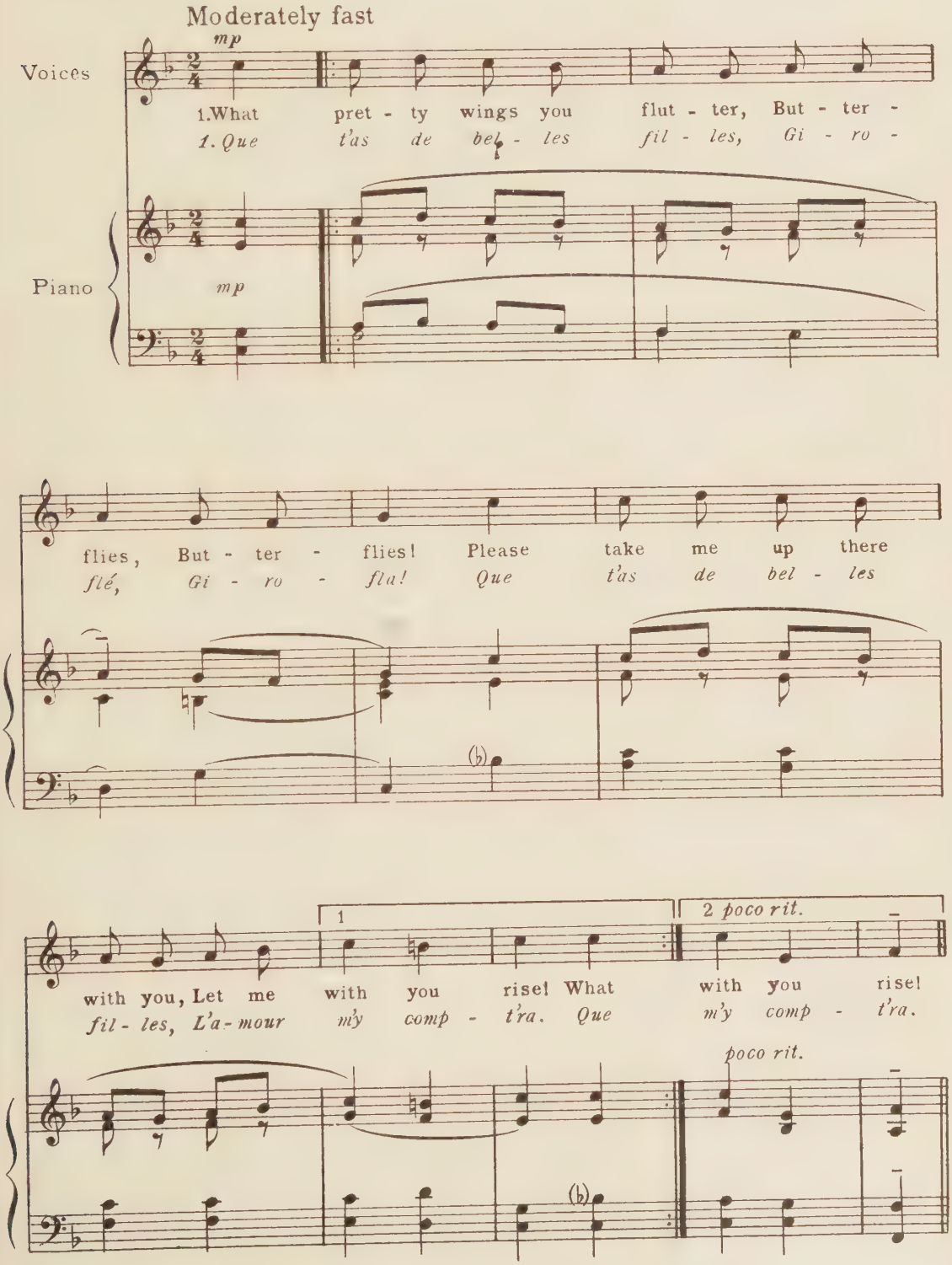
Old Song

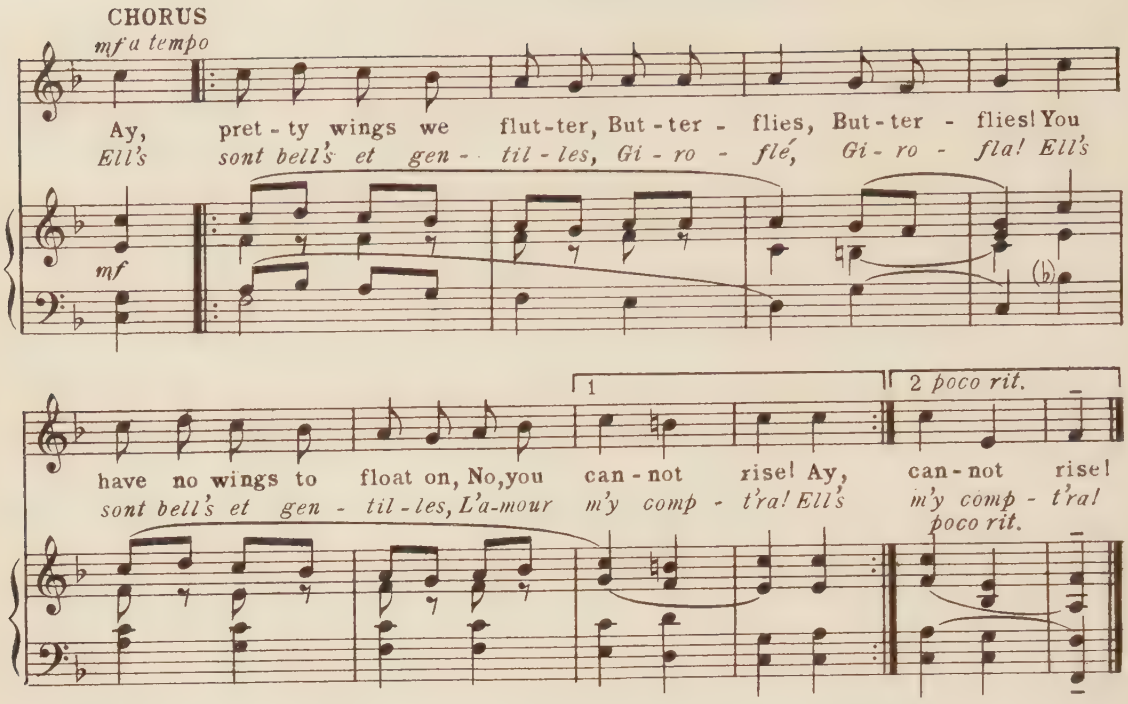

With spirit
Voices
Piano
mf
Old King Cole was a mer-ry old soul, And a mer-ry old soul was
f
poco rit.
he; And he call'd for his pipe, And he call'd for his bowl, And he call'd for his fid-dlers
three.
a tempo
Ev-'ry fid-dler had a fid-dle fine, A ver-y fine fid-dle had
he; Then twee-dle-dee went the fid-dlers three, And so mer-ry we will be.

82. Butterflies

Giroflé, girofla

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE — French Folk-song


Moderately fast
mp
Voices
Piano
1.What pret - ty wings you flut - ter, But - ter -
1. Que t'as de bel - les fil - les, Gi - ro -
flies, But - ter - flies! Please take me up there
flé, Gi - ro - fla! Que t'as de bel - les
1
2 poco rit.
with you, Let me with you rise! What with you rise!
fil - les, L'a - mour m'y comp - t'ra. Que m'y comp - t'ra.
poco rit.


CHORUS
mf a tempo
Ay, pret - ty wings we flut - ter, But - ter - flies, But - ter - flies! You
Ell's sont bell's et gen - til - les, Gi - ro - flé, Gi - ro - fla! Ell's
mf
1
2 poco rit.
have no wings to float on, No, you can - not rise! Ay, can - not rise!
sont bell's et gen - til - les, L'a-mour m'y comp - t'ra! Ell's m'y comp - t'ra!
poco rit.

(Solo) ‖: What lovely things you look at,
Butterflies, Butterflies!
Bright flowers and trees you look at
When you sail the skies. :‖

(Chorus) ‖: Ay, lovely things we look at,
Butterflies, Butterflies,
Yet you see more than we see
You have bigger eyes! :‖

2

(Solo) ‖: *Donne-moi-z'en donc une,*
Giroflé, girofla:
Donne-moi-z'en une,
L'amour m'y compt'ra. :‖

(Choeur) ‖: *Pas seul'ment la queue d'une,*
Giroflé, Girofla:
Pas seul'ment la queue d'une,
L'amour m'y compt'ra. :‖

3

(Solo) ‖: *J'irai au bois seulette,*
Giroflé, girofla:
J'irai au bois seulette,
L'amour m'y compt'ra. :‖

(Choeur) ‖: *Si le roi t'y rencontre?*
Giroflé, girofla:
Si le roi t'y rencontre?
L'amour m'y compt'ra. :‖

4

(Solo) ‖: *J'lui f'rai trois révérences,*
Giroflé, girofla:
J'lui f'rai trois révérences,
L'amour m'y compt'ra. :‖

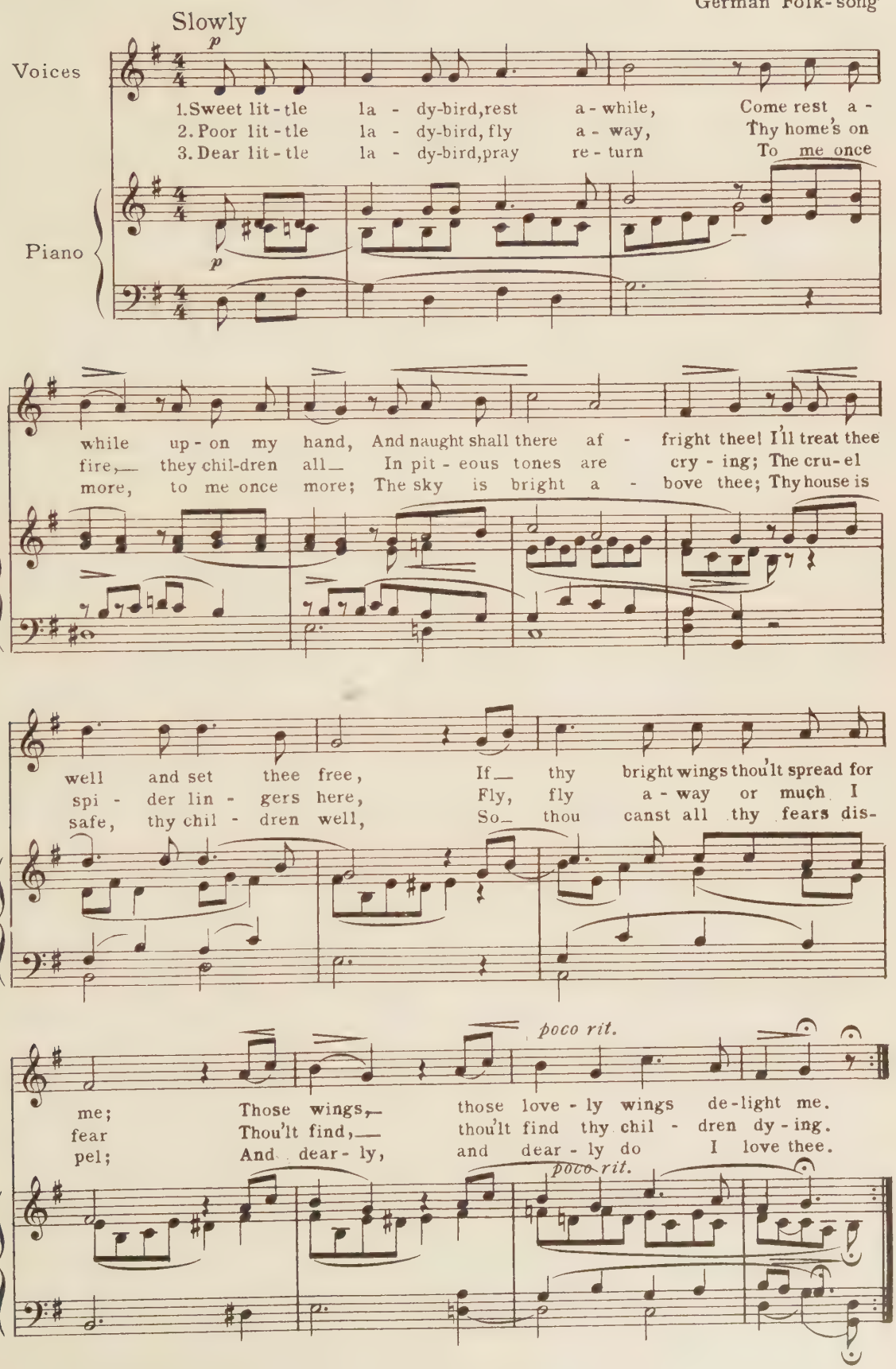
(Choeur) ‖: *Si le diabl' t'y rencontre?*
Giroflé, girofla:
Si le diabl' t'y rencontre?
L'amour m'y compt'ra. :‖

(Solo) ‖: *Je lui ferai les cornes*
Giroflé, girofla:
Je lui ferai les cornes,
L'amour m'y compt'ra. :‖

83. Ladybird

Anonymous

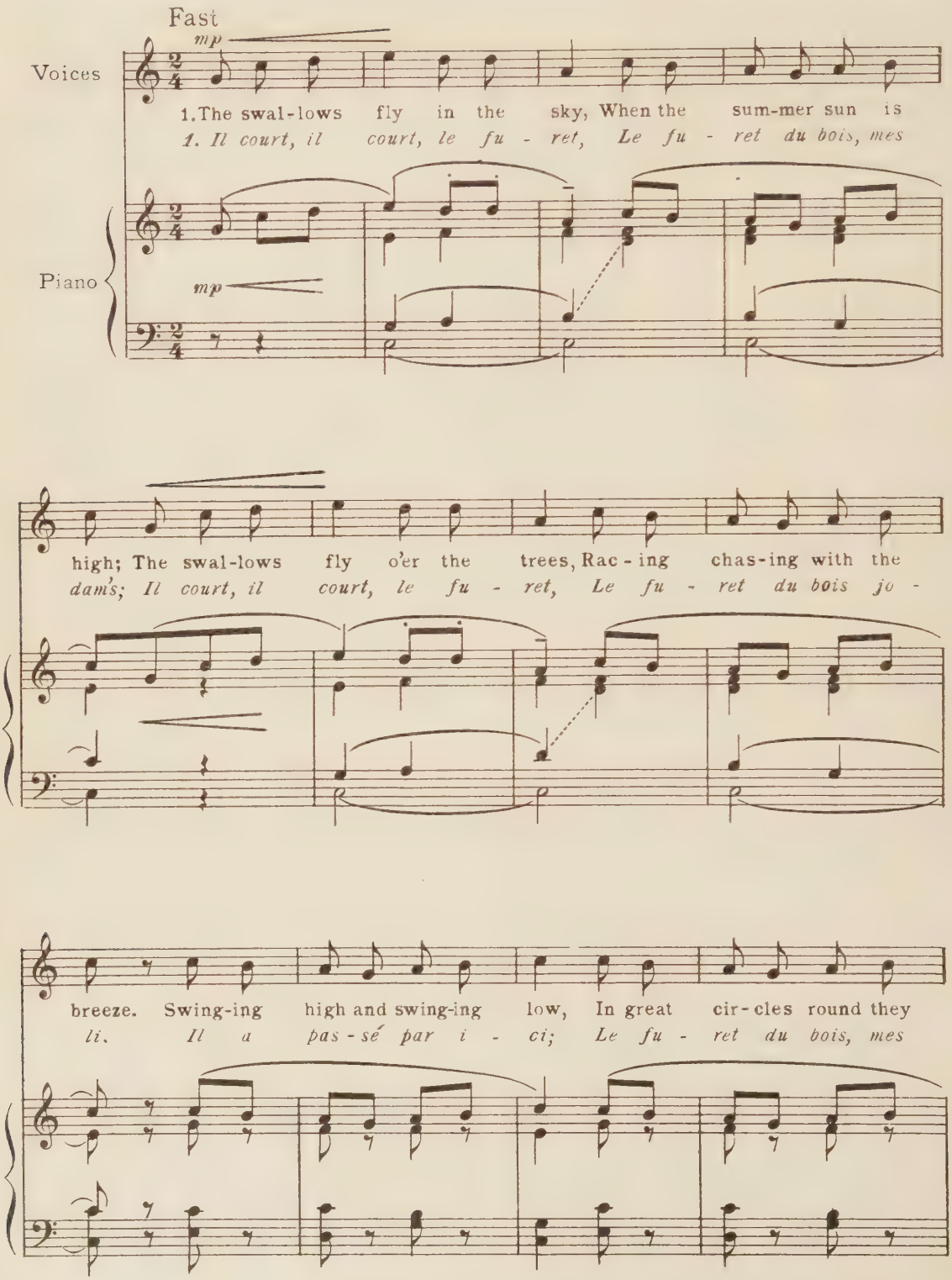
German Folk-song

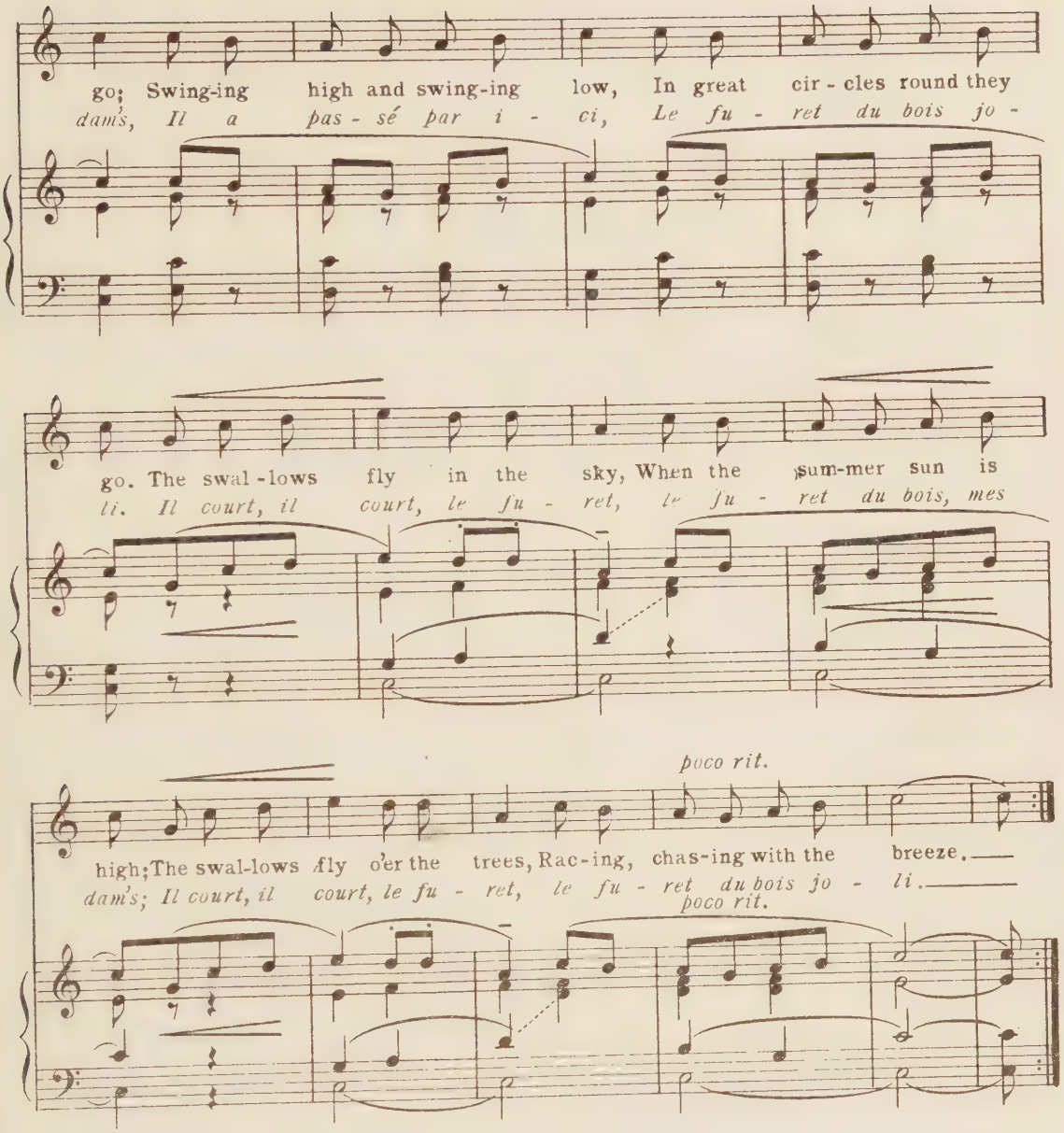

Slowly
p
Voices
Piano
1. Sweet lit - tle la - dy-bird, rest a - while, Come rest a -
2. Poor lit - tle la - dy-bird, fly a - way, Thy home's on
3. Dear lit - tle la - dy-bird, pray re - turn To me once
while up - on my hand, And naught shall there af - fright thee! I'll treat thee
fire, they chil-dren all In pit - eous tones are cry - ing; The cru - el
more, to me once more; The sky is bright a - bove thee; Thy house is
well and set thee free, If thy bright wings thou'lt spread for
spi - der lin - gers here, Fly, fly a - way or much I
safe, thy chil - dren well, So thou canst all thy fears dis-
poco rit.
me; Those wings, those love - ly wings de - light me.
fear Thou'lt find, thou'lt find thy chil - dren dy - ing.
pel; And dear - ly, and dear - ly do I love thee.
poco rit.

84. The Swallows

Le furet du bois joli

HOMER H. HARBOUR — Old French Song


Fast
mp
Voices
Piano
1. The swal-lows fly in the sky, When the sum-mer sun is
1. Il court, il court, le fu - ret, Le fu - ret du bois, mes
high; The swal-lows fly o'er the trees, Rac - ing chas-ing with the
dam's; Il court, il court, le fu - ret, Le fu - ret du bois jo -
breeze. Swing-ing high and swing-ing low, In great cir-cles round they
li. Il a pas-sé par i - ci; Le fu - ret du bois, mes

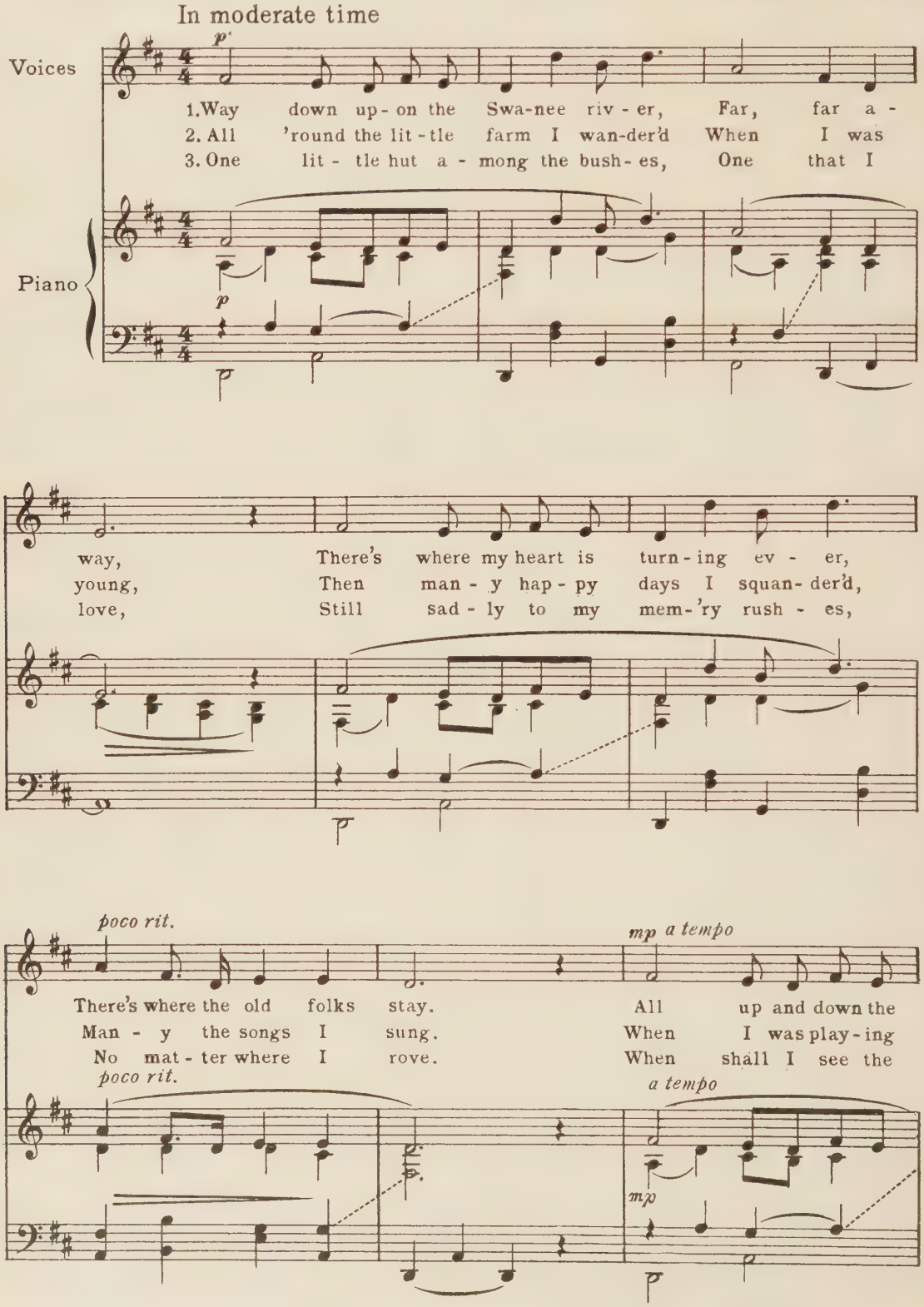

go; Swing-ing high and swing-ing low, In great cir - cles round they
dam's, Il a pas - sé par i - ci, Le fu - ret du bois jo -
go. The swal - lows fly in the sky, When the sum-mer sun is
li. Il court, il court, le fu - ret, le fu - ret du bois, mes
poco rit.
high; The swal-lows fly o'er the trees, Rac-ing, chas-ing with the breeze.
dam's; Il court, il court, le fu - ret, le fu - ret du bois jo - li.
poco rit.

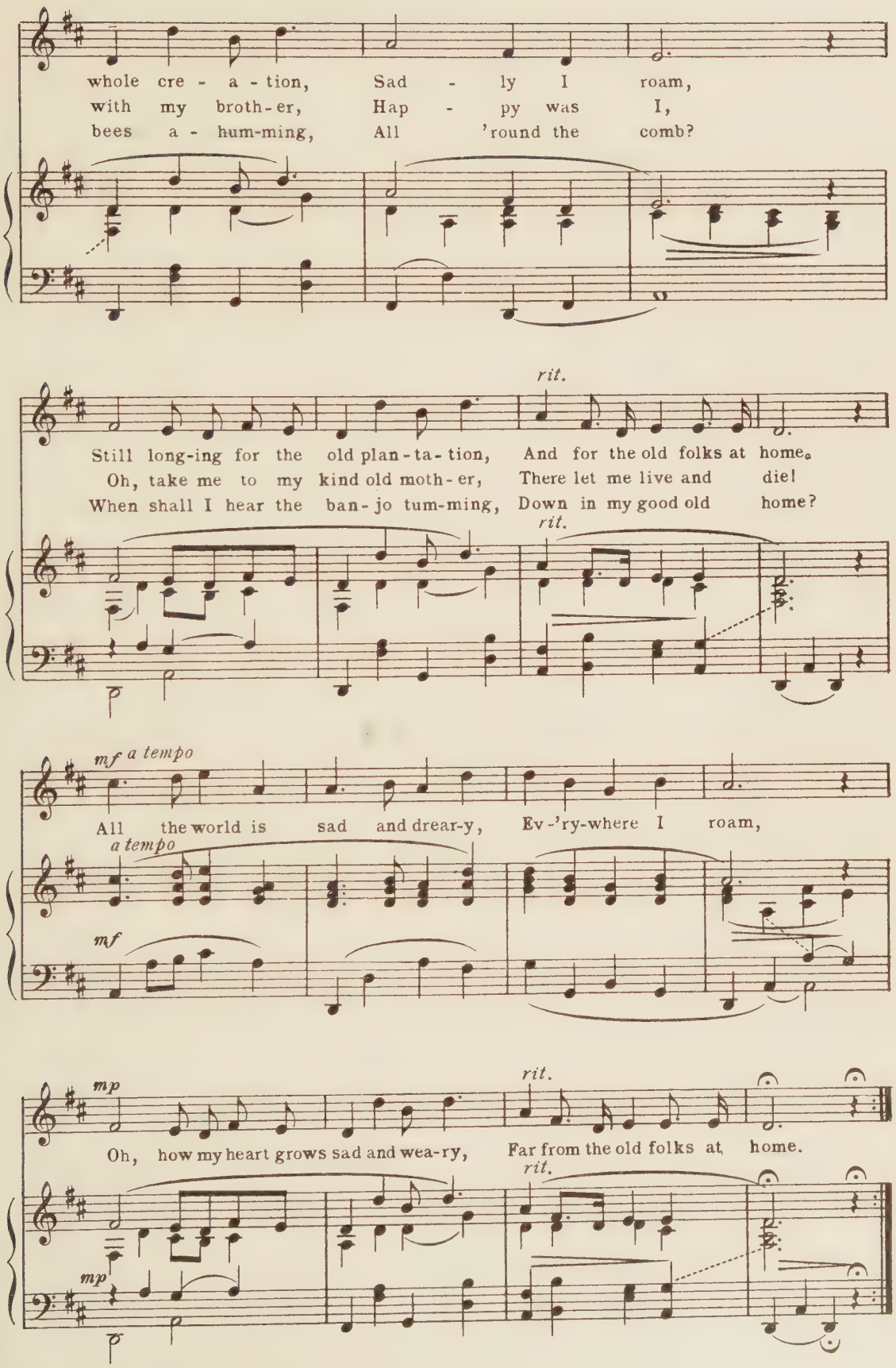
2

The swallows fly swift and high,
Darting after moth or fly;
The swallows fly here and there,
Sailing, circling everywhere.
Dropping down a drink to take,
Ripples in the pond they make;
The swallows fly swift and high,
Darting after moth or fly;
The swallows fly here and there,
Sailing, circling everywhere.

85. The Old Folks at Home

Words adapted from
STEPHEN FOSTER

STEPHEN FOSTER

In moderate time
Voices
Piano
p
1. Way down up - on the Swa-nee riv - er, Far, far a -
2. All 'round the lit - tle farm I wan-der'd When I was
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush - es, One that I
way, There's where my heart is turn - ing ev - er,
young, Then man - y hap - py days I squan - der'd,
love, Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es,
poco rit.
There's where the old folks stay.
Man - y the songs I sung.
No mat - ter where I rove.
mp a tempo
All up and down the
When I was play - ing
When shall I see the
poco rit.
a tempo
mp

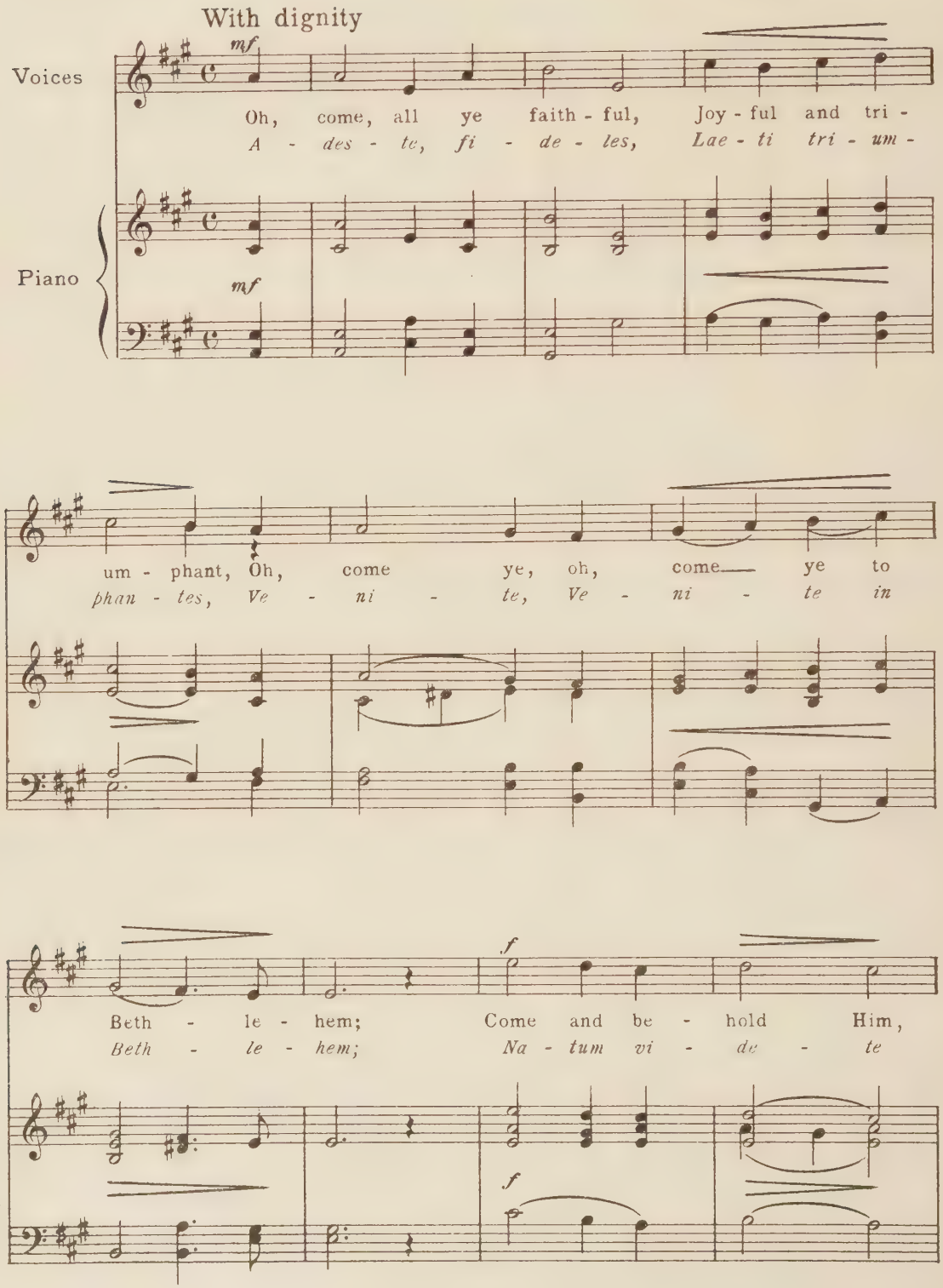
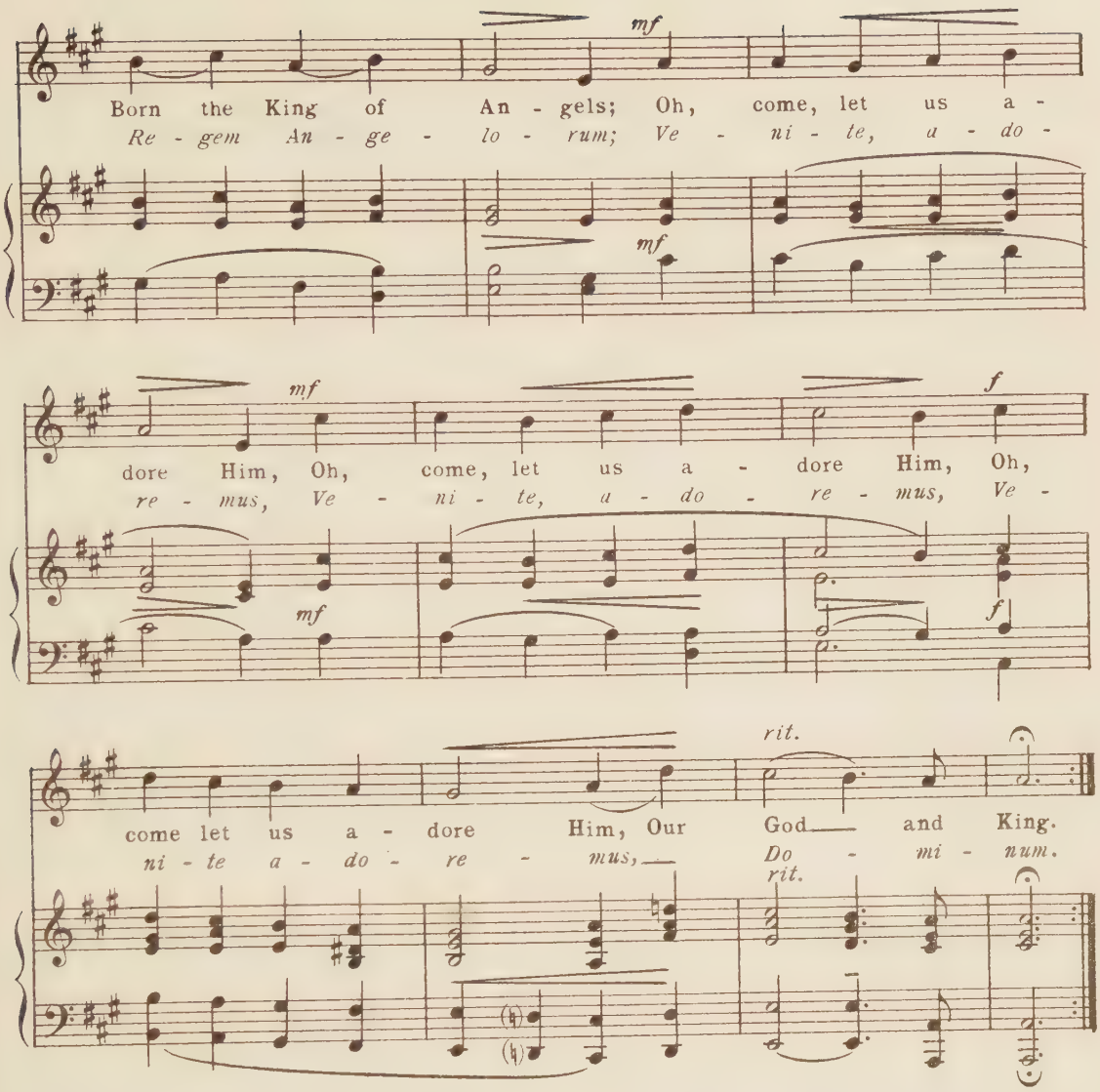

whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
with my broth-er, Hap - py was I,
bees a - hum-ming, All 'round the comb?
rit.
Still long-ing for the old plan-ta-tion, And for the old folks at home.
Oh, take me to my kind old moth-er, There let me live and die!
When shall I hear the ban-jo tum-ming, Down in my good old home?
rit.
mf a tempo
All the world is sad and drear-y, Ev-'ry-where I roam,
a tempo
mf
mp
rit.
Oh, how my heart grows sad and wea-ry, Far from the old folks at home.
rit.
mp

86. Oh, come, all ye faithful

Adeste fideles

Translated by
F. OAKELEY

JOHN READING


With dignity
Voices
Piano
mf
Oh, come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri -
A - des - te, fi - de - les, Lae - ti tri - um -
um - phant, Oh, come ye, oh, come ye to
phan - tes, Ve - ni - te, Ve - ni - te in
Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him,
Beth - le - hem; Na - tum vi - de - te
f

Born the King of An - gels; Oh, come, let us a -
Re - gem An - ge - lo - rum; Ve - ni - te, a - do -
dore Him, Oh, come, let us a - dore Him, Oh,
re - mus, Ve - ni - te, a - do - re - mus, Ve -
come let us a - dore Him, Our God and King.
ni - te a - do - re - mus, Do - mi - num.
mf
f
rit.

2

Sing, choir of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven above;
Glory to God
In the highest,
Oh, come, let us adore him, etc.

3

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesus, to Thee be glory given,
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing,
Oh, come, let us adore Him, etc.

2

Cantet nunc Io
Chorus Angelorum
Cantet nunc aula coelestium
Gloria in excelsis Deo
Venite adoremus, etc.

3

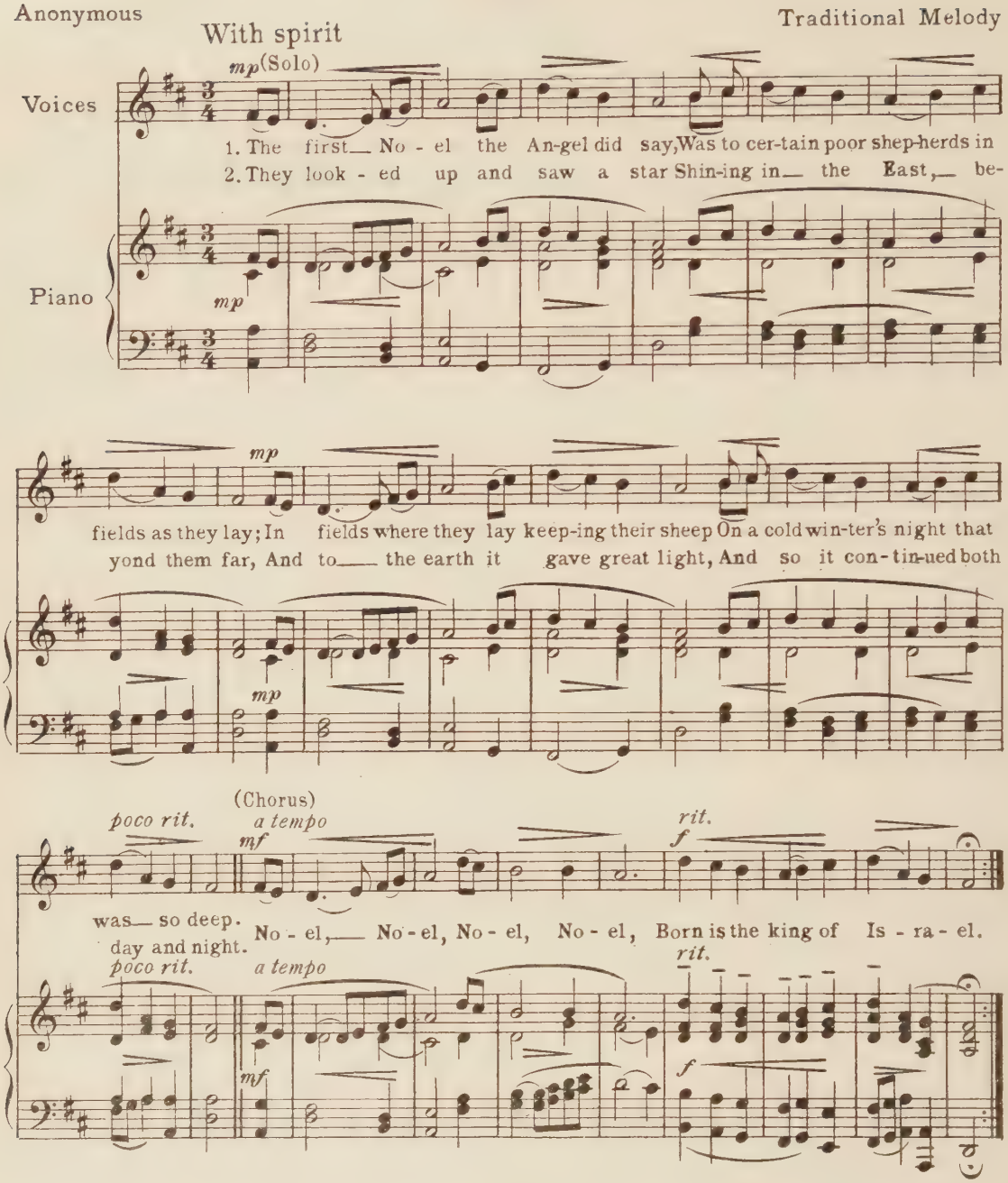
Ergo qui natus,
Die hodierna,
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Patris aeterni
Verbum caro factum.
Venite adoremus, etc.

87. The First Noel

Carol

Anonymous

Traditional Melody


With spirit
mp (Solo)
Voices
Piano
1. The first No - el the An-gel did say, Was to cer-tain poor shep-herds in
2. They look - ed up and saw a star Shin-ing in the East, be-
mp
fields as they lay; In fields where they lay keep-ing their sheep On a cold win-ter's night that
yond them far, And to the earth it gave great light, And so it con-tin-ued both
(Chorus)
poco rit.
a tempo
mf
rit.
f
was so deep.
day and night.
No - el, No - el, No - el, No - el, Born is the king of Is - ra - el.

3

And by the light of that same star,
Three Wisemen came from country far,
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the Star wherever it went.

4

This Star drew nigh to the northwest,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

5

Then entered in those Wisemen three,
Fell reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in his presence,
Their gold, and myrrh, and frank incense.

6

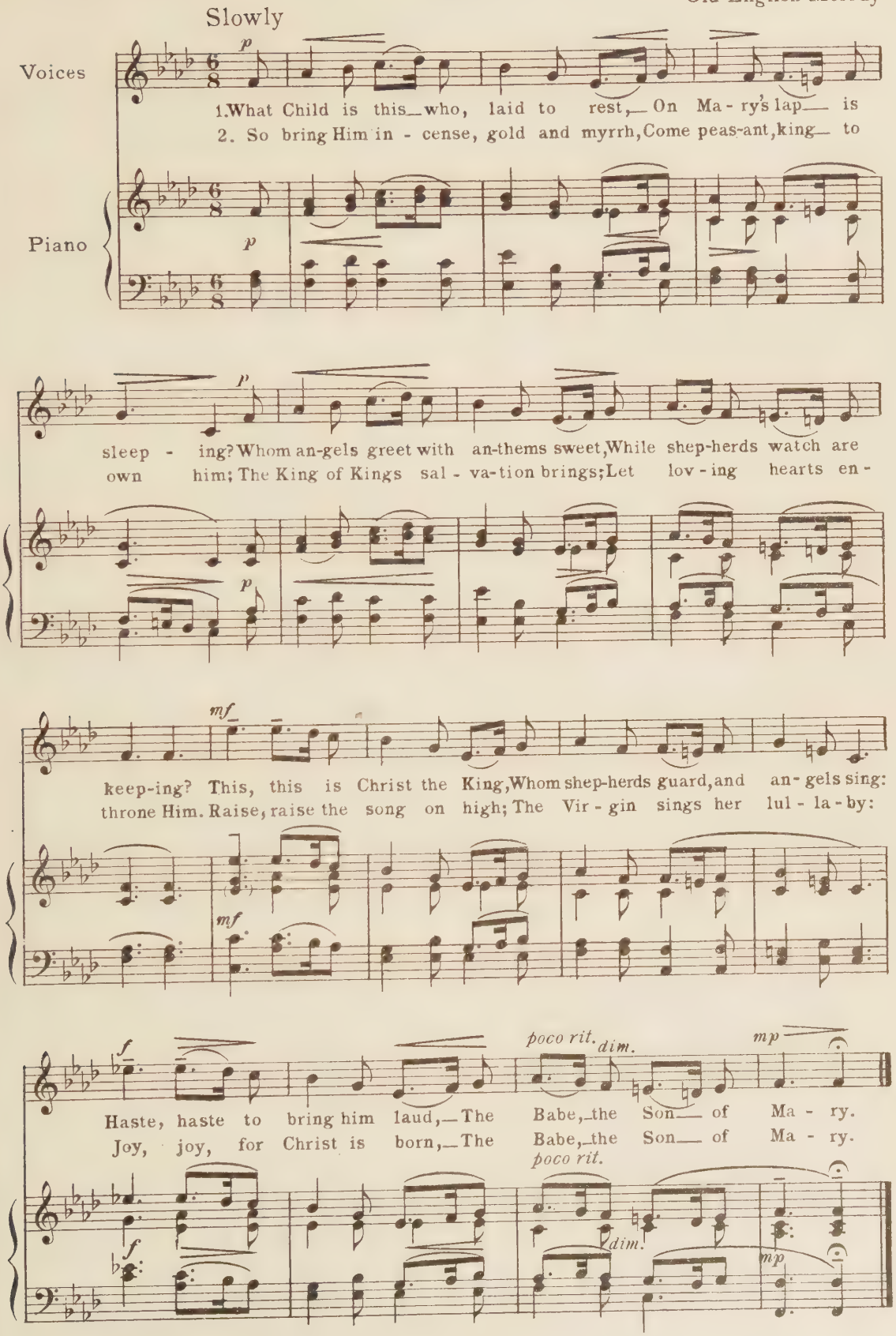
Then let us all with one accord,
Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,
That hath made Heav'n and Earth of nought,
And with His blood mankind hath bought.

88. What Child is This?

Carol

Anonymous

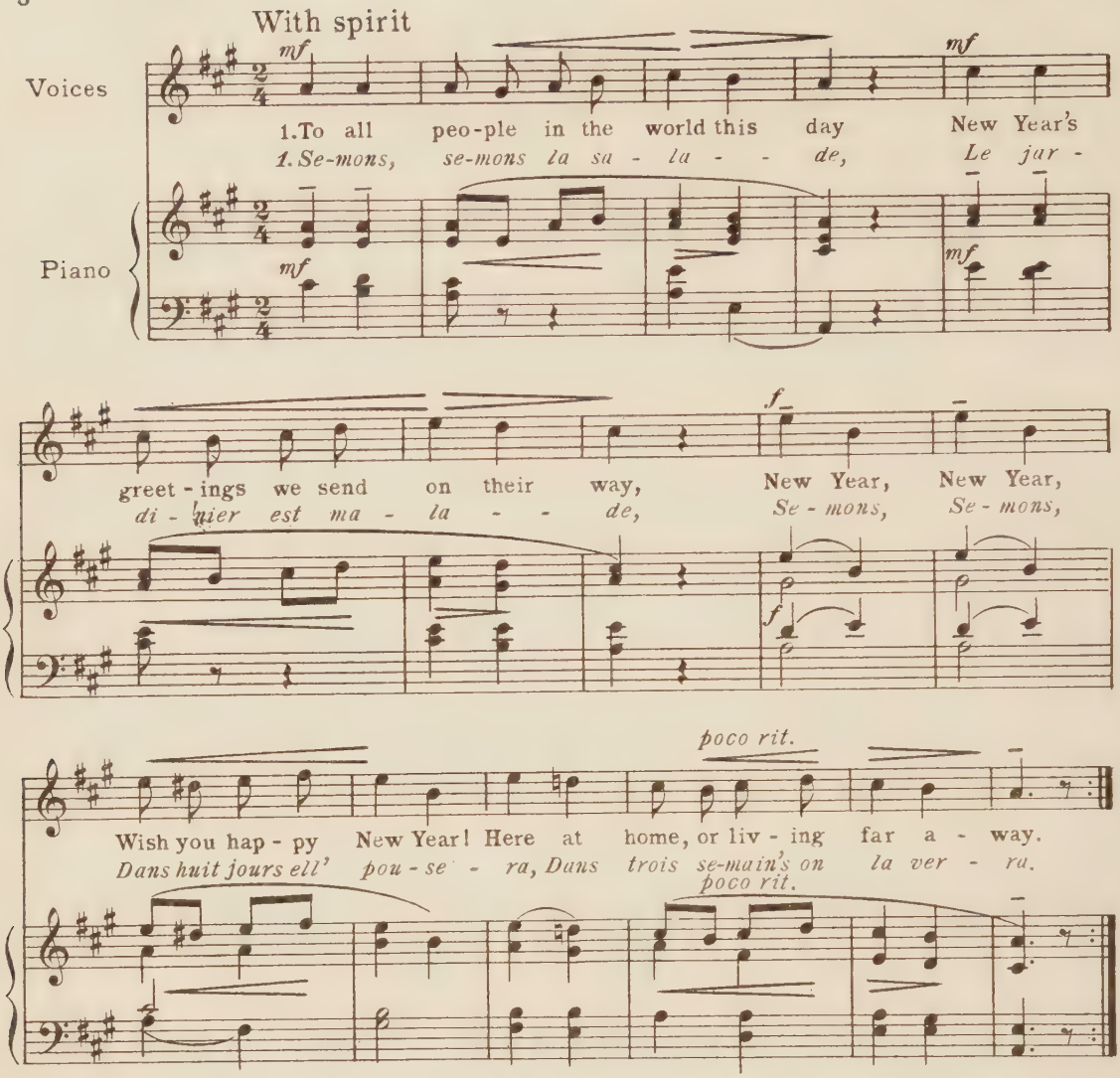
Old English Melody


Slowly
Voices
Piano
1.What Child is this who, laid to rest, On Ma - ry's lap is
2. So bring Him in - cense, gold and myrrh, Come peas-ant, king to
sleep - ing? Whom an-gels greet with an-thems sweet, While shep-herds watch are
own him; The King of Kings sal - va-tion brings; Let lov - ing hearts en -
keep-ing? This, this is Christ the King, Whom shep-herds guard, and an - gels sing:
throne Him. Raise, raise the song on high; The Vir - gin sings her lul - la - by:
Haste, haste to bring him laud, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry.
Joy, joy, for Christ is born, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry.
poco rit.
dim.
mp

89. Happy New Year!

Semons la salade

JOHN IRWIN — French Folk-song


With spirit
Voices
Piano
mf
1.To all peo-ple in the world this day New Year's
1. Se-mons, se-mons la sa - la - - de, Le jar -
greet - ings we send on their way, New Year, New Year,
di - nier est ma - la - - de, Se - mons, Se - mons,
f
poco rit.
Wish you hap - py New Year! Here at home, or liv - ing far a - way.
Dans huit jours ell' pou - se - ra, Dans trois se-main's on la ver - ra.

2

Sailors sailing in their ships at sea,
Soldiers all wherever you may be,
New Year, New Year,
Wish you happy New Year!
May your New Year very joyful be!

3

Miners digging underneath the ground,
Workmen toiling where the wheels turn round,
New Year, New Year,
Wish you happy New Year!
Ev'rybody, all the world around.

2

Coupons, coupons la salade,
Le jardinier est malade,
Coupons, coupons,
Filles et vaillants picards,
Dans trois semain's il s'ra trop tard.

3

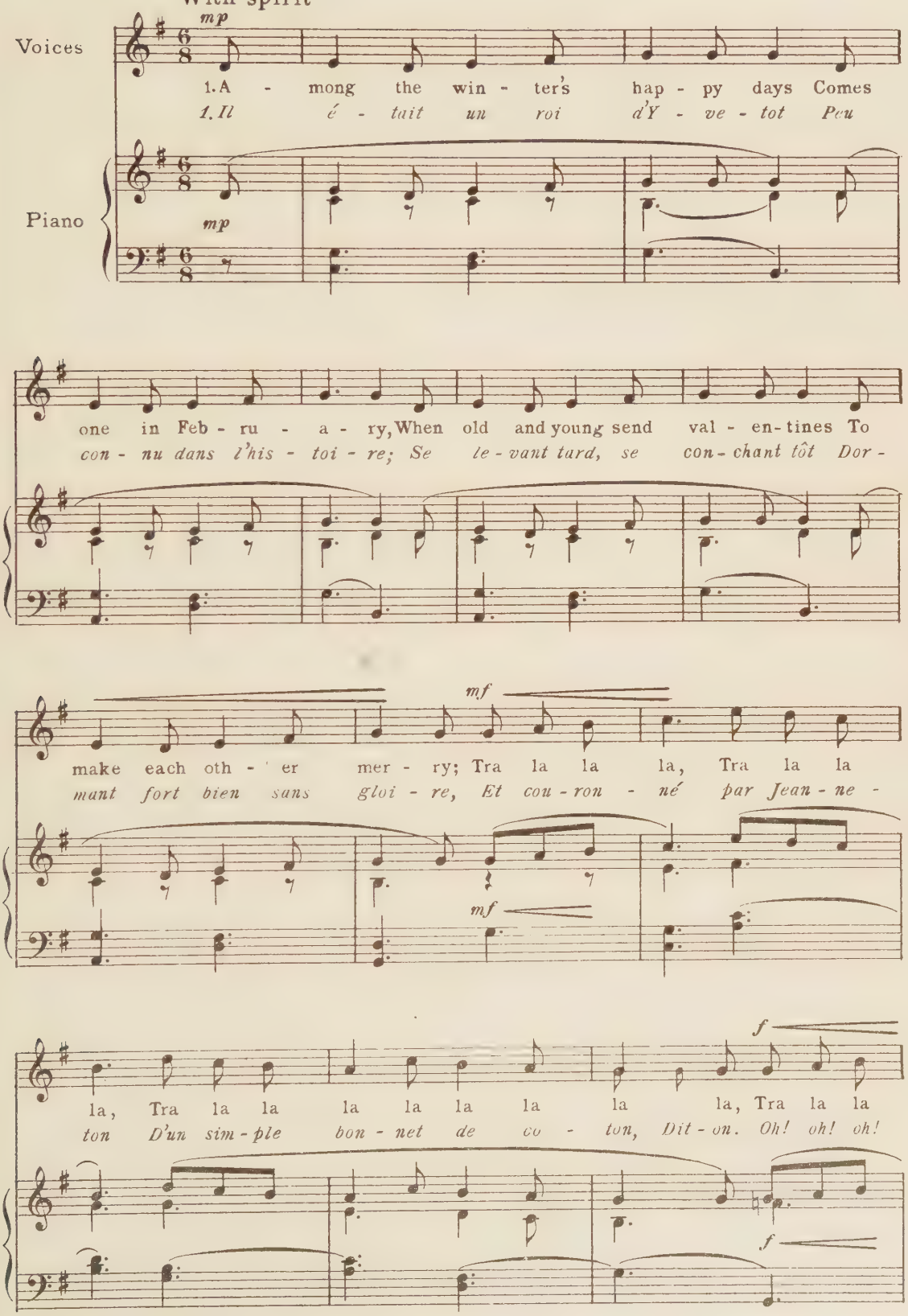
Mangeons, mangeons la salade,
La jardinière est malade,
Mangeons, mangeons,
Et les grands et les petit
Mangeons à notre appétit.

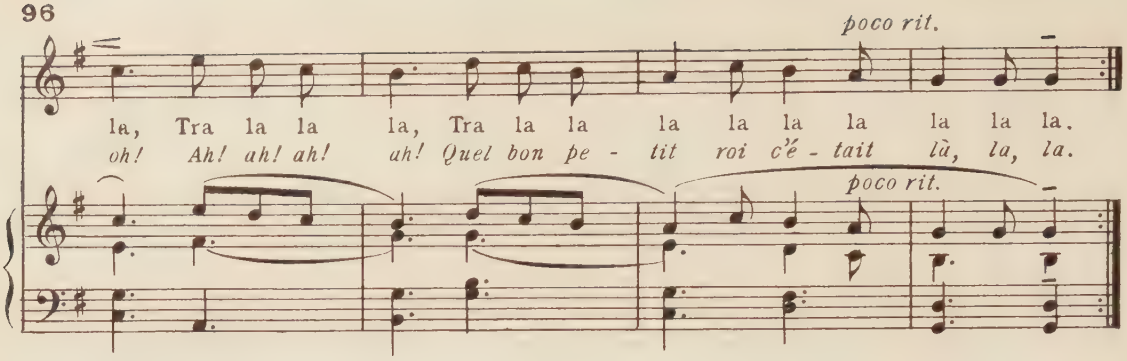
90. St. Valentine's Day

Le Roi d'Yvetot

RICHARD COMPTON — French Folk-song

With spirit


Voices
Piano
mp
1. A - mong the win - ter's hap - py days Comes
1. Il é - tait un roi d'Y - ve - tot Peu
one in Feb - ru - a - ry, When old and young send val - en - tines To
con - nu dans l'his - toi - re; Se le - vant tard, se con - chant tôt Dor -
mf
make each oth - er mer - ry; Tra la la la, Tra la la
mant fort bien sans gloi - re, Et cou - ron - né par Jean - ne -
mf
f
la, Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra la la
ton D'un sim - ple bon - net de co - ton, Dit - on. Oh! oh! oh!
f



2

Shop windows full of valentines
Look just like gardens growing,
With white and red and pink and blue
And gold and silver glowing.
Tra la la la, etc.

2

Il faisait ses quatre répas
Dans son palais de chaume,
Et sur un âne, pas à pas,
Parcourait son royaume.
Joyeux simple et croyant le bien
Pour toute garde il n'avait rien
Qu'un chien.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là,
La, la.

3

Il n'avait de gout onéreux
Qu'une soif un peu vive,
Mais en rendant son peuple heureux
Il faut bien qu'un roi vive.
Lui-même, à table et sans suppôt,
Sur chaque muid levait un pot
D'impôt.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là,
La, la.

4

Il n'aggrandit point ses Etats,
Fut un voisin commode,
Et, modèle des potentats,
Prit le plaisir pour code.
Ce n'est que lorsqu'il expira
Que le peuple qui l'enterra
Pleura.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là,
La, la.

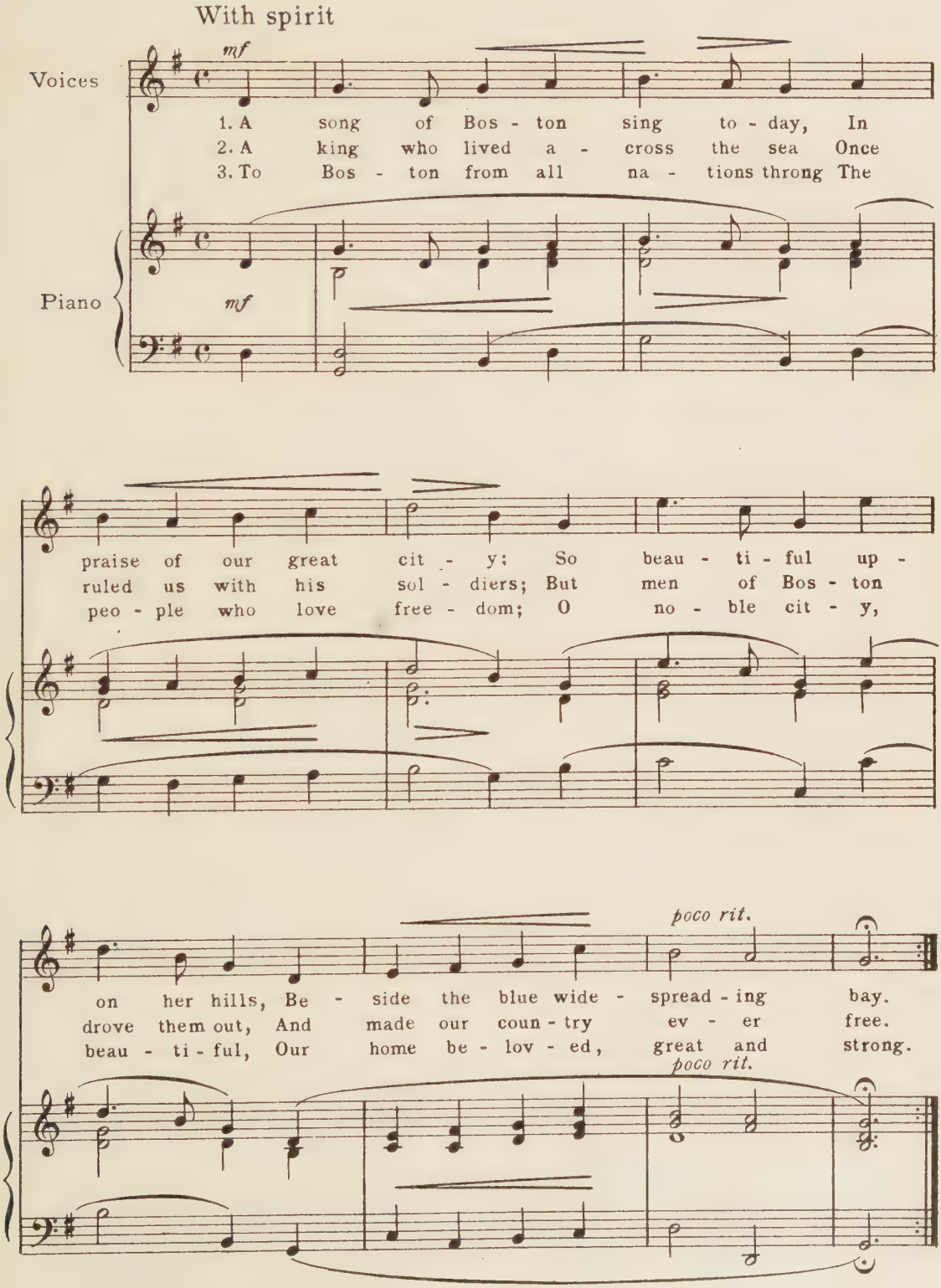
5

On conserve encor le portrait
De ce digne et bon prince;
C'est l'enseigne d'un cabaret
Fameux dans la province.
Les jours de fête, bien souvent,
La foule s'écrie en buvant
Devant:
Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là,
La, la.

91. Evacuation Day

JOHN ERWIN

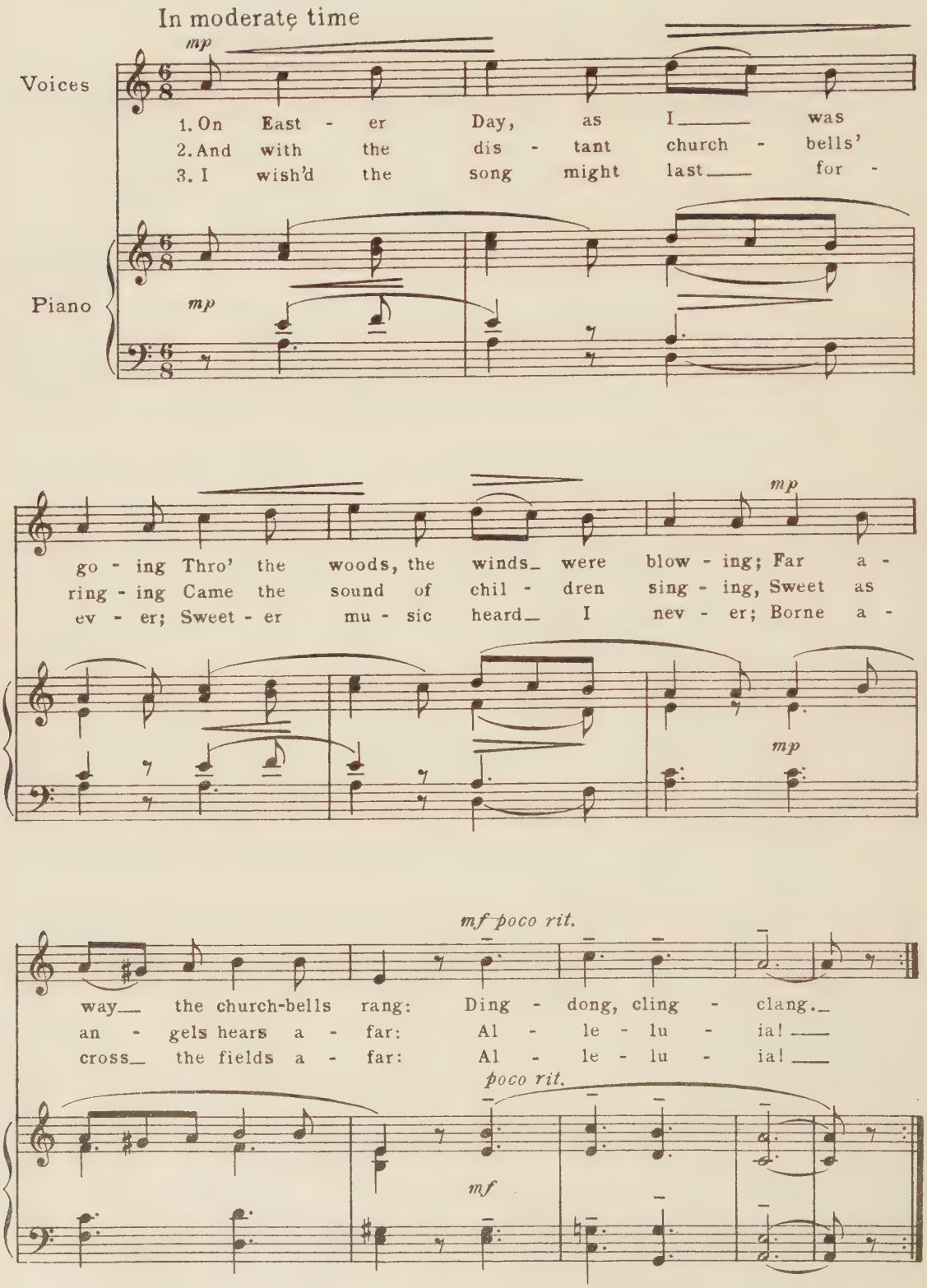
German Folk-song


With spirit
Voices
Piano
mf
1. A song of Bos - ton sing to - day, In
2. A king who lived a - cross the sea Once
3. To Bos - ton from all na - tions throng The
praise of our great cit - y; So beau - ti - ful up -
ruled us with his sol - diers; But men of Bos - ton
peo - ple who love free - dom; O no - ble cit - y,
poco rit.
on her hills, Be - side the blue wide - spread - ing bay.
drove them out, And made our coun - try ev - er free.
beau - ti - ful, Our home be - lov - ed, great and strong.
poco rit.

92. On Easter Day

JOHN ERWIN

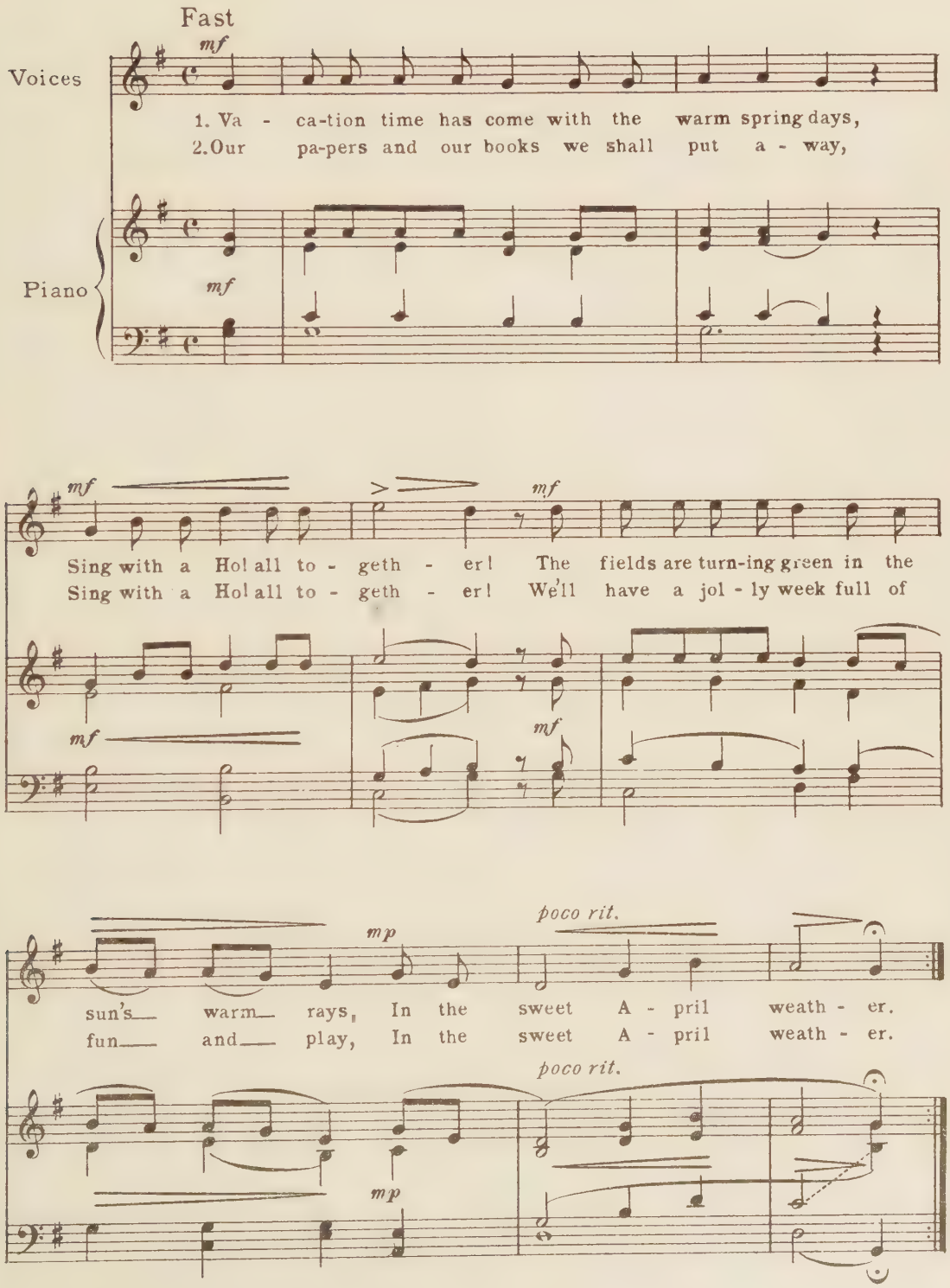
Old Melody


In moderate time
mp
Voices
Piano
1. On East - er Day, as I was
2. And with the dis - tant church - bells'
3. I wish'd the song might last for -
go - ing Thro' the woods, the winds were blow - ing; Far a -
ring - ing Came the sound of chil - dren sing - ing, Sweet as
ev - er; Sweet - er mu - sic heard I nev - er; Borne a -
mf poco rit.
way the church-bells rang: Ding - dong, cling - clang.
an - gels hears a - far: Al - le - lu - ia!
cross the fields a - far: Al - le - lu - ia!
poco rit.
mf

93. April Vacation

JOHN ERWIN

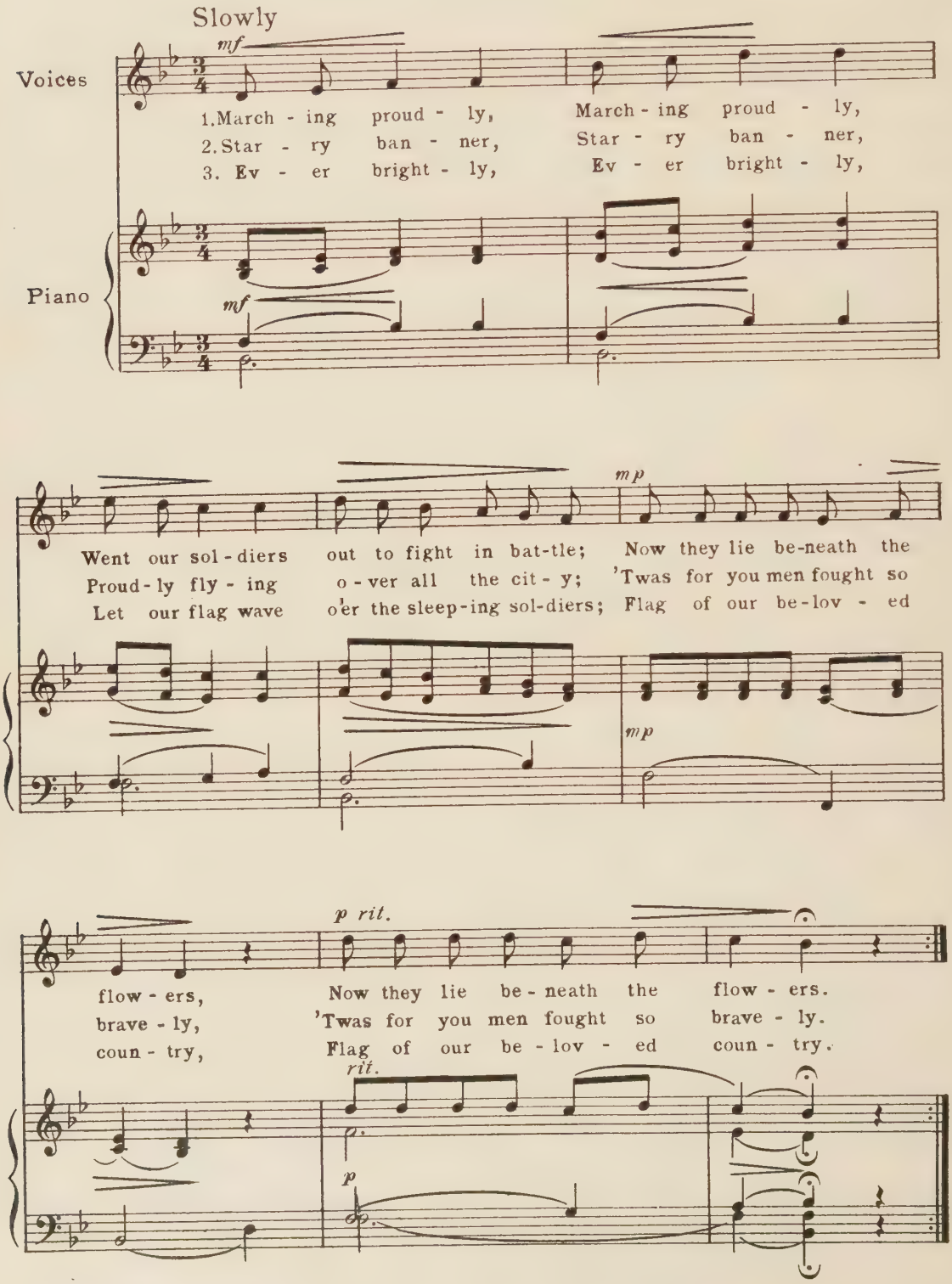
English Melody


Fast
Voices
Piano
mf
1. Va - ca-tion time has come with the warm spring days,
2. Our pa-pers and our books we shall put a - way,
Sing with a Hol all to - geth - er! The fields are turn-ing green in the
Sing with a Hol all to - geth - er! We'll have a jol - ly week full of
mp
poco rit.
sun's warm rays, In the sweet A - pril weath - er.
fun and play, In the sweet A - pril weath - er.

94. Memorial Day

RICHARD COMPTON

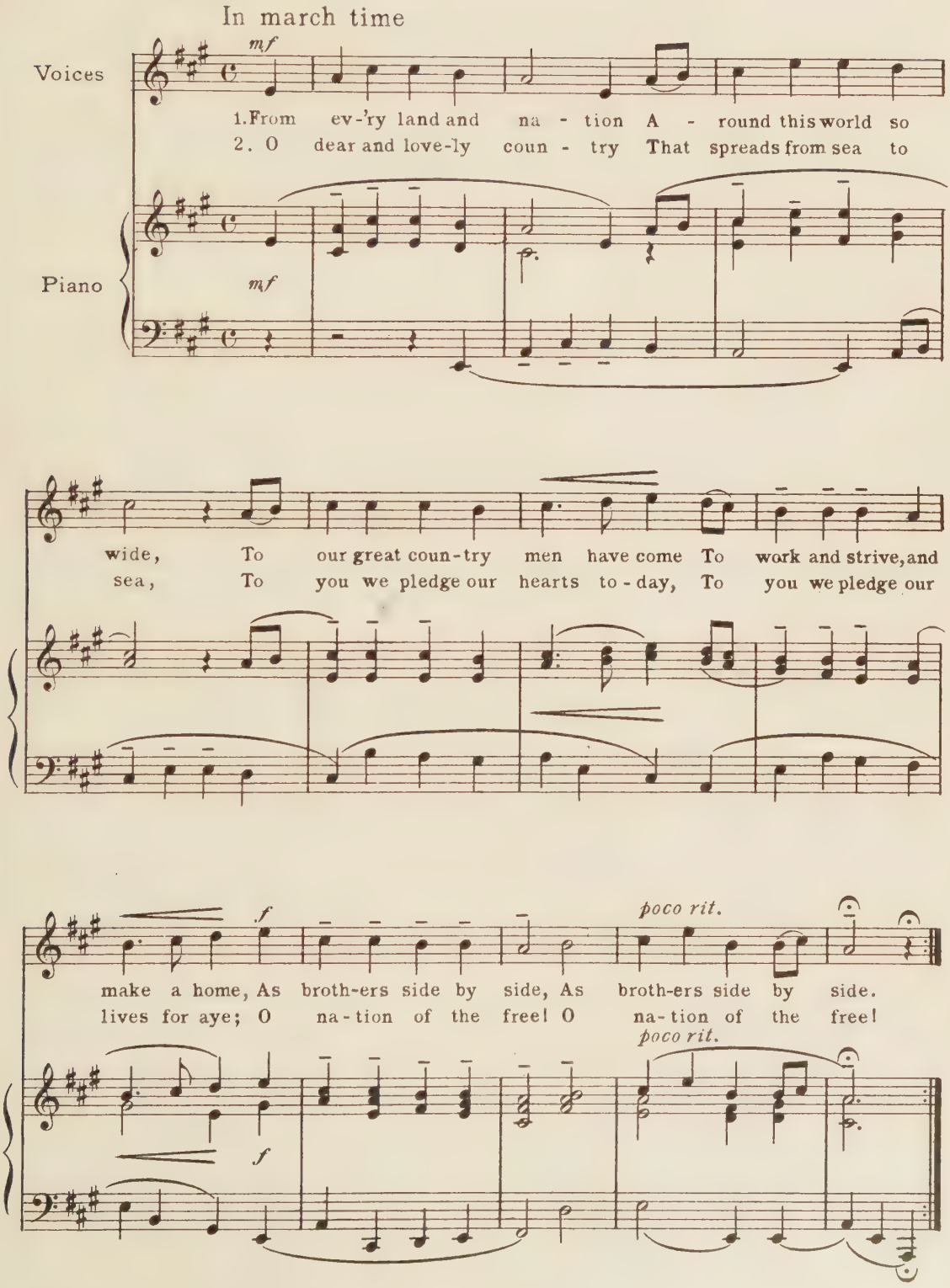
Bohemian Folk-song


Slowly
Voices
Piano
mf
1.March - ing proud - ly, March - ing proud - ly,
2.Star - ry ban - ner, Star - ry ban - ner,
3. Ev - er bright - ly, Ev - er bright - ly,
mp
Went our sol - diers out to fight in bat-tle; Now they lie be-neath the
Proud - ly fly - ing o - ver all the cit - y; 'Twas for you men fought so
Let our flag wave o'er the sleep-ing sol-diers; Flag of our be-lov - ed
p rit.
flow - ers, Now they lie be - neath the flow - ers.
brave - ly, 'Twas for you men fought so brave - ly.
coun - try, Flag of our be - lov - ed coun - try.
rit.
p

95. Our Country

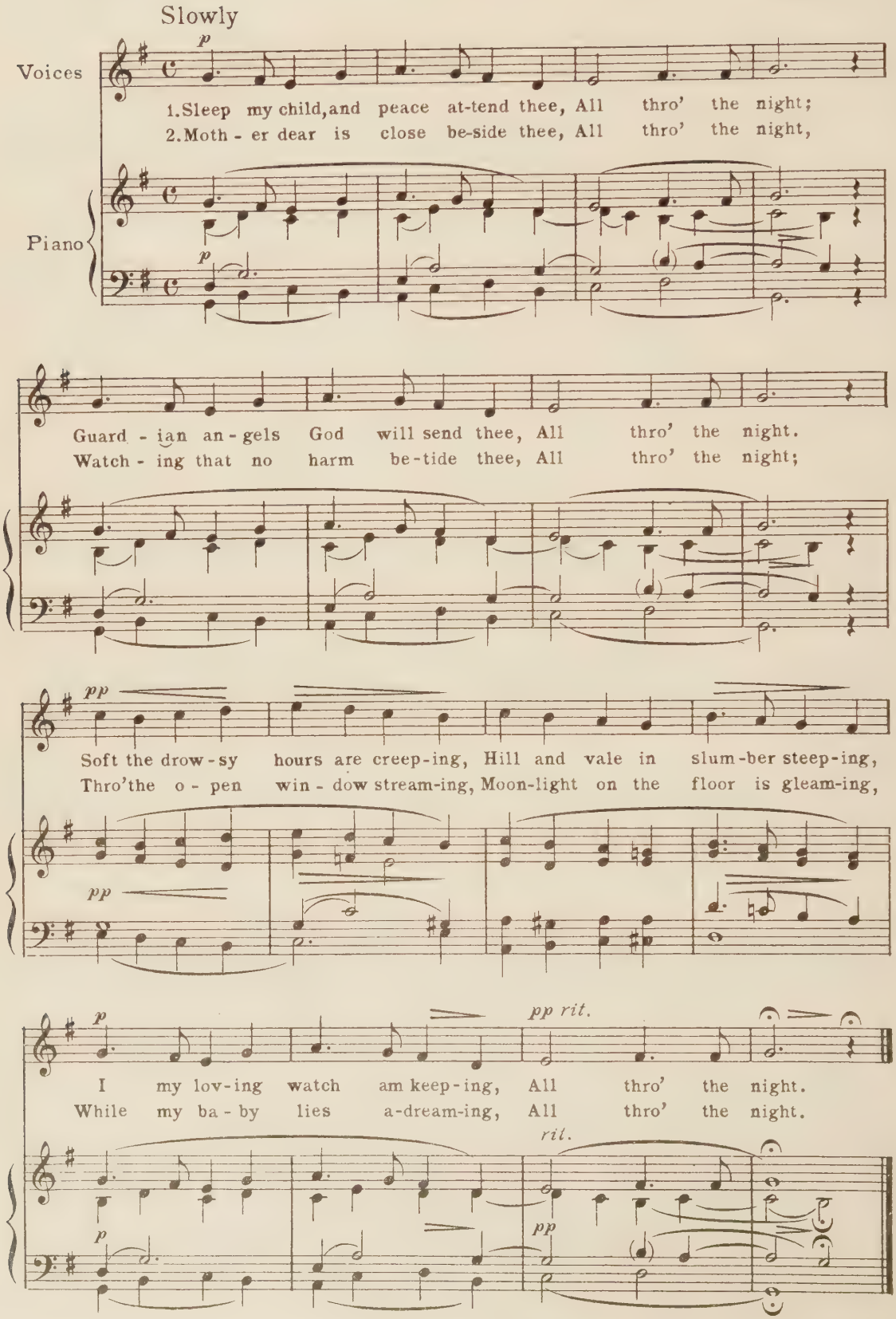
HOMER H. HARBOUR

Old Song


In march time
Voices
Piano
mf
1. From ev-'ry land and na - tion A - round this world so
2. O dear and love-ly coun - try That spreads from sea to
wide, To our great coun-try men have come To work and strive, and
sea, To you we pledge our hearts to-day, To you we pledge our
f
poco rit.
make a home, As broth-ers side by side, As broth-ers side by side.
lives for aye; O na-tion of the free! O na-tion of the free!
poco rit.
f

96. All through the night

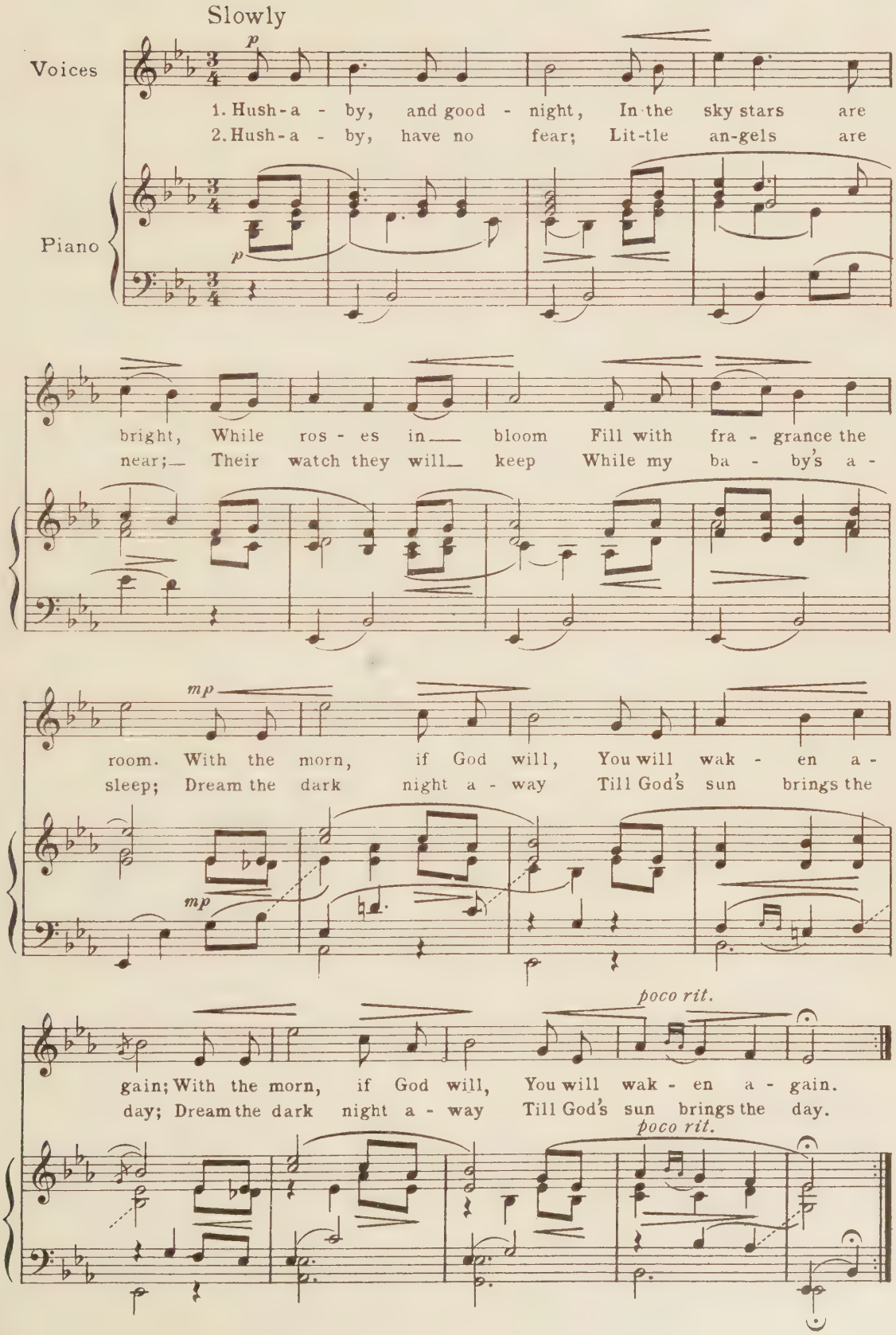
Anonymous

Welsh Air

Slowly
Voices
Piano
1.Sleep my child,and peace at-tend thee, All thro' the night;
2.Moth - er dear is close be-side thee, All thro' the night,
Guard - ian an - gels God will send thee, All thro' the night.
Watch - ing that no harm be-tide thee, All thro' the night;
Soft the drow - sy hours are creep-ing, Hill and vale in slum-ber steep-ing,
Thro'the o - pen win - dow stream-ing, Moon-light on the floor is gleam-ing,
I my lov-ing watch am keep-ing, All thro' the night.
While my ba - by lies a-dream-ing, All thro' the night.
pp rit.
rit.

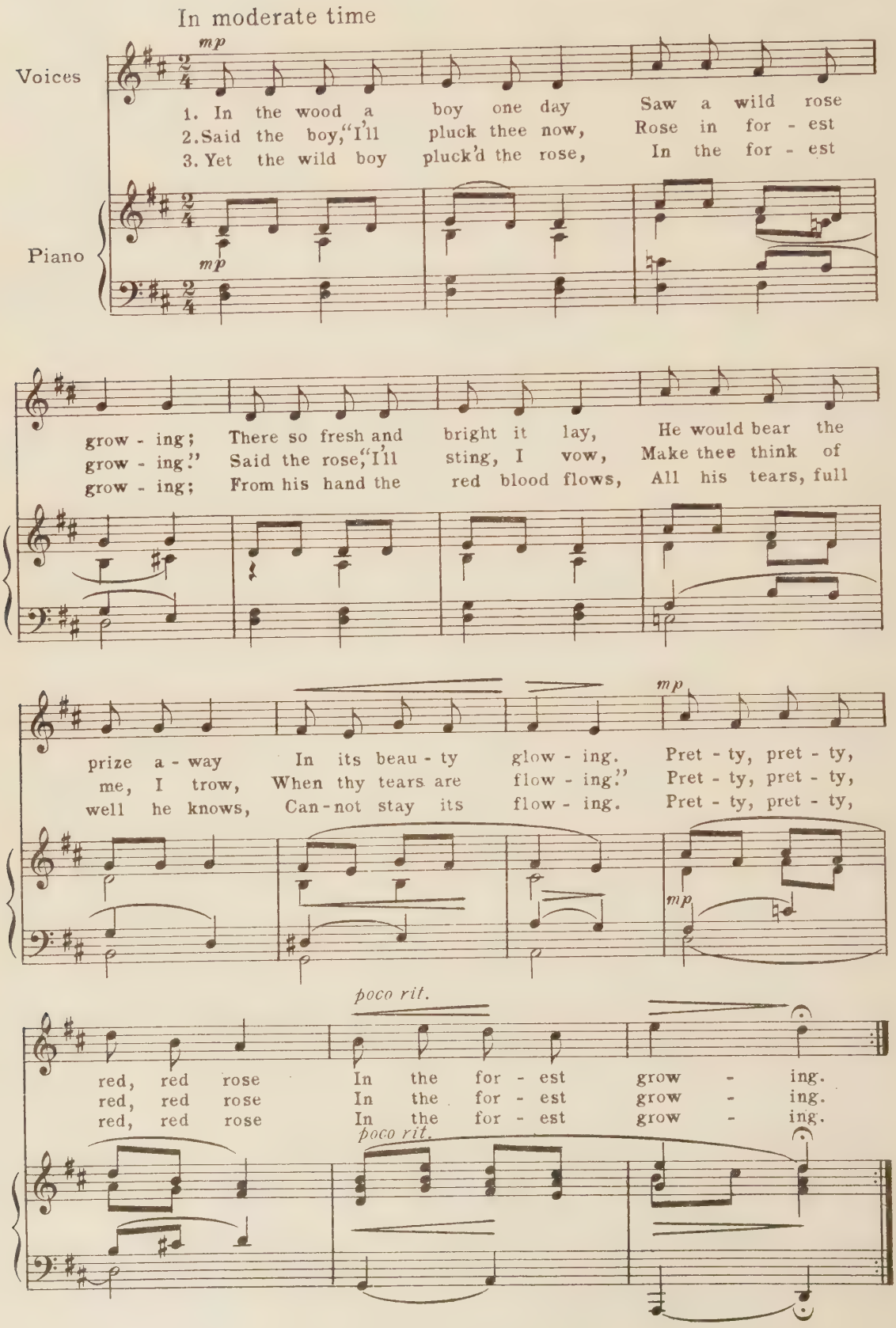
97. Slumber Song

JOHN ERWIN

Johannes Brahms


Slowly
Voices
Piano
1. Hush-a - by, and good - night, In the sky stars are
2. Hush-a - by, have no fear; Lit-tle an-gels are
bright, While ros - es in bloom Fill with fra - grance the
near; Their watch they will keep While my ba - by's a -
room. With the morn, if God will, You will wak - en a -
sleep; Dream the dark night a - way Till God's sun brings the
poco rit.
gain; With the morn, if God will, You will wak - en a - gain.
day; Dream the dark night a - way Till God's sun brings the day.
poco rit.

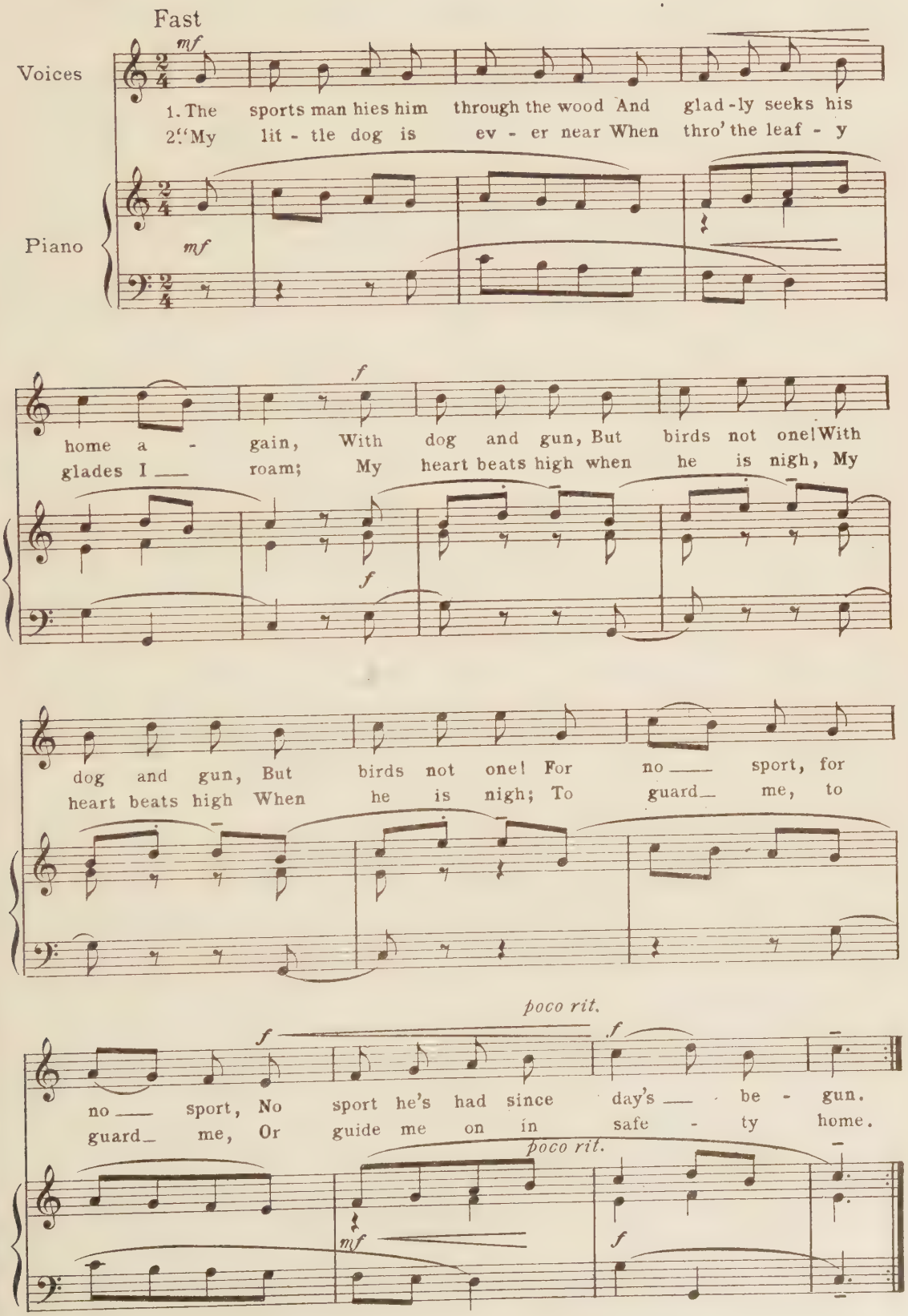
98. The Wild Rose

Anonymous — German Folk-song

In moderate time
Voices
Piano
mp
1. In the wood a boy one day Saw a wild rose
2. Said the boy, "I'll pluck thee now, Rose in for - est
3. Yet the wild boy pluck'd the rose, In the for - est
grow - ing; There so fresh and bright it lay, He would bear the
grow - ing." Said the rose, "I'll sting, I vow, Make thee think of
grow - ing; From his hand the red blood flows, All his tears, full
prize a - way In its beau - ty glow - ing. Pret - ty, pret - ty,
me, I trow, When thy tears are flow - ing." Pret - ty, pret - ty,
well he knows, Can - not stay its flow - ing. Pret - ty, pret - ty,
poco rit.
red, red rose In the for - est grow - ing.
red, red rose In the for - est grow - ing.
red, red rose In the for - est grow - ing.

99. The Merry Sportsman

Anonymous

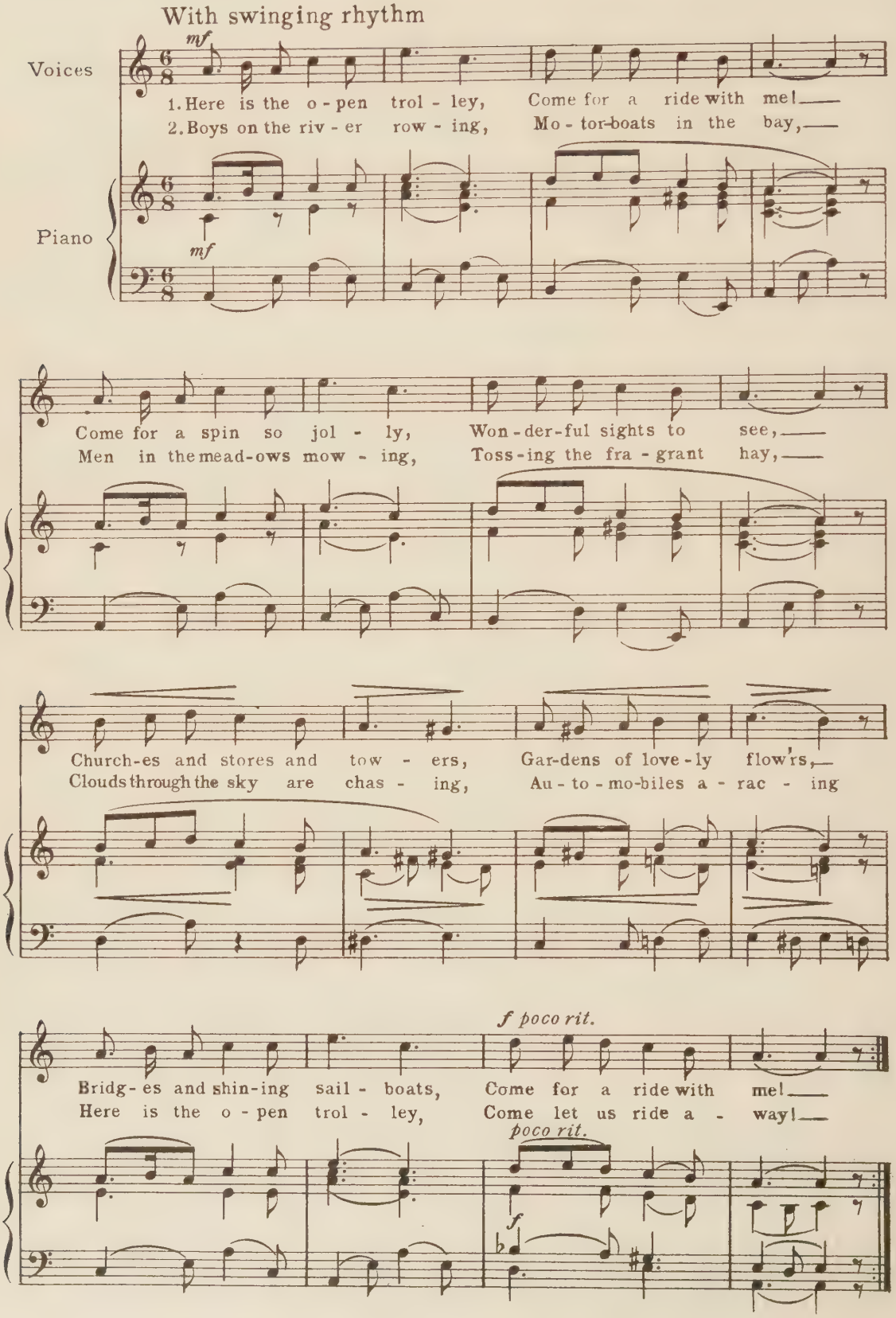
German Folk-song


Fast
Voices
Piano
mf
1. The sports man hies him through the wood And glad-ly seeks his
2. "My lit - tle dog is ev - er near When thro' the leaf - y
home a - gain, With dog and gun, But birds not one! With
glades I — roam; My heart beats high when he is nigh, My
dog and gun, But birds not one! For no — sport, for
heart beats high When he is nigh; To guard — me, to
poco rit.
no — sport, No sport he's had since day's — be - gun.
guard — me, Or guide me on in safe - ty home.

100. The Trolley Ride

HOMER H. HARBOUR

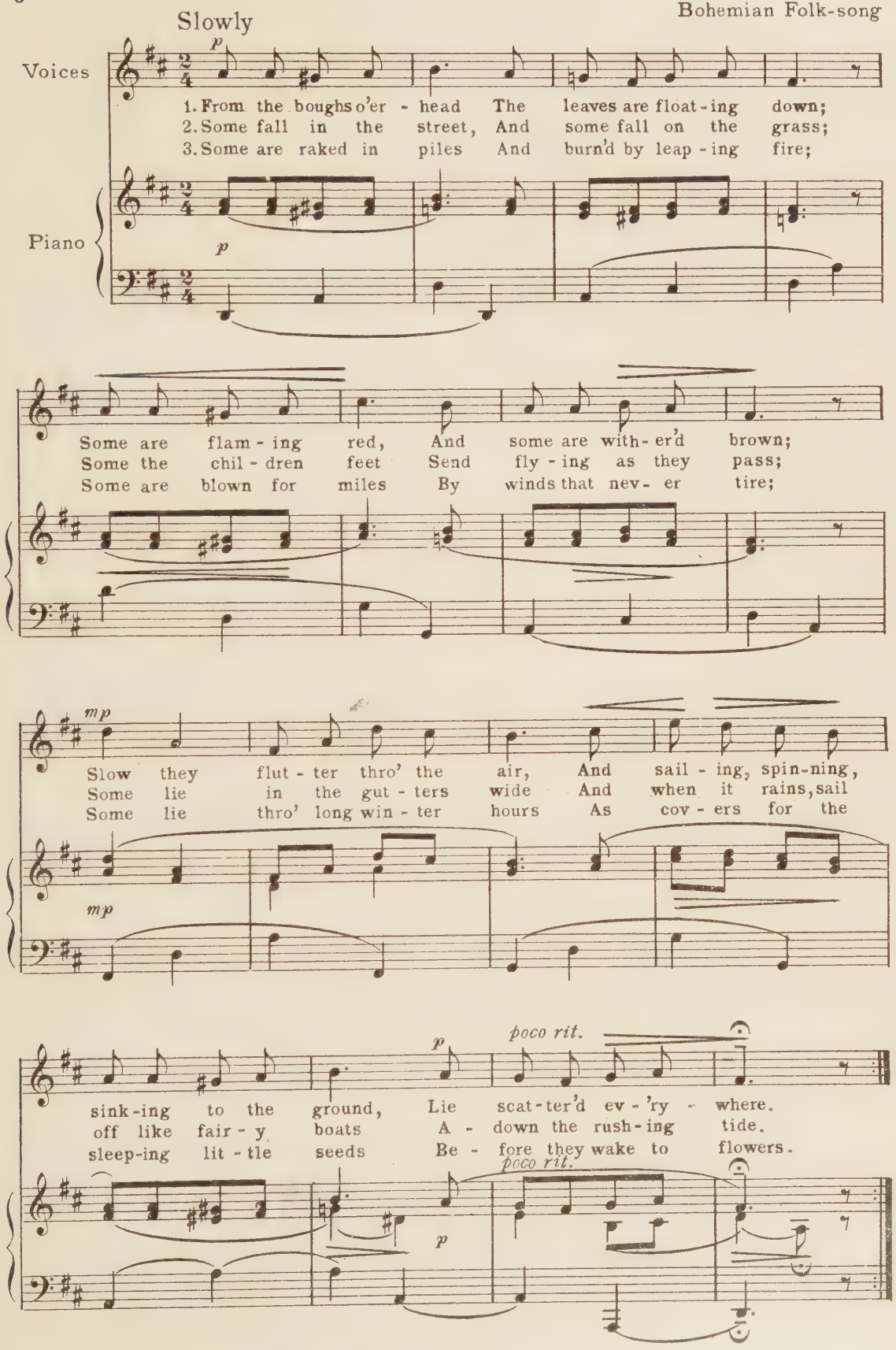
French Folk-song


With swinging rhythm
Voices
Piano
mf
1. Here is the o - pen trol - ley, Come for a ride with me!
2. Boys on the riv - er row - ing, Mo - tor-boats in the bay,
Come for a spin so jol - ly, Won - der-ful sights to see,
Men in the mead-ows mow - ing, Toss-ing the fra - grant hay,
Church-es and stores and tow - ers, Gar-dens of love-ly flow'rs,
Clouds through the sky are chas - ing, Au - to - mo-biles a - rac - ing
f poco rit.
Bridg - es and shin-ing sail - boats, Come for a ride with me!
Here is the o - pen trol - ley, Come let us ride a - way!
poco rit.
f

101. Autumn Song

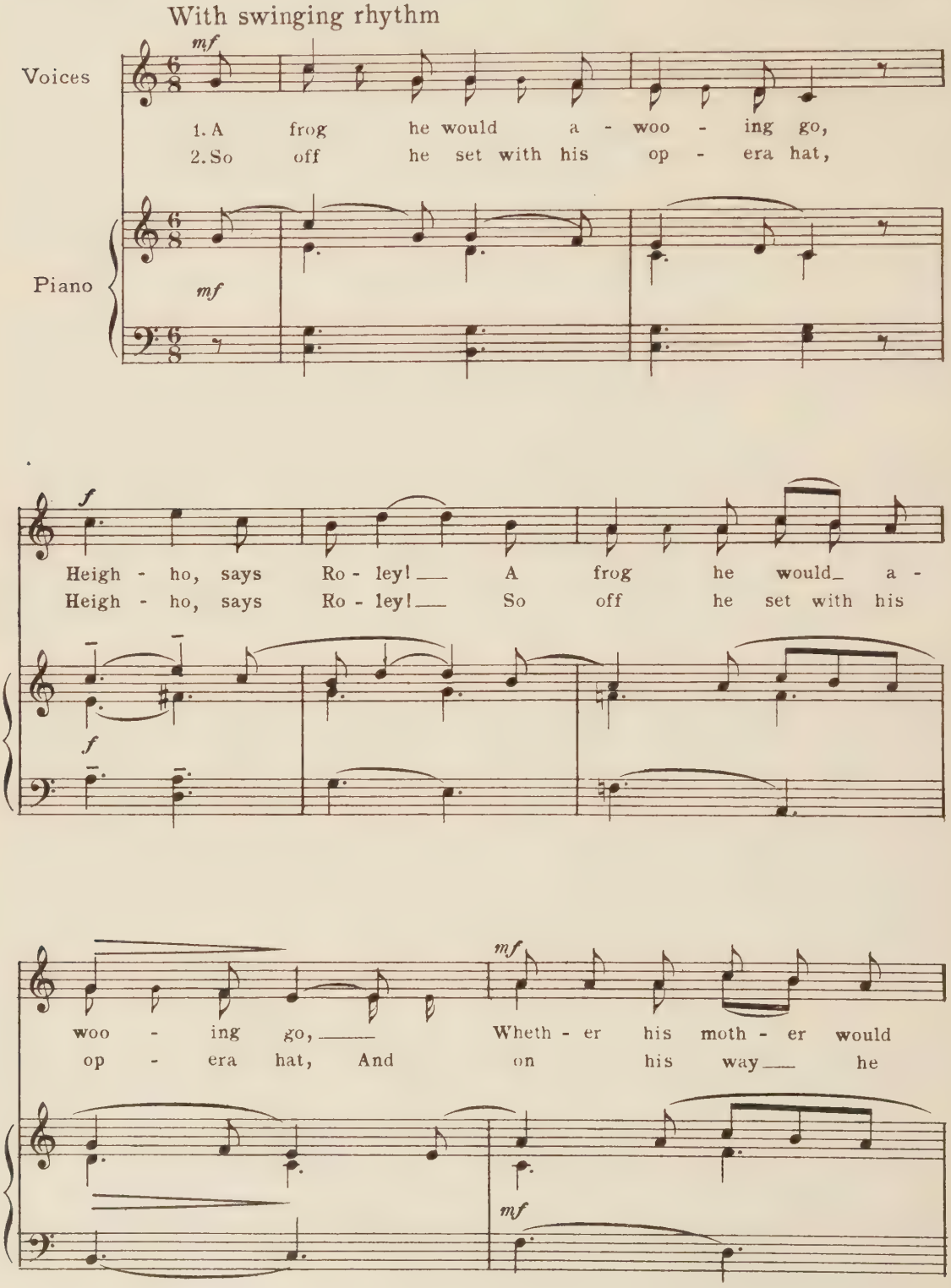
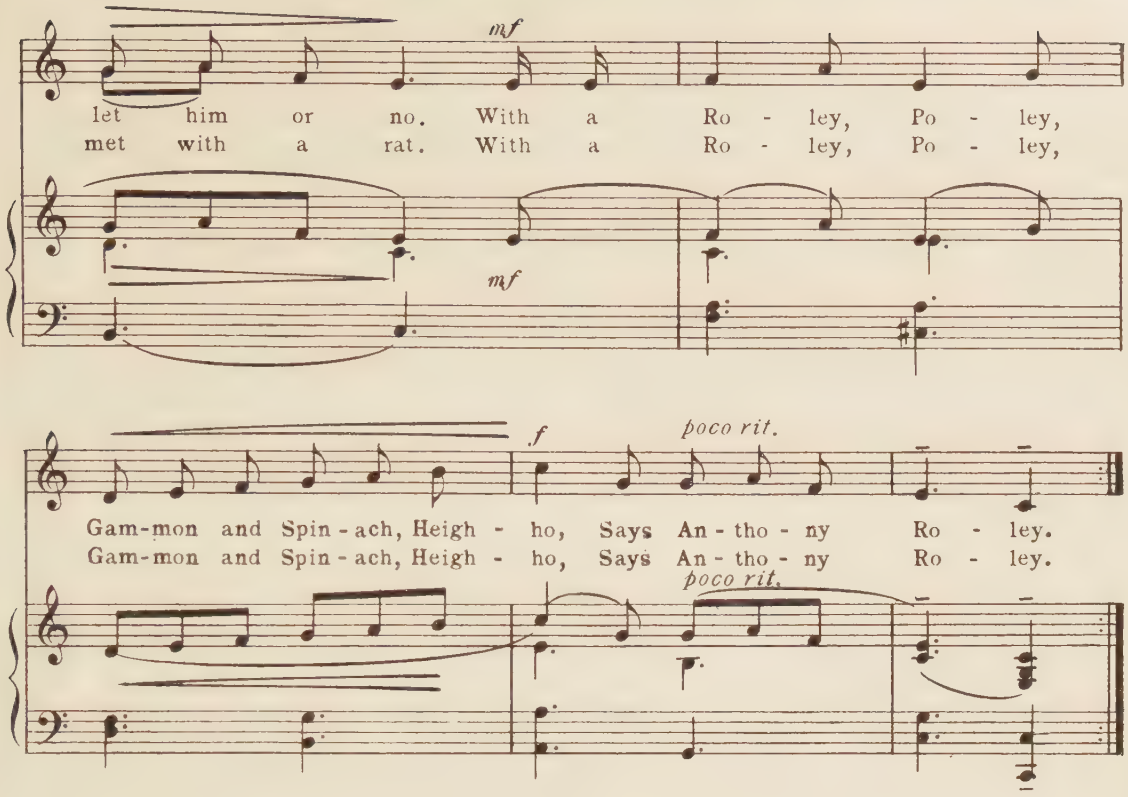
JOHN IRWIN

Bohemian Folk-song


Slowly
Voices
Piano
1. From the boughs o'er - head The leaves are float - ing down;
2. Some fall in the street, And some fall on the grass;
3. Some are raked in piles And burn'd by leap - ing fire;
Some are flam - ing red, And some are with - er'd brown;
Some the chil - dren feet Send fly - ing as they pass;
Some are blown for miles By winds that nev - er tire;
Slow they flut - ter thro' the air, And sail - ing, spin-ning,
Some lie in the gut - ters wide And when it rains, sail
Some lie thro' long win - ter hours As cov - ers for the
sink-ing to the ground, Lie scat-ter'd ev - 'ry - where.
off like fair - y boats A - down the rush - ing tide.
sleep-ing lit - tle seeds Be - fore they wake to flowers.
poco rit.
poco rit.

102. A frog he would a-wooing go

Anonymous — English Folk-song

With swinging rhythm

Voices
Piano
mf
1. A frog he would a - woo - ing go,
2. So off he set with his op - era hat,
f
Heigh - ho, says Ro - ley! A frog he would a -
Heigh - ho, says Ro - ley! So off he set with his
woo - ing go, Wheth - er his moth - er would
op - era hat, And on his way he

mf
let him or no. With a Ro - ley, Po - ley,
met with a rat. With a Ro - ley, Po - ley,
mf
f
poco rit.
Gam-mon and Spin-ach, Heigh - ho, Says An-tho-ny Ro - ley.
Gam-mon and Spin-ach, Heigh - ho, Says An-tho-ny Ro - ley.
poco rit.

3

They rode till they came to Mousey Hall,
Heigh-ho, says Roley.
They rode till they came to Mousey Hall,
And there they both did knock and call.
With a Roley, Poley, etc.

4

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
Heigh-ho, says Roley.
"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
"Oh, yes, sir, here I sit and spin."
With a Roley, Poley, etc.

5

Then Mrs. Mouse, she did come down,
Heigh-ho, says Roley.
Then Mrs. Mouse, she did come down,
All smartly dressed in a russet gown.
With a Roley, Poley, etc.

6

She had not been sitting long to spin,
Heigh-ho, says Roley.
She had not been sitting long to spin,
When the cat and the kittens came tumbling in.
With a Roley, Poley, etc.

7

The cat she seized Master Rat by the crown,
Heigh-ho, says Roley.
The cat she seized Master Rat by the crown,
The kitten she pulled Miss Mousey down.
With a Roley, Poley, etc.

8

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright;
Heigh-ho, says Roley.
This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright;
He took up his hat and he wished them "Good-night."
With a Roley, Poley, etc.

9

And as he was passing over the brook,
Heigh-ho, says Roley.
And as he was passing over the brook,
A lily white duck came and gobbled him up.
With a Roley, Poley, etc.

10

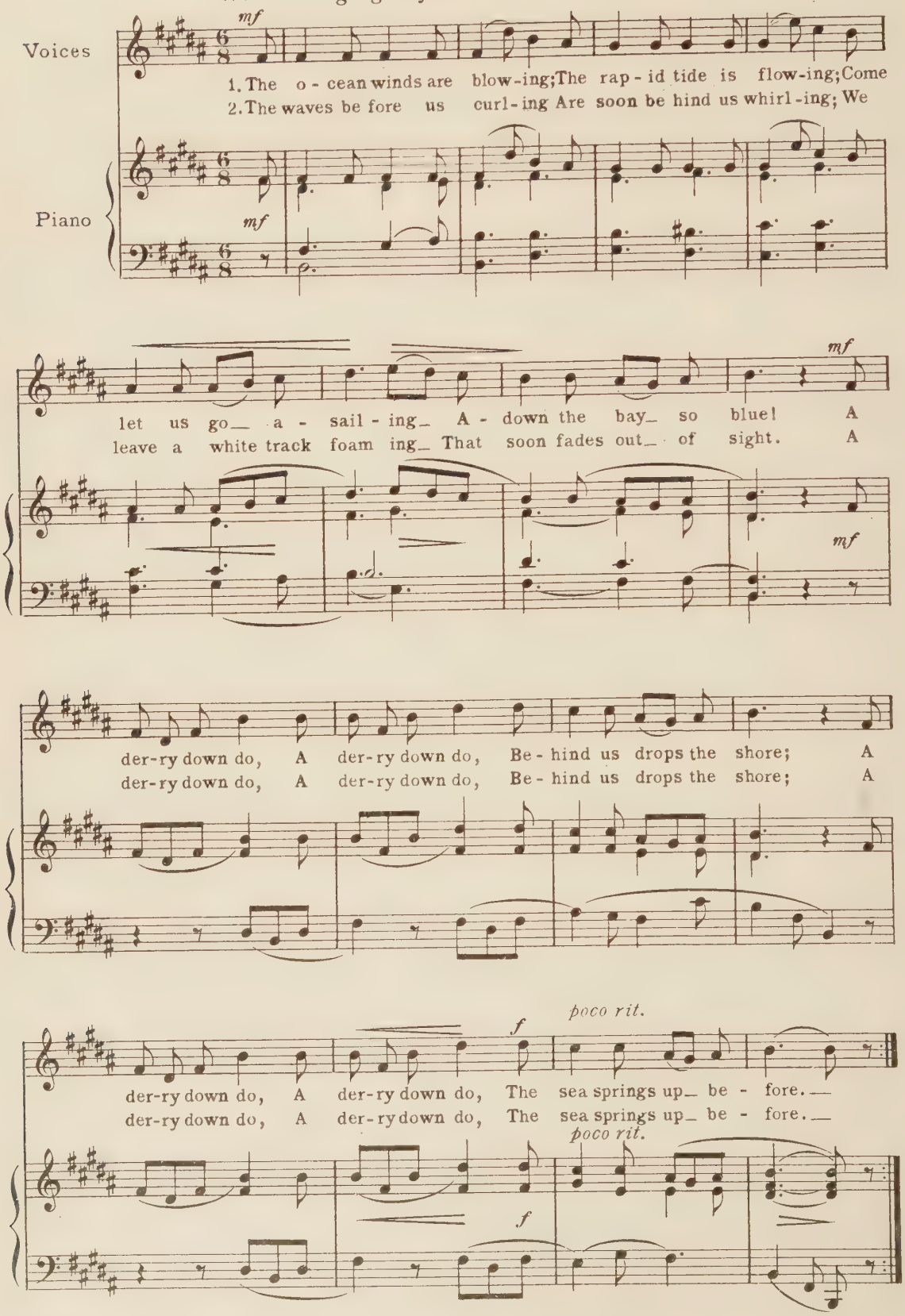
So there's an end of one, two, three,
Heigh-ho, says Roley.
So there's an end of one, two, three,
The Rat, the Mouse, and the little Froggy.
With a Roley, Poley, etc.

103. A Sailing Song

HOMER H. HARBOUR

German Folk-song

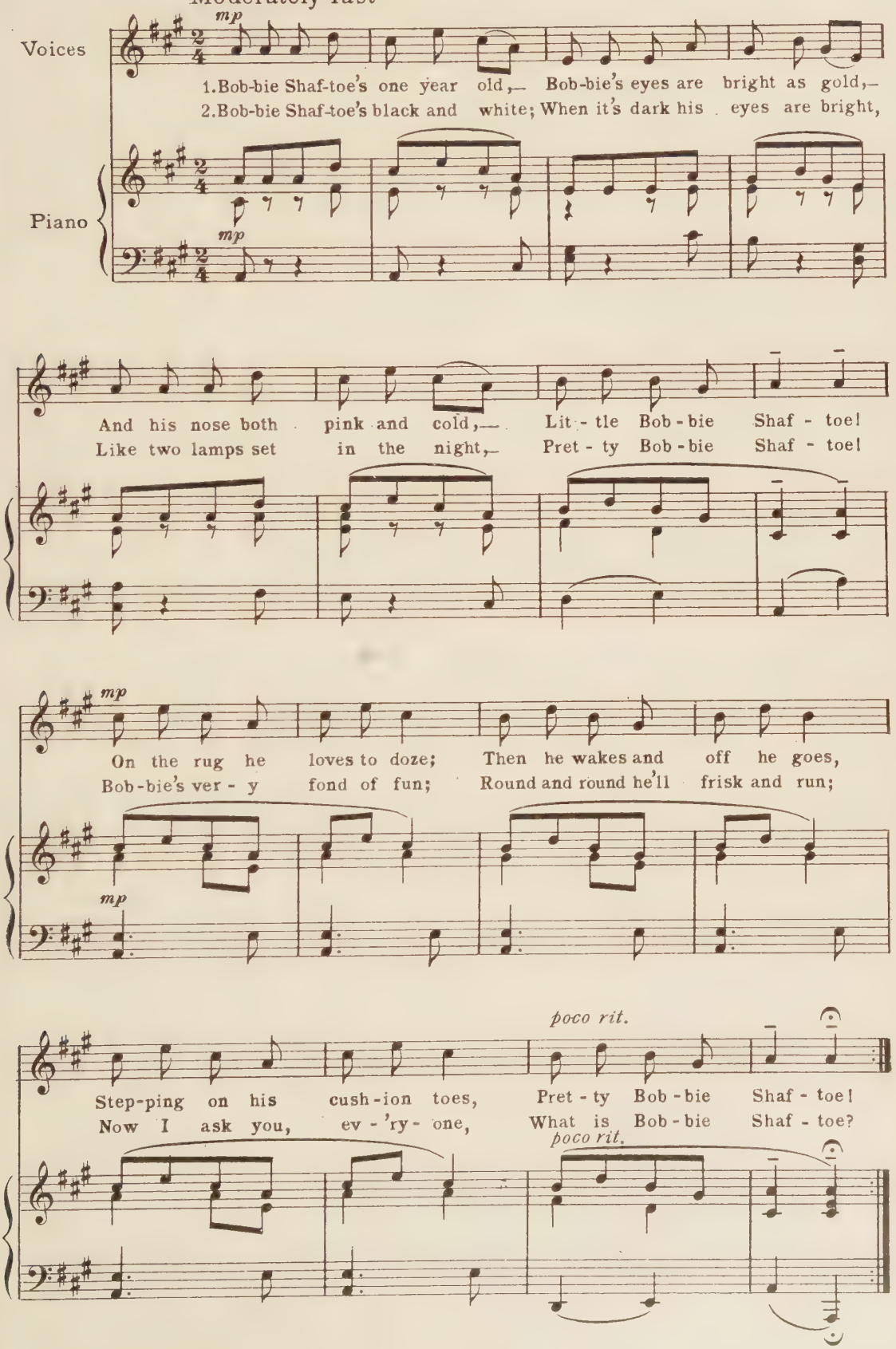
With swinging rhythm


Voices
Piano
mf
1. The o - cean winds are blow-ing; The rap - id tide is flow-ing; Come
2. The waves be fore us curl - ing Are soon be hind us whirl - ing; We
let us go a - sail - ing A - down the bay so blue! A
leave a white track foam ing That soon fades out of sight. A
der-ry down do, A der-ry down do, Be - hind us drops the shore; A
der-ry down do, A der-ry down do, Be - hind us drops the shore; A
poco rit.
f
der-ry down do, A der-ry down do, The sea springs up be - fore.
der-ry down do, A der-ry down do, The sea springs up be - fore.

104. Bobbie Shaftoe

HOMER H. HARBOUR — English Melody

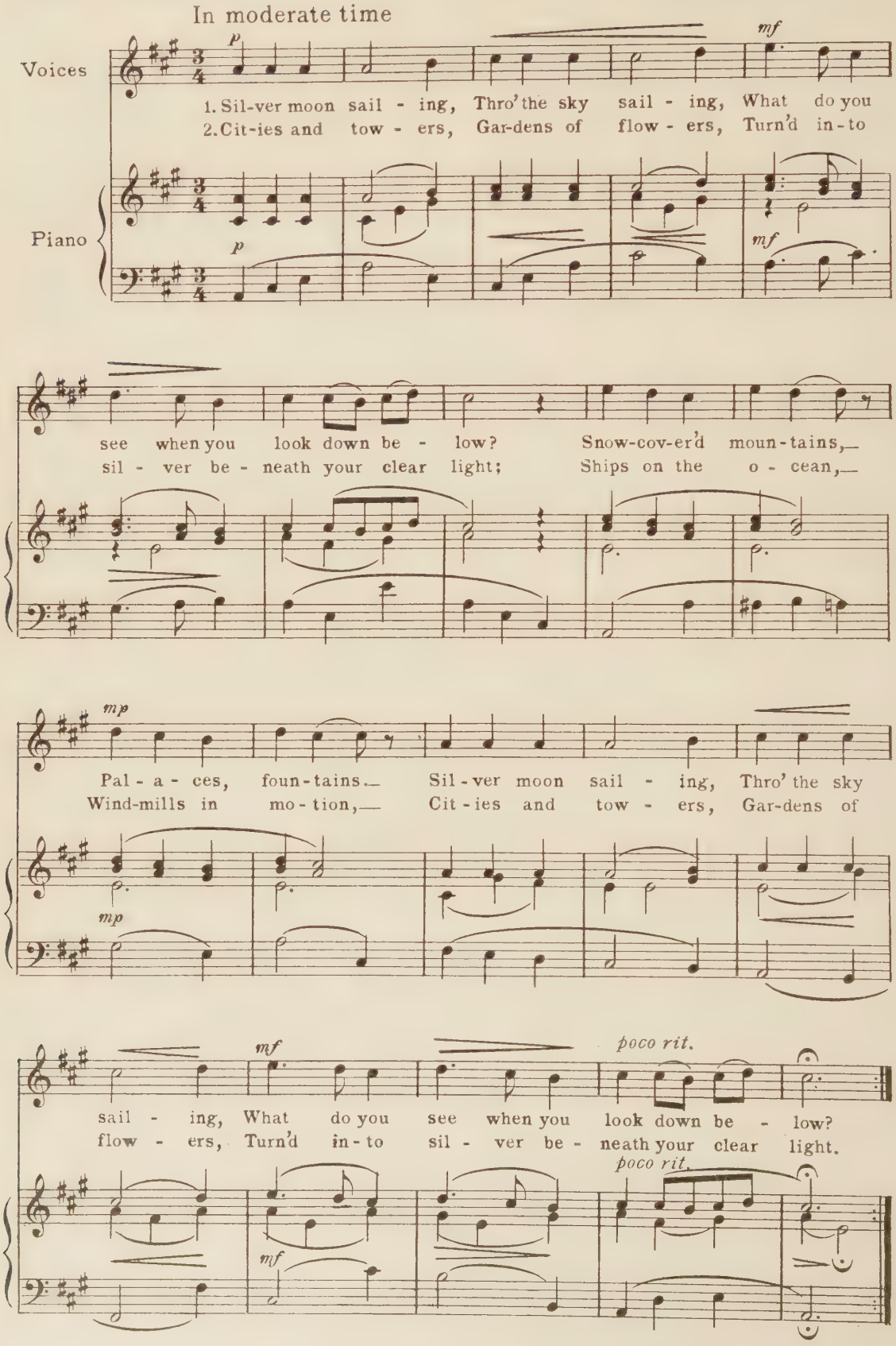
Moderately fast


Voices
Piano
mp
1.Bob-bie Shaf-toe's one year old,— Bob-bie's eyes are bright as gold,—
2.Bob-bie Shaf-toe's black and white; When it's dark his eyes are bright,
And his nose both pink and cold,— Lit - tle Bob - bie Shaf - toe!
Like two lamps set in the night,— Pret - ty Bob - bie Shaf - toe!
On the rug he loves to doze; Then he wakes and off he goes,
Bob-bie's ver - y fond of fun; Round and round he'll frisk and run;
poco rit.
Step-ping on his cush-ion toes, Pret - ty Bob - bie Shaf - toe!
Now I ask you, ev - 'ry - one, What is Bob - bie Shaf - toe?

105. Moon Song

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Bohemian Folk-song

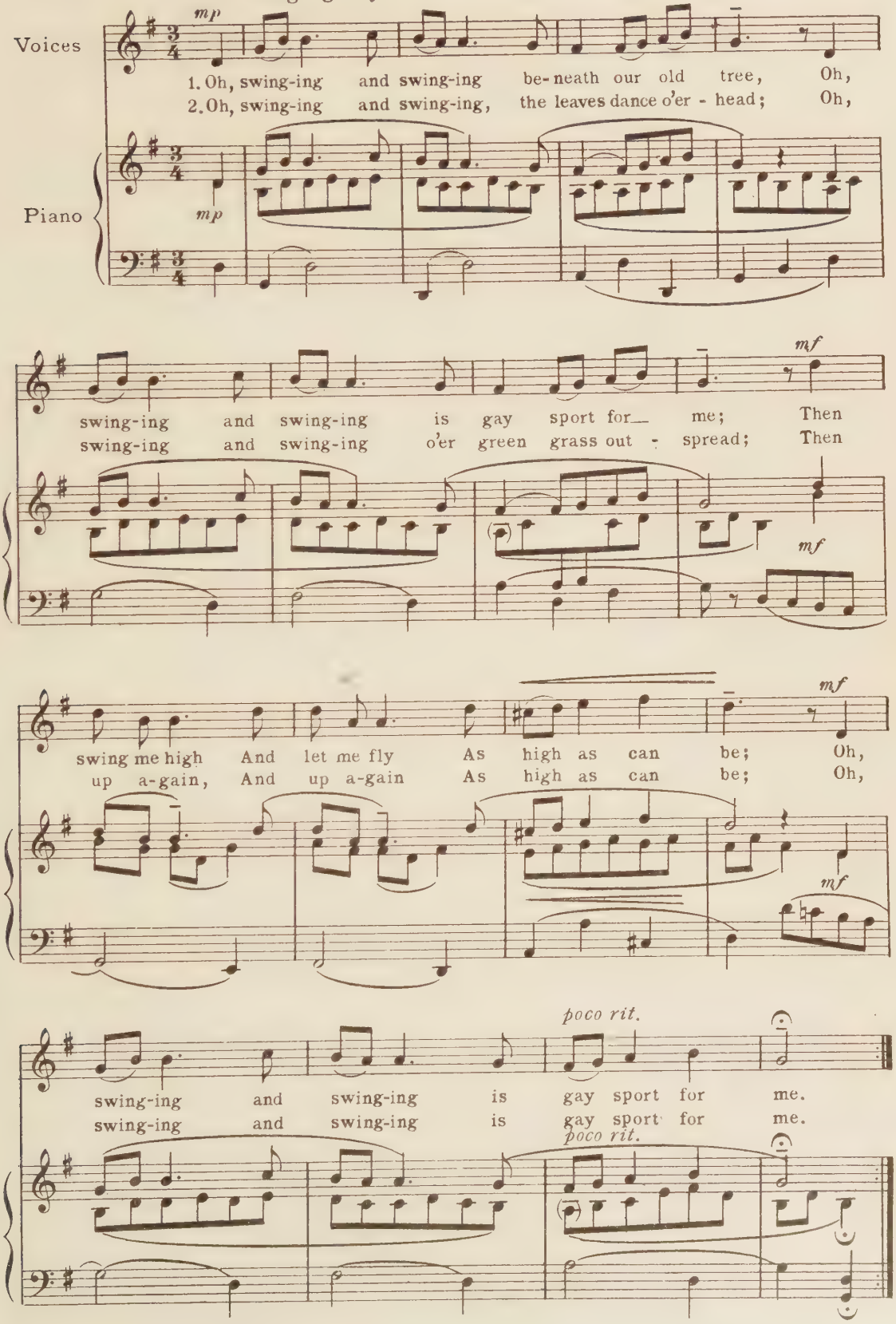

In moderate time
Voices
Piano
p
mf
1. Sil-ver moon sail - ing, Thro' the sky sail - ing, What do you
2. Cit-ies and tow - ers, Gar-dens of flow - ers, Turn'd in-to
see when you look down be - low? Snow-cov-er'd moun-tains,—
sil - ver be - neath your clear light; Ships on the o - cean,—
mp
Pal - a - ces, foun-tains.— Sil-ver moon sail - ing, Thro' the sky
Wind-mills in mo-tion,— Cit-ies and tow - ers, Gar-dens of
sail - ing, What do you see when you look down be - low?
flow - ers, Turn'd in-to sil - ver be - neath your clear light.
poco rit.

106. Swing Song

HOMER H. HARBOUR

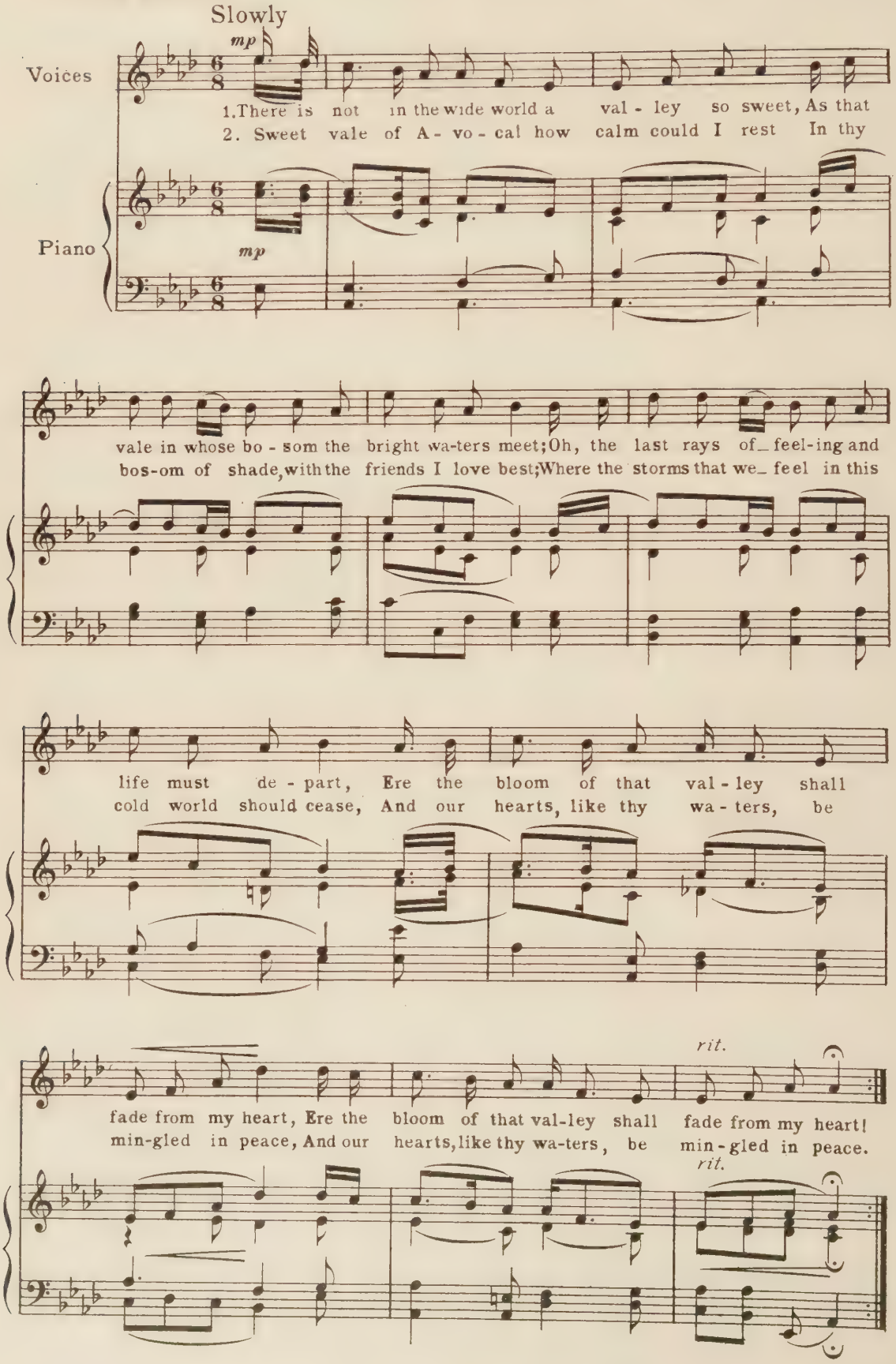
German Folk-song

With swinging rhythm


Voices
Piano
mp
1. Oh, swing-ing and swing-ing be-neath our old tree, Oh,
2. Oh, swing-ing and swing-ing, the leaves dance o'er - head; Oh,
swing-ing and swing-ing is gay sport for me; Then
swing-ing and swing-ing o'er green grass out - spread; Then
mf
swing me high And let me fly As high as can be; Oh,
up a-gain, And up a-gain As high as can be; Oh,
poco rit.
swing-ing and swing-ing is gay sport for me.
swing-ing and swing-ing is gay sport for me.

107. The Meeting of the Waters

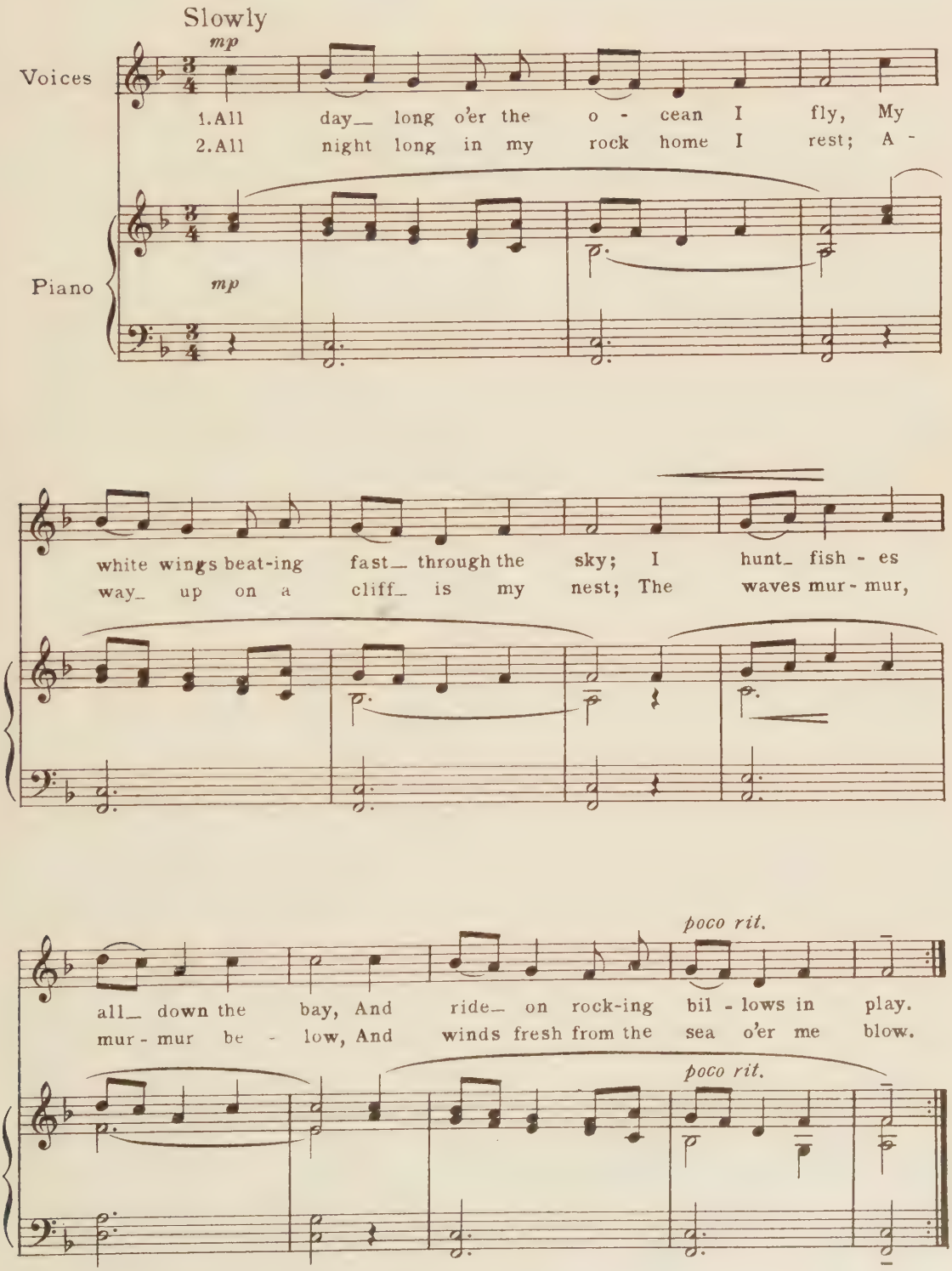
THOMAS MOORE — Irish Air


Slowly
mp
Voices
Piano
1. There is not in the wide world a val - ley so sweet, As that
2. Sweet vale of A - vo - ca! how calm could I rest In thy
vale in whose bo - som the bright wa-ters meet; Oh, the last rays of feel-ing and
bos-om of shade, with the friends I love best; Where the storms that we feel in this
life must de - part, Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall
cold world should cease, And our hearts, like thy wa - ters, be
rit.
fade from my heart, Ere the bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my heart!
min-gled in peace, And our hearts, like thy wa-ters, be min-gled in peace.
rit.

108. Song of the Sea-gull

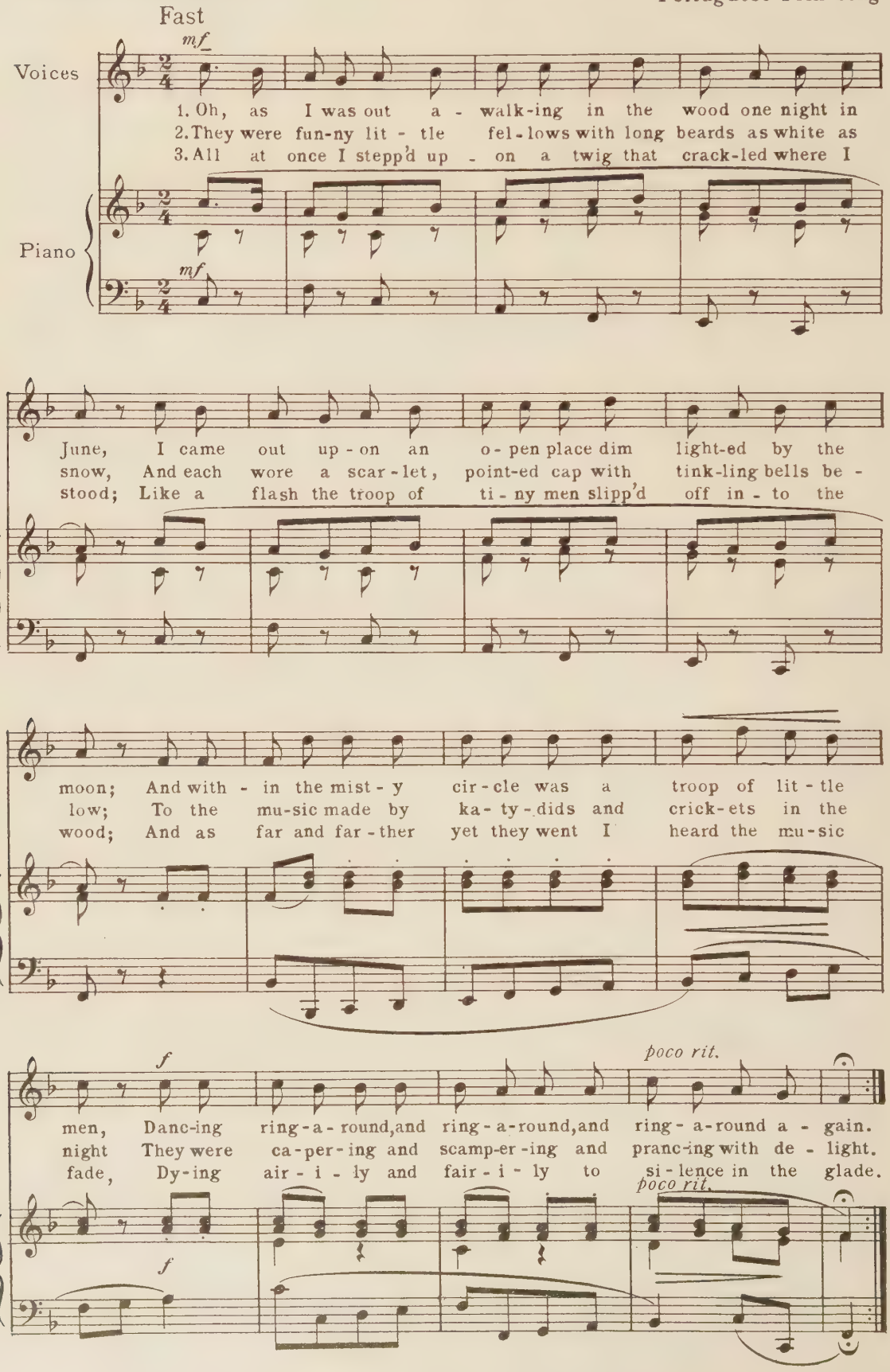
HOMER H. HARBOUR

Irish Air


Slowly
mp
Voices
1.All day_ long o'er the o - cean I fly, My
2.All night long in my rock home I rest; A -
Piano
mp
white wings beat-ing fast_ through the sky; I hunt_ fish - es
way_ up on a cliff_ is my nest; The waves mur - mur,
poco rit.
all_ down the bay, And ride_ on rock-ing bil - lows in play.
mur - mur be - low, And winds fresh from the sea o'er me blow.
poco rit.

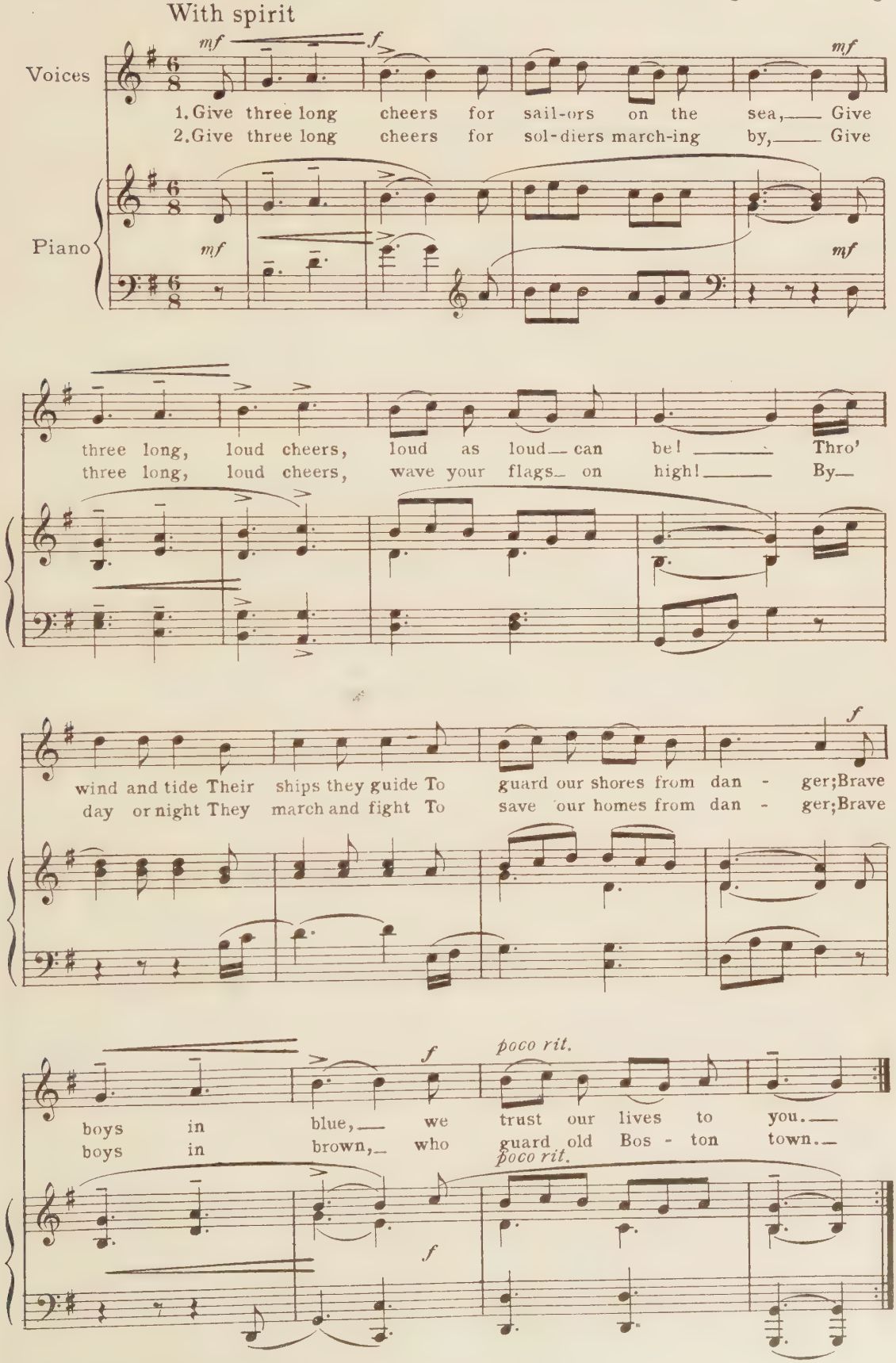
109. The Elves' Dance

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Portuguese Folk-song

Fast
mf
Voices
Piano
1. Oh, as I was out a - walk-ing in the wood one night in
2. They were fun-ny lit - tle fel-lows with long beards as white as
3. All at once I stepp'd up - on a twig that crack-led where I
June, I came out up - on an o - pen place dim light-ed by the
snow, And each wore a scar - let, point-ed cap with tink-ling bells be -
stood; Like a flash the troop of ti - ny men slipp'd off in - to the
moon; And with - in the mist - y cir - cle was a troop of lit - tle
low; To the mu-sic made by ka - ty - dids and crick-ets in the
wood; And as far and far - ther yet they went I heard the mu-sic
f
men, Danc-ing ring - a - round, and ring - a - round, and ring - a - round a - gain.
night They were ca - per - ing and scamp-er - ing and pranc-ing with de - light.
fade, Dy-ing air - i - ly and fair - i - ly to si - lence in the glade.
poco rit.
poco rit.
f

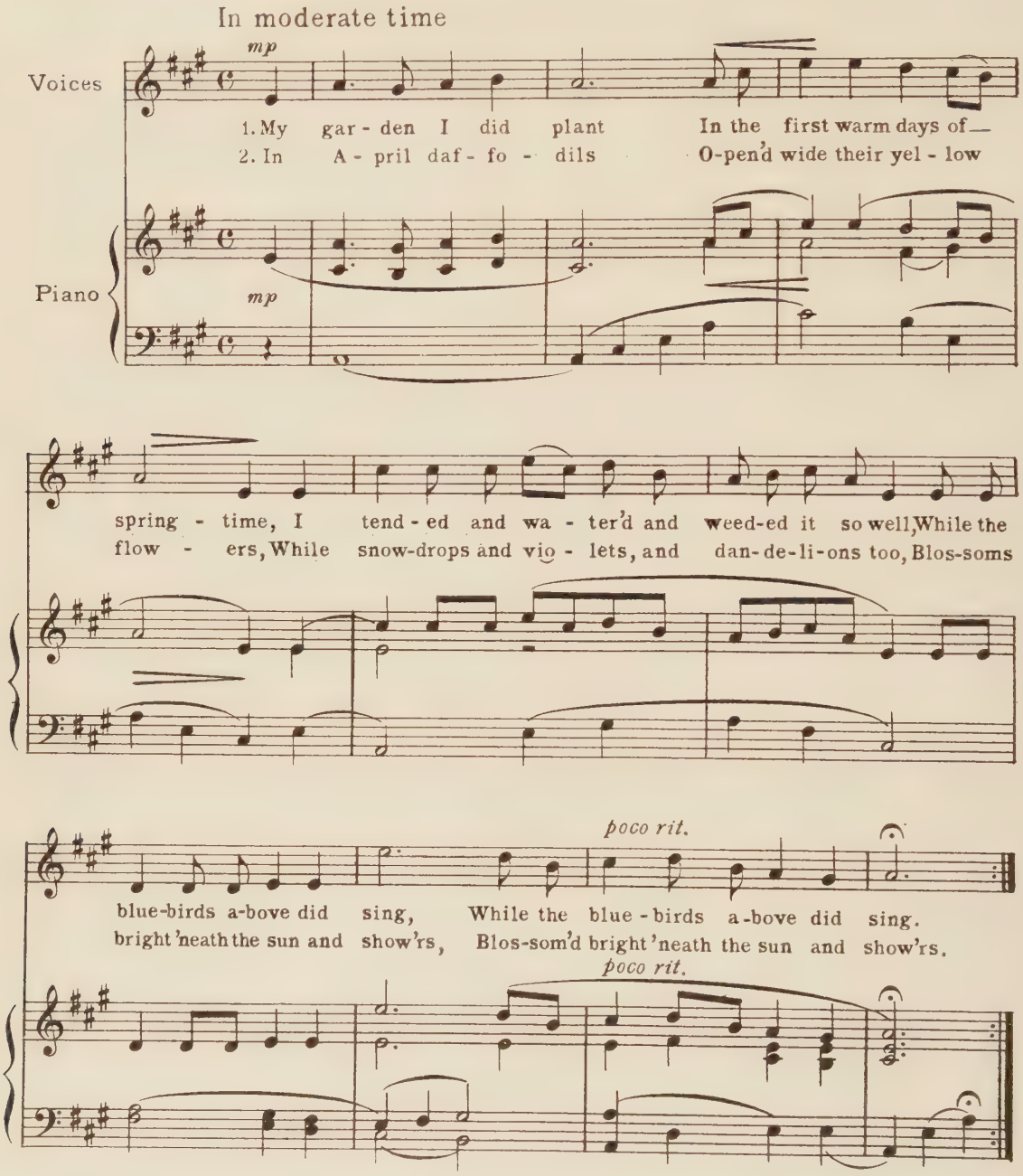
110. A Song for Sailors and Soldiers [117]

JOHN ERWIN — English Folk-song


With spirit
Voices
Piano
mf
f
1. Give three long cheers for sail-ors on the sea, Give
2. Give three long cheers for sol-diers march-ing by, Give
three long, loud cheers, loud as loud can be! Thro'
three long, loud cheers, wave your flags on high! By
wind and tide Their ships they guide To guard our shores from dan - ger; Brave
day or night They march and fight To save our homes from dan - ger; Brave
boys in blue, we trust our lives to you.
boys in brown, who guard old Bos - ton town.
poco rit.

111. My Garden of Flowers

HOMER H. HARBOUR — English Folk-song


In moderate time
mp
Voices
1. My gar - den I did plant In the first warm days of—
2. In A - pril daf - fo - dils O-pen'd wide their yel - low
Piano
mp
spring - time, I tend - ed and wa - ter'd and weed-ed it so well, While the
flow - ers, While snow-drops and vio - lets, and dan-de-li-ons too, Blos-soms
poco rit.
blue-birds a-bove did sing, While the blue - birds a-bove did sing.
bright 'neath the sun and show'rs, Blos-som'd bright 'neath the sun and show'rs.
poco rit.

3

In May the tulips blazed
Golden yellow, white and crimson;
And lilacs their clusters of lavender hung out,
With their perfume of rare delight,
With their perfume of rare delight.

4

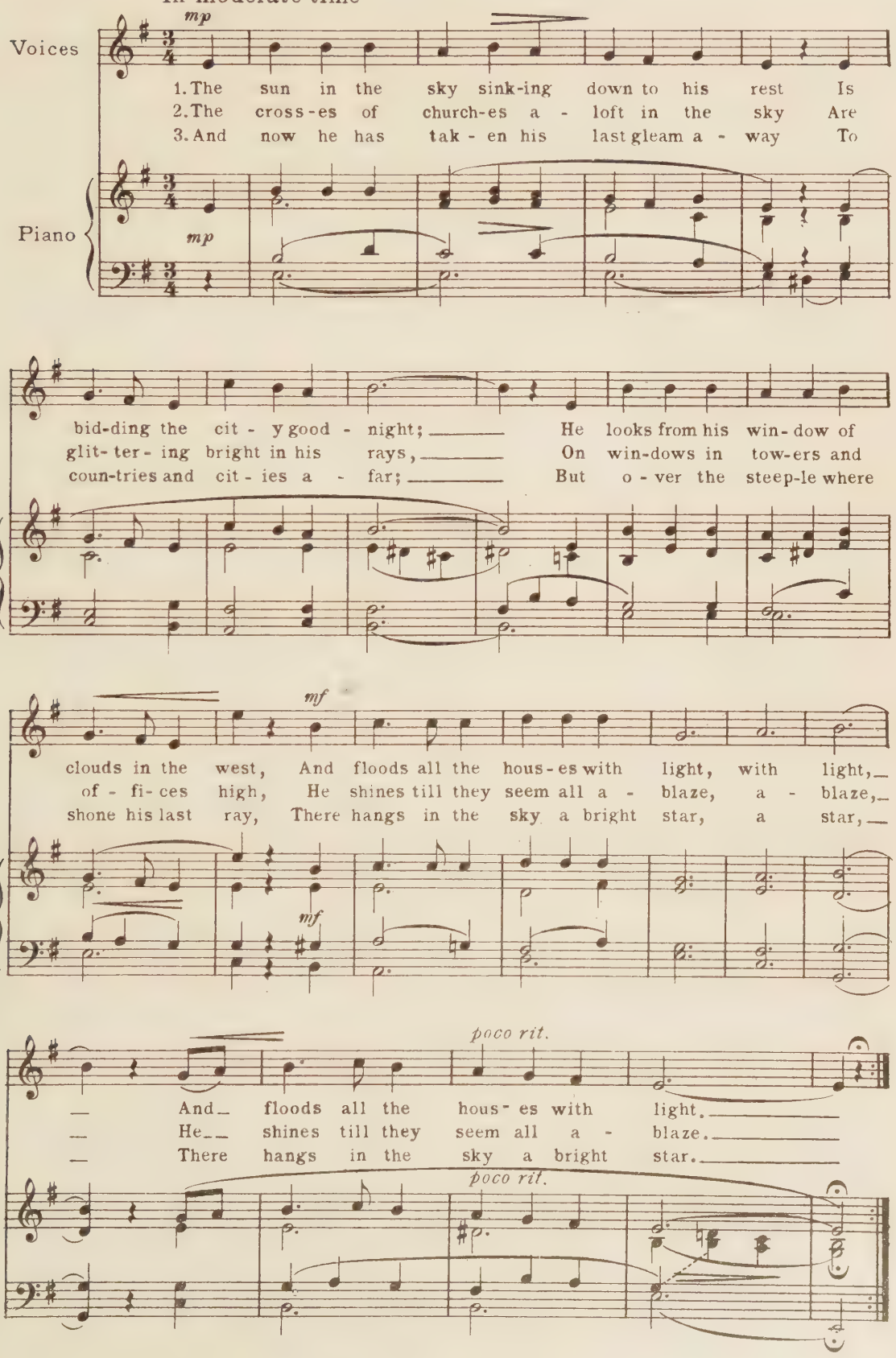
But June the fairest flow'r
Of the summer sent to greet me,
For then in my garden the red, red roses bloomed,
The red rose that is queen of all,
The red rose that is queen of all.

112. Sunset in the City

RICHARD COMPTON

English Folk-song

In moderate time


Voices
Piano
mp
1. The sun in the sky sink-ing down to his rest Is
2. The cross-es of church-es a - loft in the sky Are
3. And now he has tak - en his last gleam a - way To
bid-ding the cit - y good - night; He looks from his win-dow of
glit-ter-ing bright in his rays, On win-dows in tow-ers and
coun-tries and cit - ies a - far; But o - ver the steep-le where
mf
clouds in the west, And floods all the hous-es with light, with light,
of - fi-ces high, He shines till they seem all a - blaze, a - blaze,
shone his last ray, There hangs in the sky a bright star, a star,
poco rit.
And floods all the hous-es with light.
He shines till they seem all a - blaze.
There hangs in the sky a bright star.

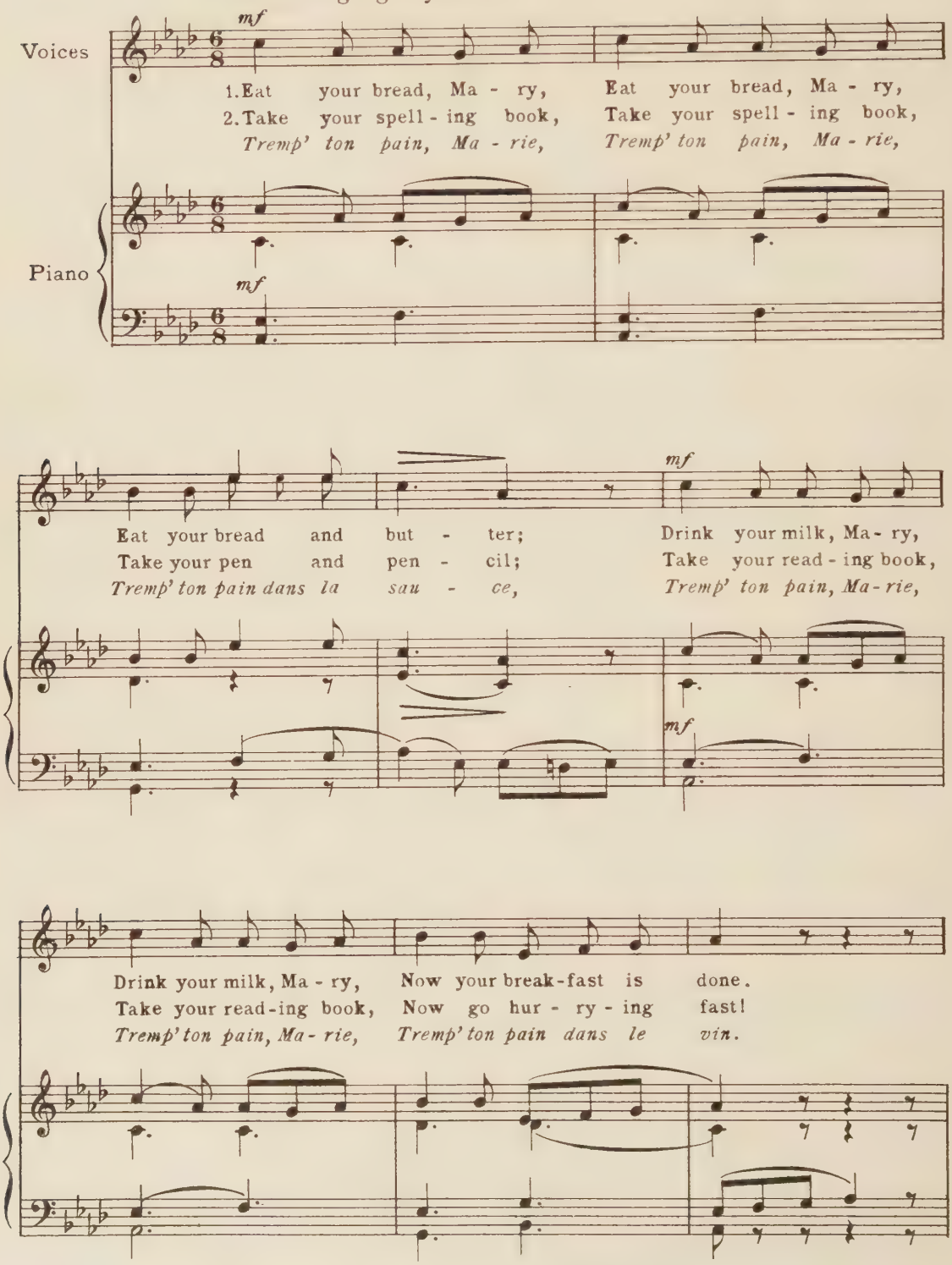
113. Morning

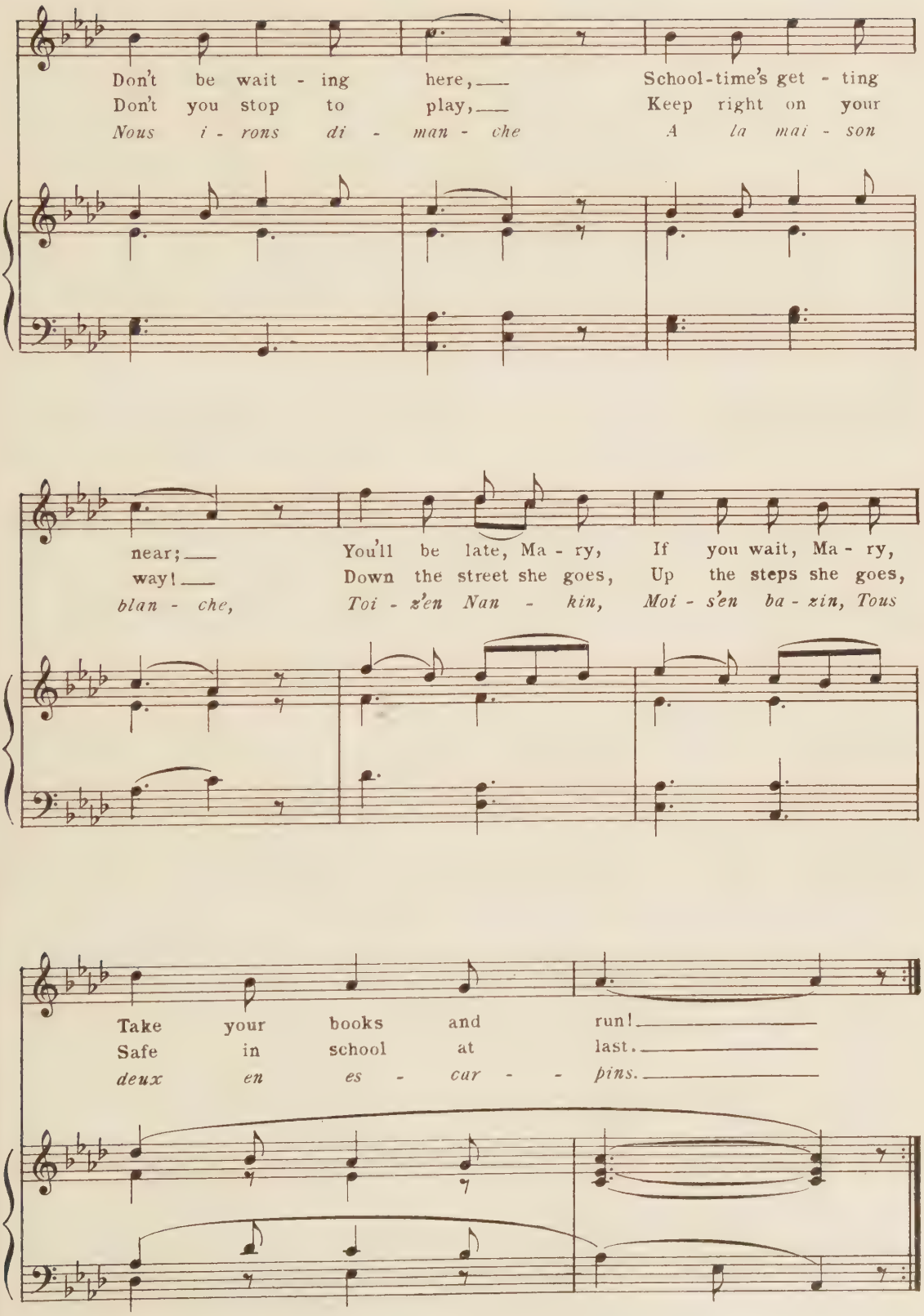
Tremp' ton pain, Marie

Anonymous

French Folk-song

With swinging rhythm

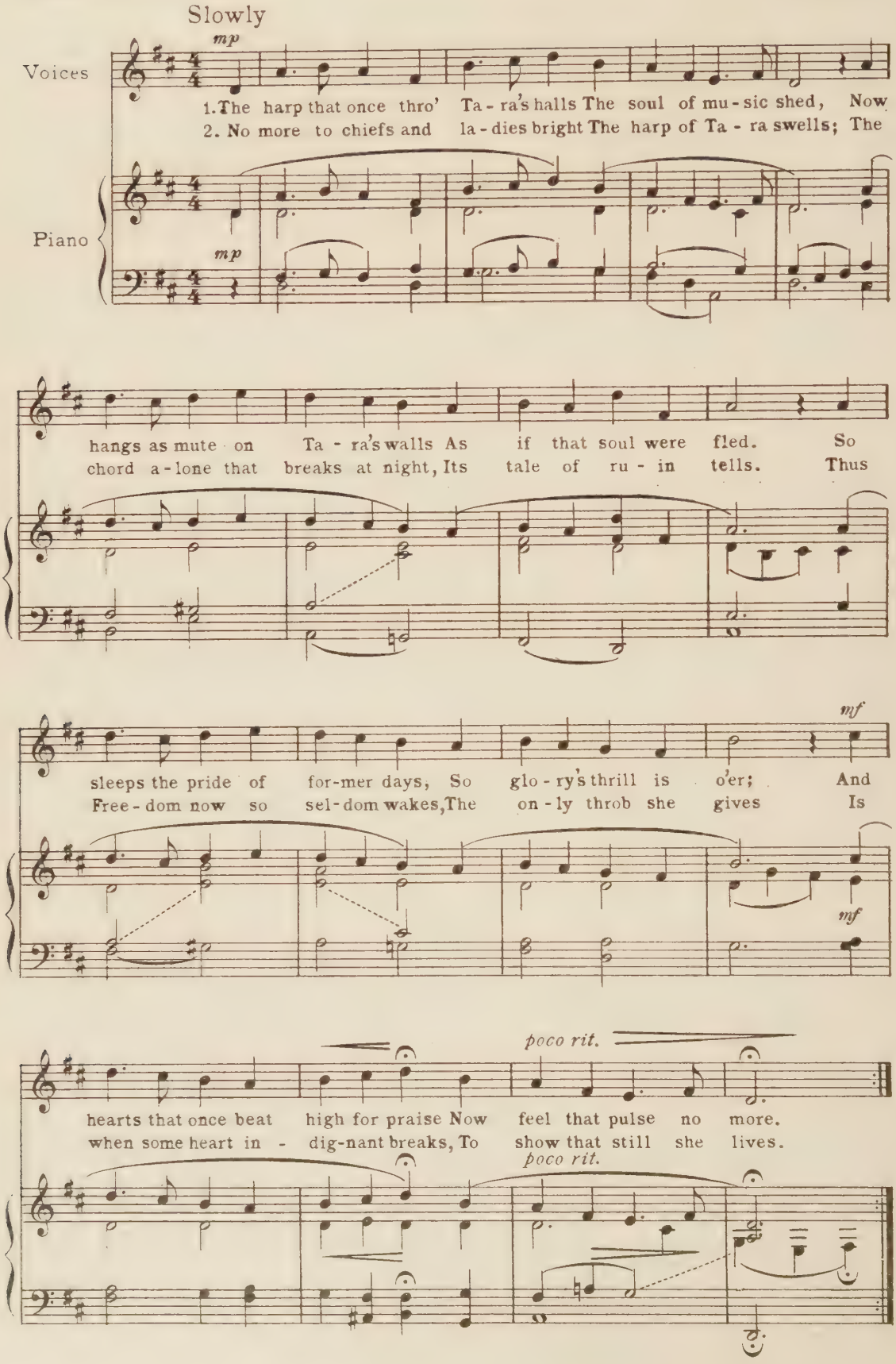

Voices
Piano
mf
1. Eat your bread, Ma - ry, Eat your bread, Ma - ry,
2. Take your spell - ing book, Take your spell - ing book,
Tremp' ton pain, Ma - rie, Tremp' ton pain, Ma - rie,
Eat your bread and but - ter; Drink your milk, Ma - ry,
Take your pen and pen - cil; Take your read - ing book,
Tremp' ton pain dans la sau - ce, Tremp' ton pain, Ma - rie,
Drink your milk, Ma - ry, Now your break-fast is done.
Take your read-ing book, Now go hur - ry - ing fast!
Tremp' ton pain, Ma - rie, Tremp' ton pain dans le vin.


Don't be wait - ing here, School-time's get - ting
Don't you stop to play, Keep right on your
Nous i - rons di - man - che A la mai - son
near; You'll be late, Ma - ry, If you wait, Ma - ry,
way! Down the street she goes, Up the steps she goes,
blan - che, Toi - z'en Nan - kin, Moi - s'en ba - zin, Tous
Take your books and run!
Safe in school at last.
deux en es - car - - pins.

114. The harp that once thro' Tara's Halls

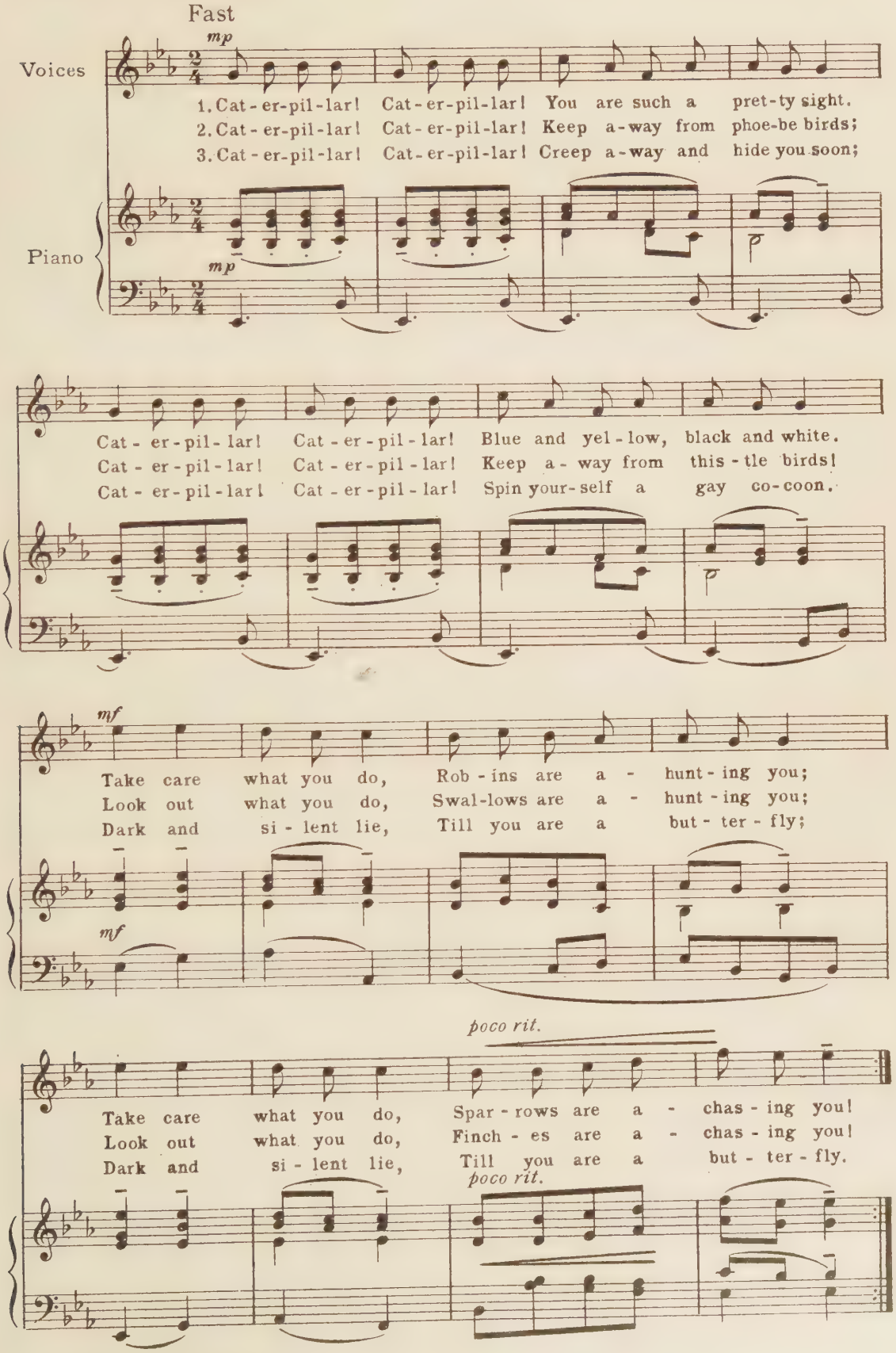
THOMAS MOORE

Irish Air


Slowly
mp
Voices
1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The
Piano
mp
hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled. So
chord a - lone that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus
mf
sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er; And
Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives Is
mf
poco rit.
hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.
when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.
poco rit.

115. Caterpillar! Caterpillar!

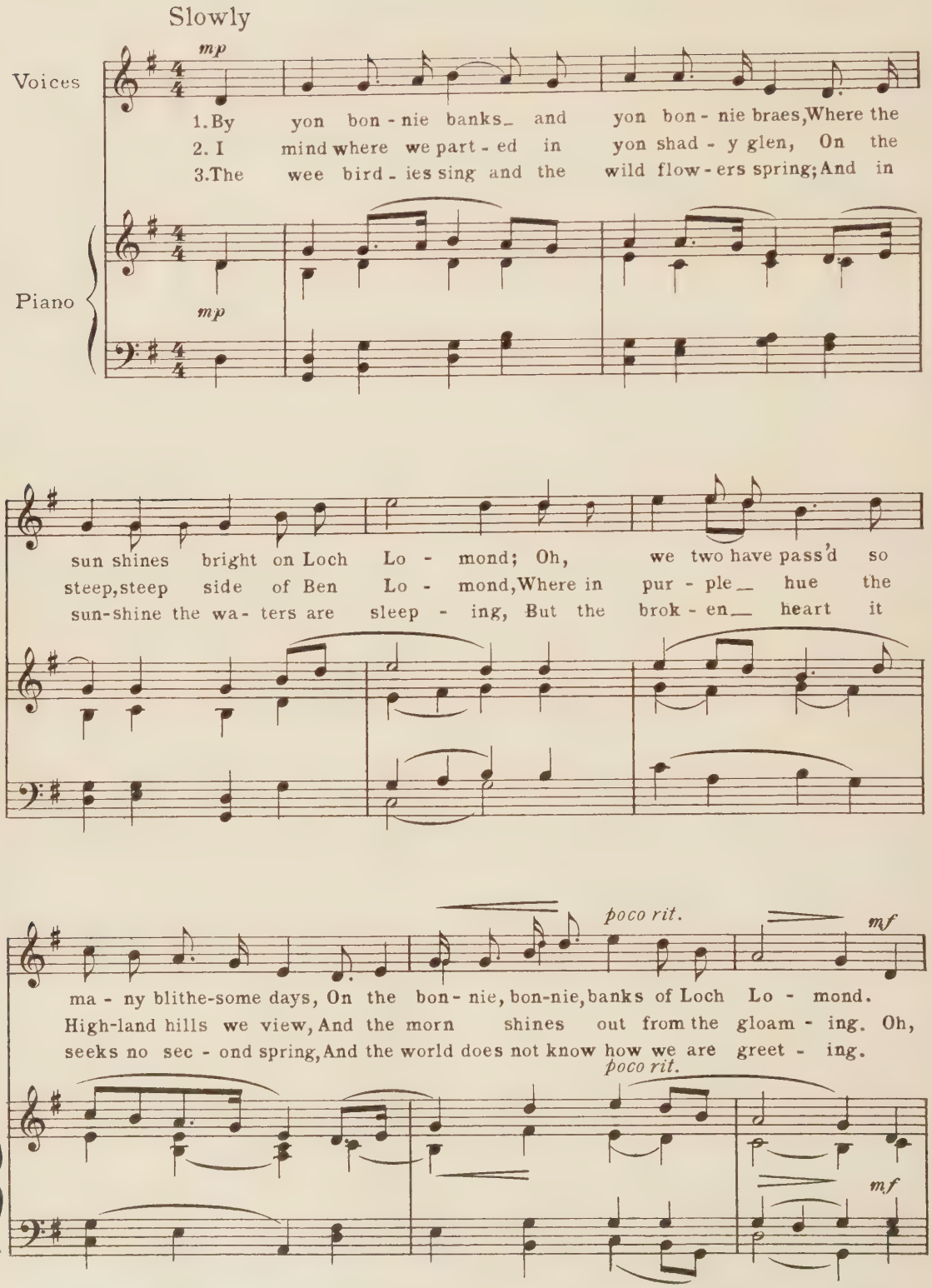
HOMER H. HARBOUR

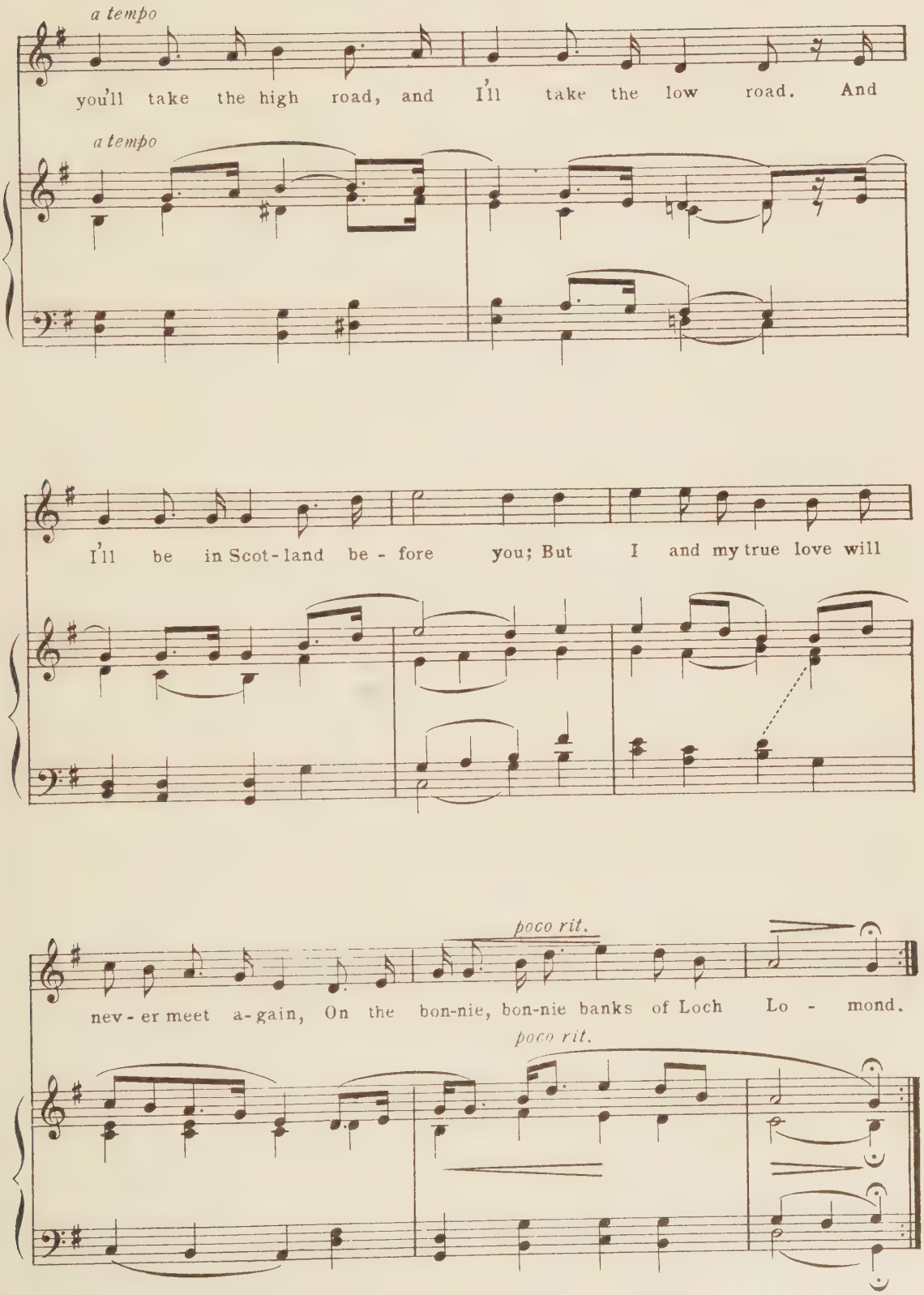
Russian Folk-song

Fast
mp
Voices
Piano
1. Cat-er-pil-lar! Cat-er-pil-lar! You are such a pret-ty sight.
2. Cat-er-pil-lar! Cat-er-pil-lar! Keep a-way from phoe-be birds;
3. Cat-er-pil-lar! Cat-er-pil-lar! Creep a-way and hide you soon;
Cat-er-pil-lar! Cat-er-pil-lar! Blue and yel-low, black and white.
Cat-er-pil-lar! Cat-er-pil-lar! Keep a-way from this-tle birds!
Cat-er-pil-lar! Cat-er-pil-lar! Spin your-self a gay co-coon.
mf
Take care what you do, Rob-ins are a-hunt-ing you;
Look out what you do, Swal-lows are a-hunt-ing you;
Dark and si-lent lie, Till you are a but-ter-fly;
poco rit.
Take care what you do, Spar-rows are a-chas-ing you!
Look out what you do, Finch-es are a-chas-ing you!
Dark and si-lent lie, Till you are a but-ter-fly.
poco rit.

116. Loch Lomond

Anonymous

Scotch Melody

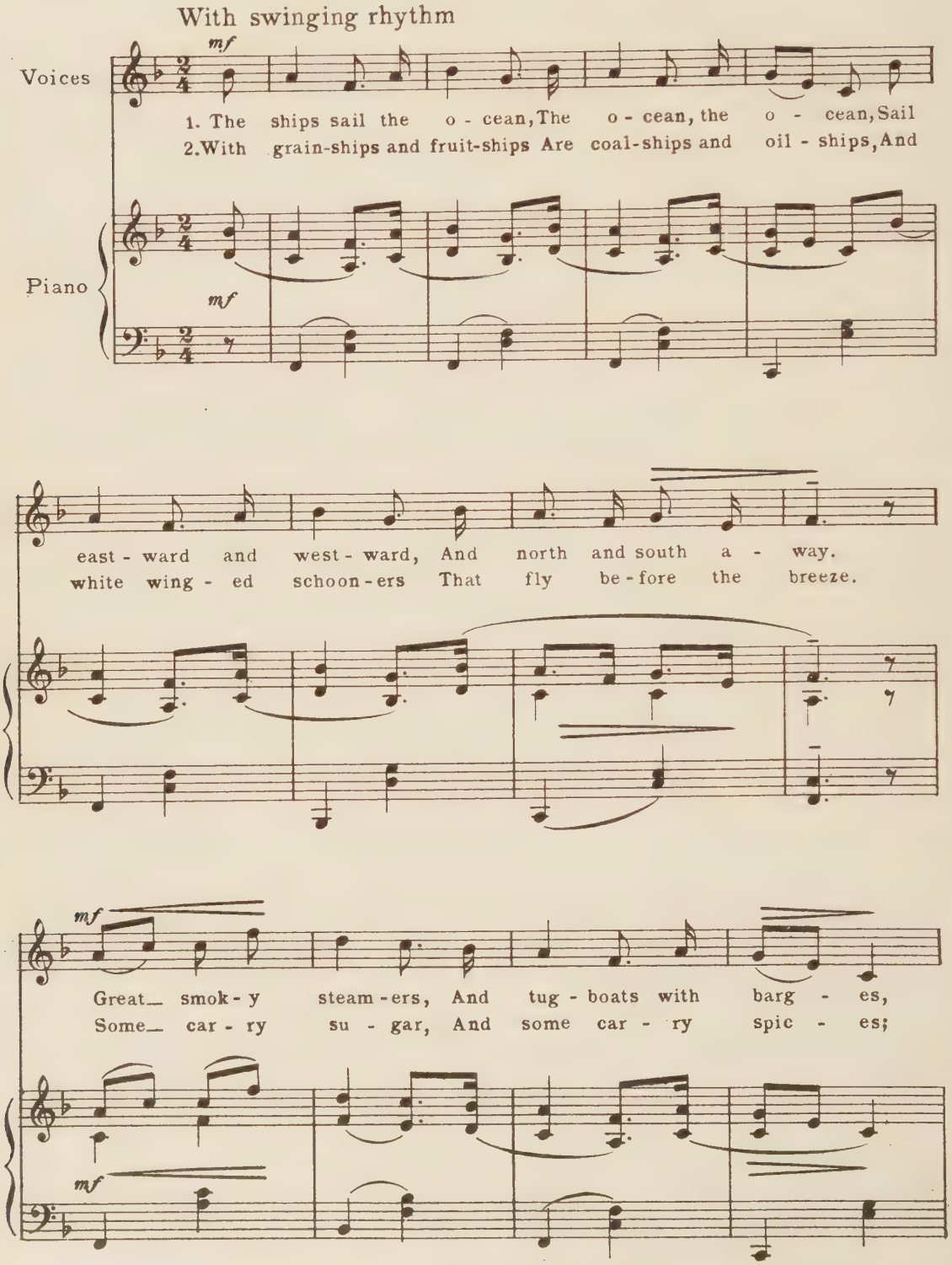

Slowly
mp
Voices
Piano
1. By yon bon - nie banks and yon bon - nie braes, Where the
2. I mind where we part - ed in yon shad - y glen, On the
3. The wee bird - ies sing and the wild flow - ers spring; And in
sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond; Oh, we two have pass'd so
steep, steep side of Ben Lo - mond, Where in pur - ple hue the
sun-shine the wa - ters are sleep - ing, But the brok - en heart it
poco rit.
mf
ma - ny blithe-some days, On the bon - nie, bon-nie, banks of Loch Lo - mond.
High-land hills we view, And the morn shines out from the gloam - ing. Oh,
seeks no sec - ond spring, And the world does not know how we are greet - ing.

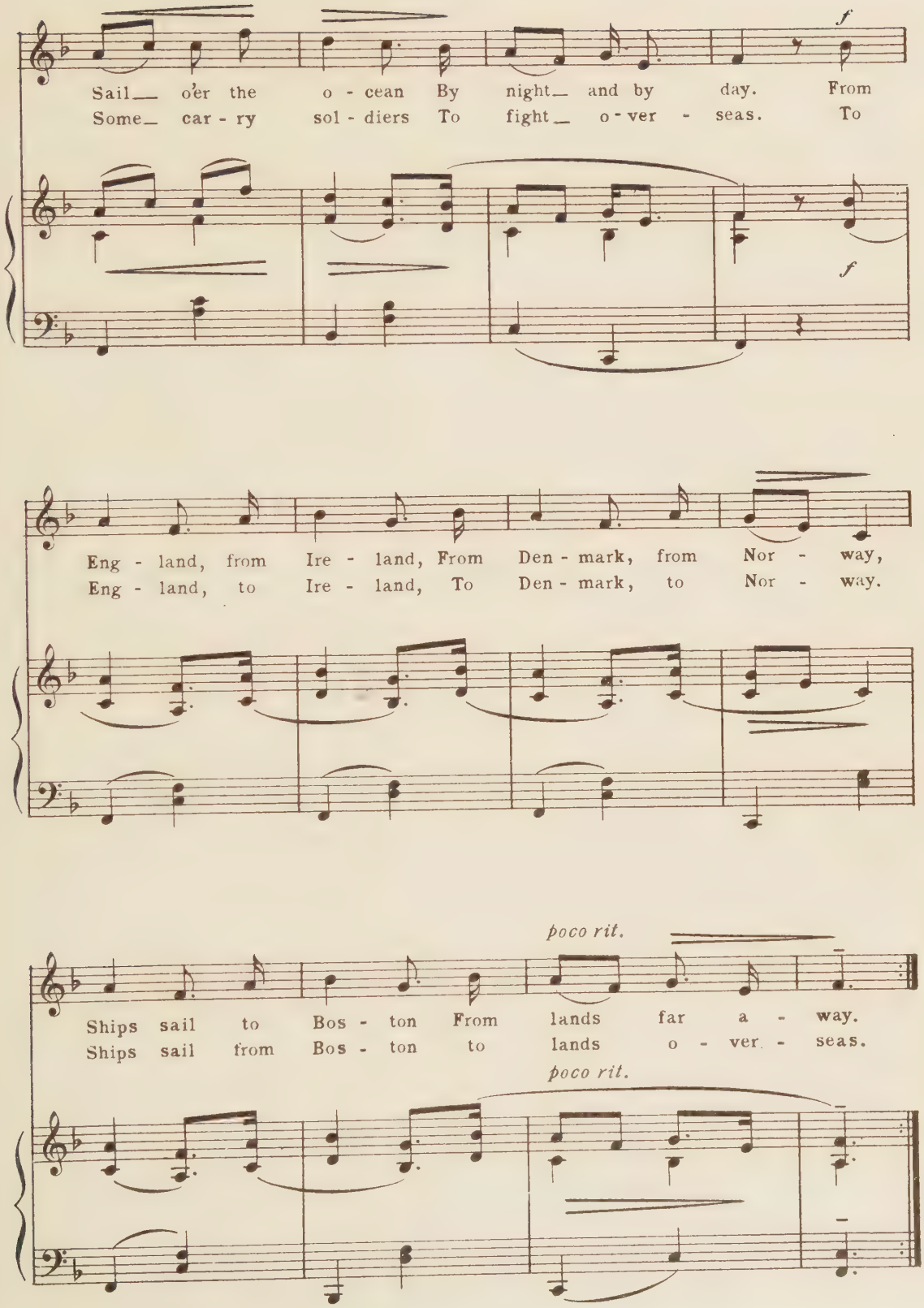

a tempo
you'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road. And
a tempo
I'll be in Scot-land be-fore you; But I and my true love will
poco rit.
nev-er meet a-gain, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo-mond.
poco rit.

117. A Song of Ships

HOMER H. HARBOUR

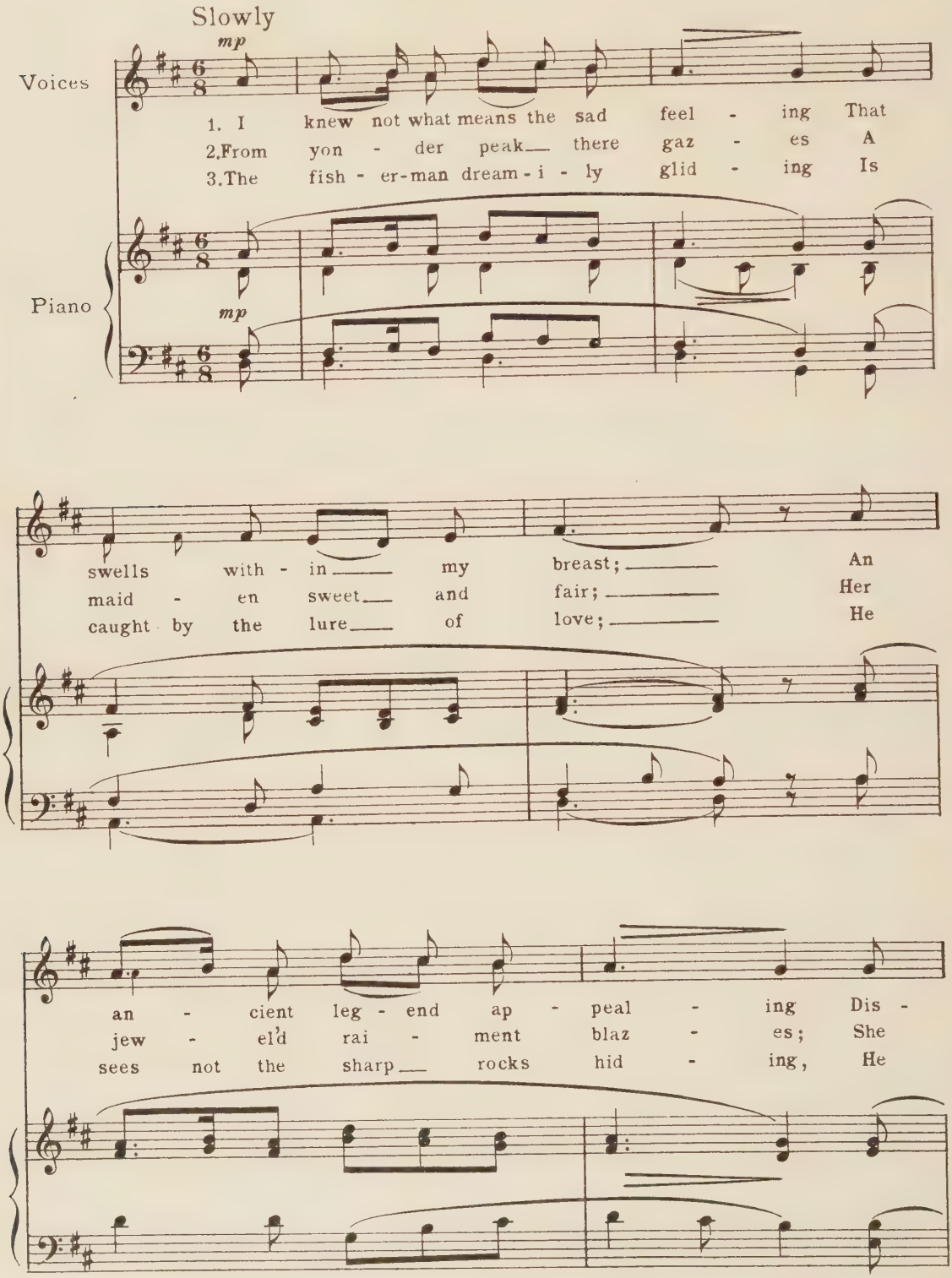
English Melody

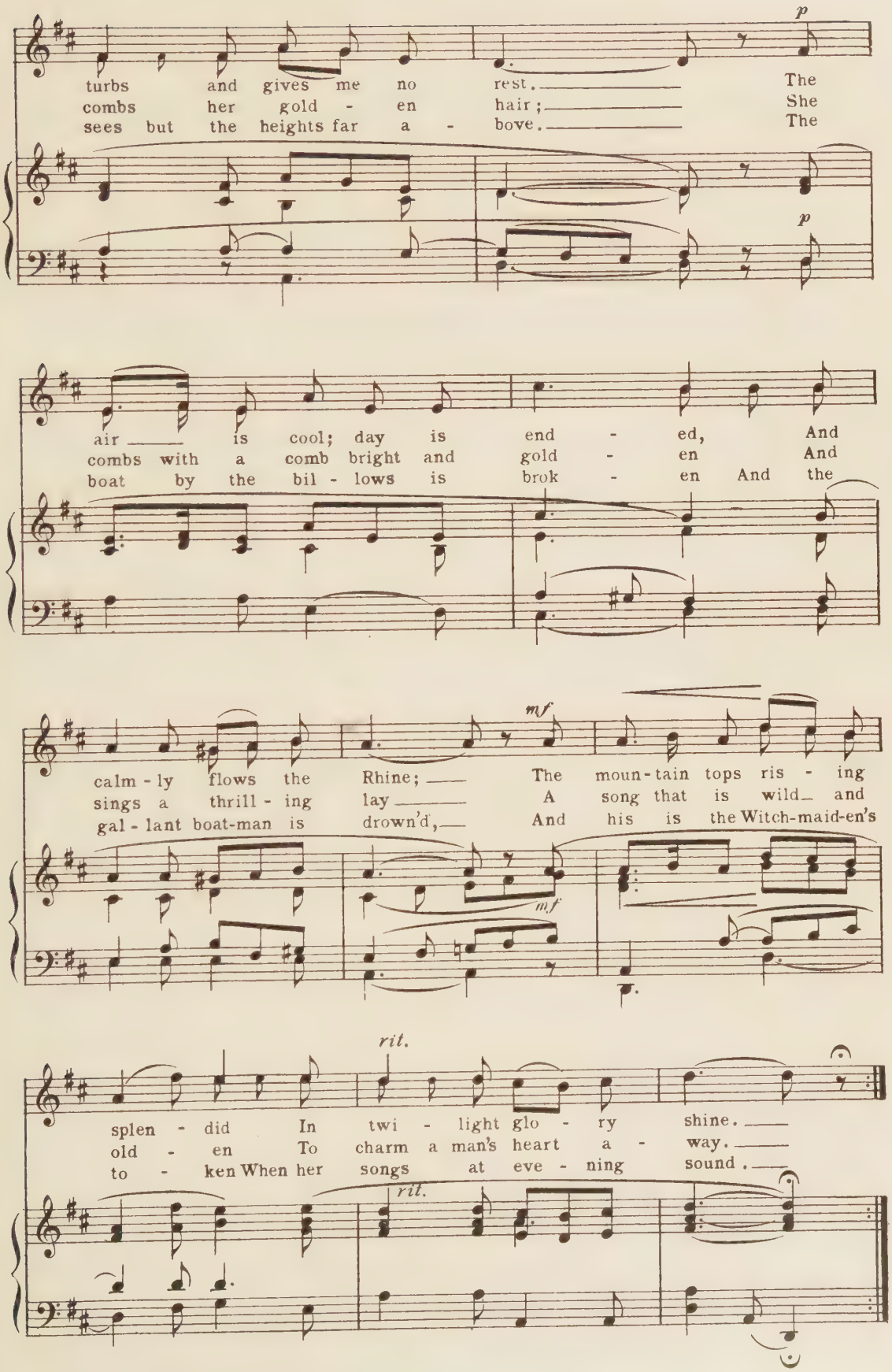

With swinging rhythm
Voices
Piano
mf
1. The ships sail the o - cean, The o - cean, the o - cean, Sail
2. With grain-ships and fruit-ships Are coal-ships and oil - ships, And
east - ward and west - ward, And north and south a - way.
white wing - ed schoon - ers That fly be - fore the breeze.
Great_ smok - y steam - ers, And tug - boats with barg - es,
Some_ car - ry su - gar, And some car - ry spic - es;


Sail_ o'er the o - cean By night_ and by day. From
Some_ car - ry sol - diers To fight_ o - ver - seas. To
f
f
Eng - land, from Ire - land, From Den - mark, from Nor - way,
Eng - land, to Ire - land, To Den - mark, to Nor - way.
poco rit.
Ships sail to Bos - ton From lands far a - way.
Ships sail from Bos - ton to lands o - ver - seas.
poco rit.

118. The Lorelei

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

FRIEDRICH SILCHER

Slowly
mp
Voices
Piano
1. I knew not what means the sad feel - ing That
2.From yon - der peak there gaz - es A
3.The fish - er-man dream - i - ly glid - ing Is
swells with - in my breast; An
maid - en sweet and fair; Her
caught by the lure of love; He
an - cient leg - end ap - peal - ing Dis -
jew - el'd rai - ment blaz - es; She
sees not the sharp rocks hid - ing, He

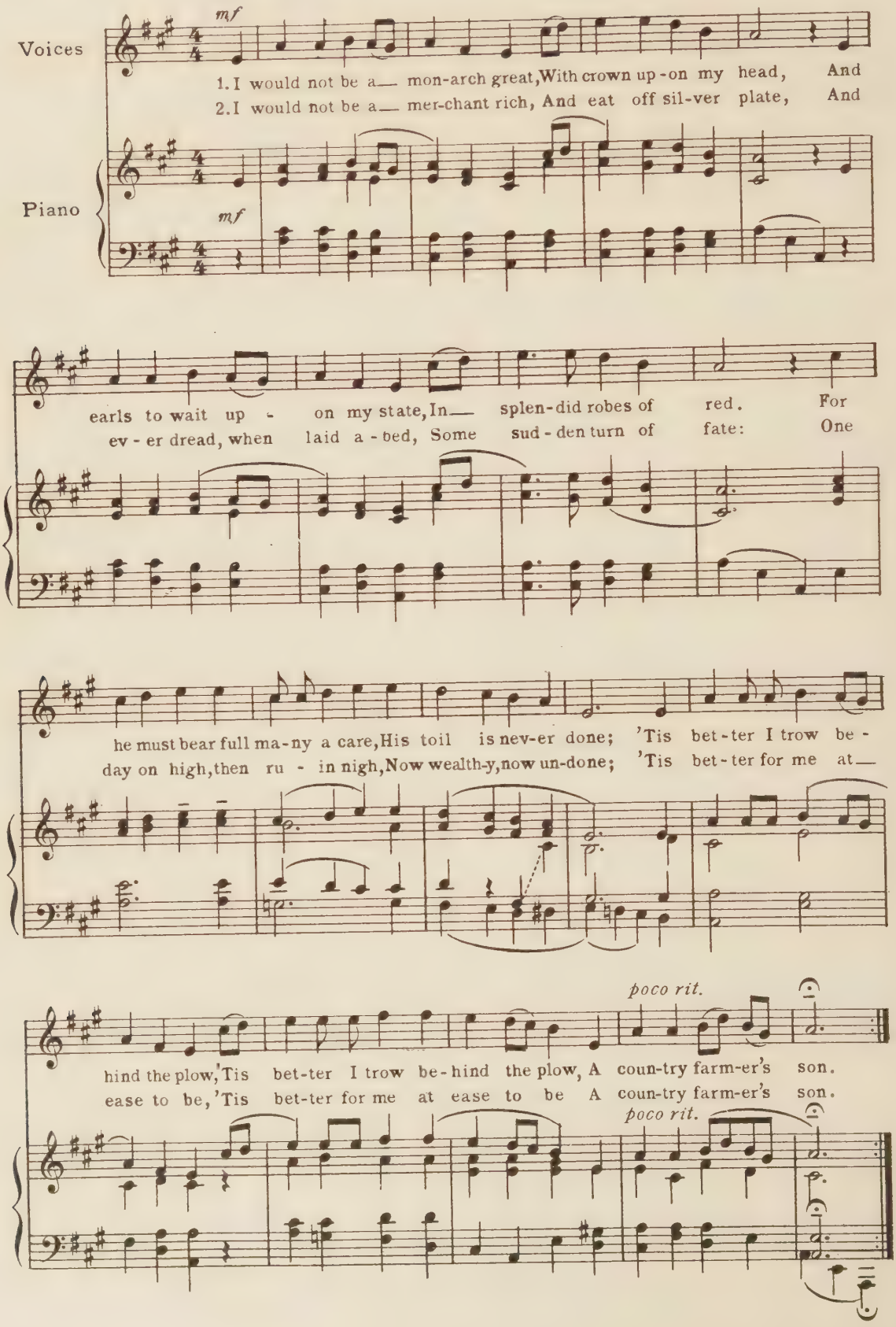

p
turbs and gives me no rest. The
combs her gold - en hair; She
sees but the heights far a - bove. The
p
air is cool; day is end - ed, And
combs with a comb bright and gold - en And
boat by the bil - lows is brok - en And the
mf
calm - ly flows the Rhine; The moun - tain tops ris - ing
sings a thrill - ing lay A song that is wild and
gal - lant boat-man is drown'd, And his is the Witch-maid-en's
mf
rit.
splen - did In twi - light glo - ry shine.
old - en To charm a man's heart a - way.
to - ken When her songs at eve - ning sound.
rit.

119. The Country Farmer's Son

Anonymous

English Folk-song

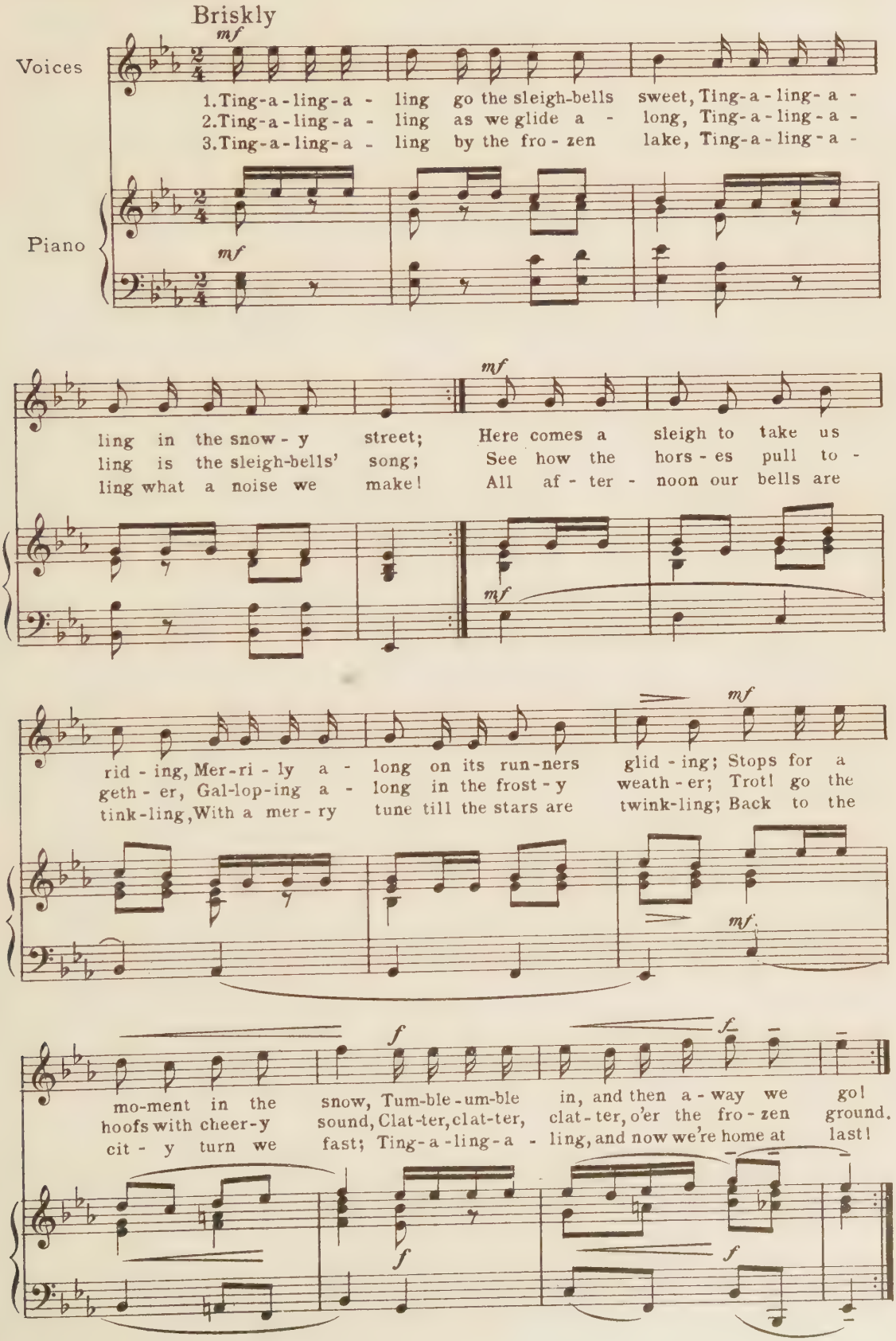
In march time


Voices
Piano
mf
1. I would not be a— mon-arch great, With crown up-on my head, And
2. I would not be a— mer-chant rich, And eat off sil-ver plate, And
earls to wait up - on my state, In— splen-did robes of red. For
ev - er dread, when laid a - bed, Some sud - den turn of fate: One
he must bear full ma-ny a care, His toil is nev-er done; 'Tis bet-ter I trow be -
day on high, then ru - in nigh, Now wealth-y, now un-done; 'Tis bet-ter for me at—
poco rit.
hind the plow, 'Tis bet-ter I trow be-hind the plow, A coun-try farm-er's son.
ease to be, 'Tis bet-ter for me at ease to be A coun-try farm-er's son.
poco rit.

120. The Sleigh-Ride

HOMER H. HARBOUR

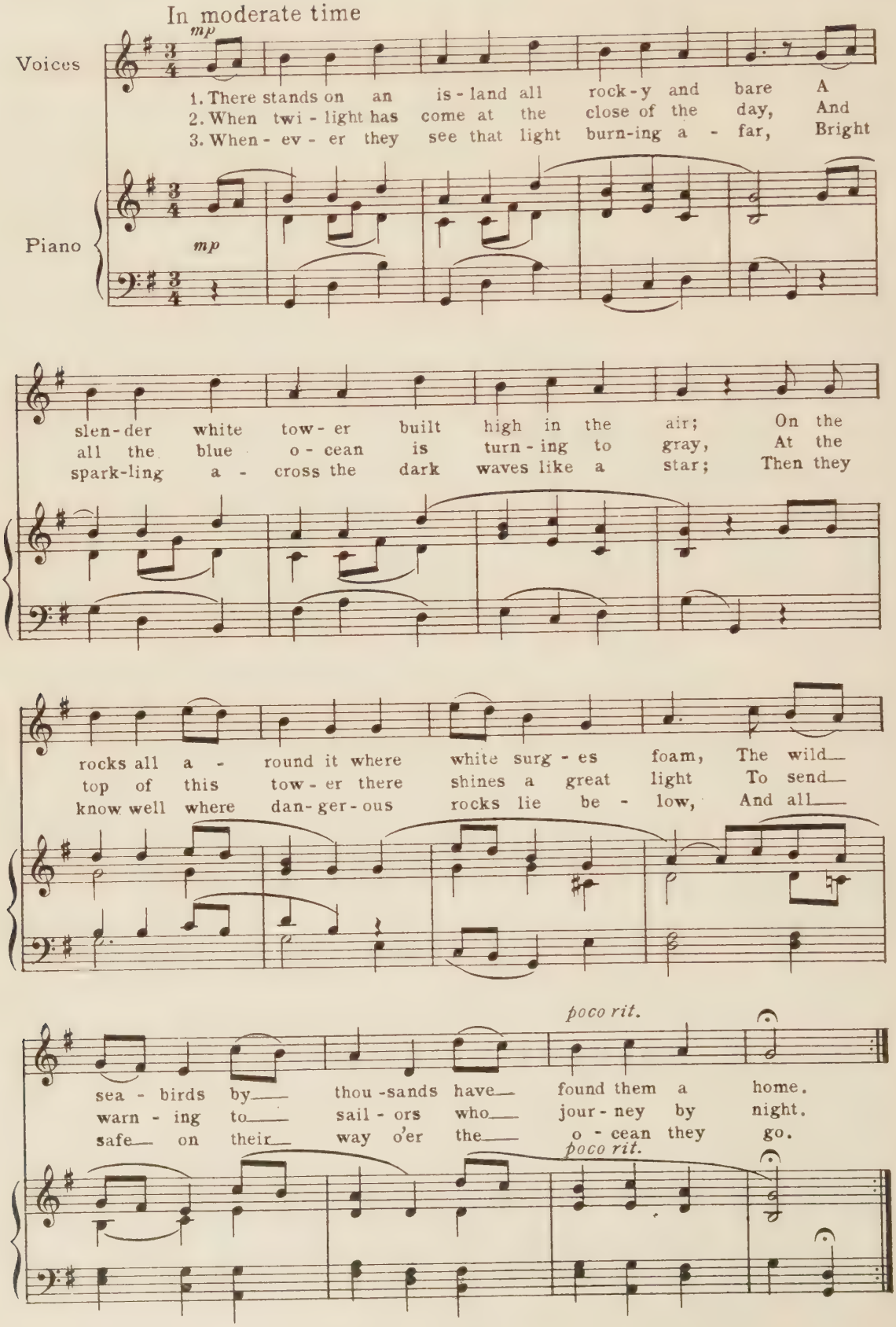
Canadian Folk-song


Briskly
mf
Voices
Piano
1. Ting-a-ling-a - ling go the sleigh-bells sweet, Ting-a-ling-a -
2. Ting-a-ling-a - ling as we glide a - long, Ting-a-ling-a -
3. Ting-a-ling-a - ling by the fro - zen lake, Ting-a-ling-a -
ling in the snow - y street; Here comes a sleigh to take us
ling is the sleigh-bells' song; See how the hors - es pull to -
ling what a noise we make! All af - ter - noon our bells are
rid - ing, Mer-ri - ly a - long on its run-ners glid - ing; Stops for a
geth - er, Gal-lop-ing a - long in the frost - y weath - er; Trot! go the
tink-ling, With a mer - ry tune till the stars are twink-ling; Back to the
mo-ment in the snow, Tum-ble-um-ble in, and then a - way we go!
hoofs with cheer-y sound, Clat-ter, clat-ter, clat - ter, o'er the fro - zen ground.
cit - y turn we fast; Ting-a-ling-a - ling, and now we're home at last!
f

121. The Light-house

JOHN ERWIN

English Folk-song

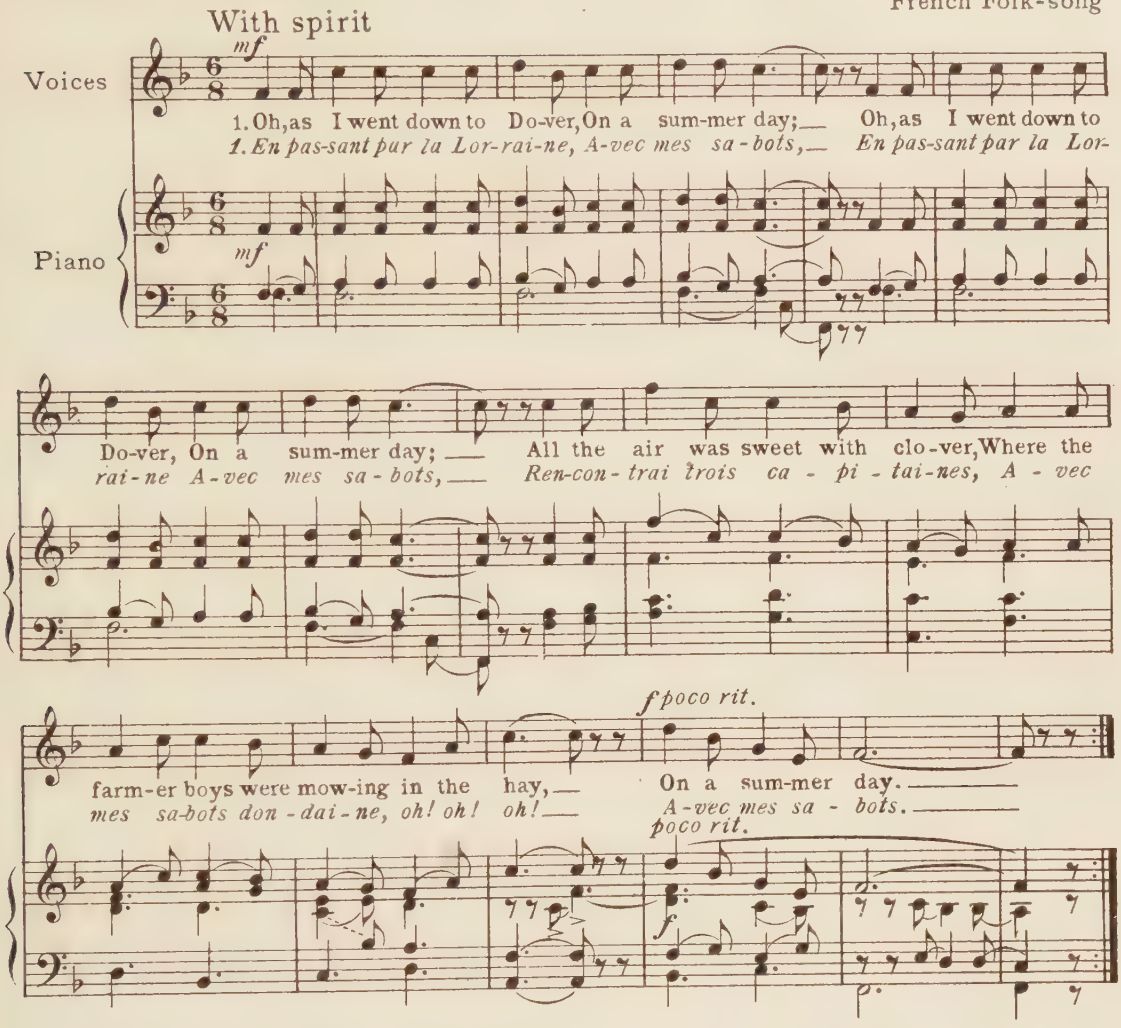

In moderate time
mp
Voices
Piano
1. There stands on an is-land all rock-y and bare A
2. When twi-light has come at the close of the day, And
3. When-ev-er they see that light burn-ing a-far, Bright
slen-der white tow-er built high in the air; On the
all the blue o-cean is turn-ing to gray, At the
spark-ling a-cross the dark waves like a star; Then they
rocks all a-round it where white surg-es foam, The wild
top of this tow-er there shines a great light To send
know well where dan-ger-ous rocks lie be-low, And all
poco rit.
sea-birds by thou-sands have found them a home.
warn-ing to sail-ors who jour-ney by night.
safe on their way o'er the o-cean they go.
poco rit.

122. On a Summer Day

En passant par la Lorraine

HOMER H. HARBOUR

French Folk-song


With spirit
Voices
Piano
mf
1. Oh, as I went down to Do-ver, On a sum-mer day; — Oh, as I went down to
1. En pas-sant par la Lor-rai-ne, A-vec mes sa-bots, — En pas-sant par la Lor-
Do-ver, On a sum-mer day; — All the air was sweet with clo-ver, Where the
rai-ne A-vec mes sa-bots, — Ren-con-trai trois ca-pi-tai-nes, A-vec
f poco rit.
farm-er boys were mow-ing in the hay, — On a sum-mer day.
mes sa-bots don-dai-ne, oh! oh! oh! — A-vec mes sa-bots.
poco rit.
f

2

‖: All the air was sweet with clover,
On a summer day; :‖
And the sky was blue all over,
Not a single cloud was sailing,
Far away, on a summer day.

3

‖: Oh, the sky was blue all over,
On a summer day; :‖
And at last I came to Dover
Where the merry bells were ringing
Blithe and gay, on a summer day.

2

‖: *Ils m'ont appellée vilaine,*
Avec mes sabots, :‖
Je ne suis pas si vilaine
Avec mes sabots dondaine,
Oh! oh! oh! Avec mes sabots!

3

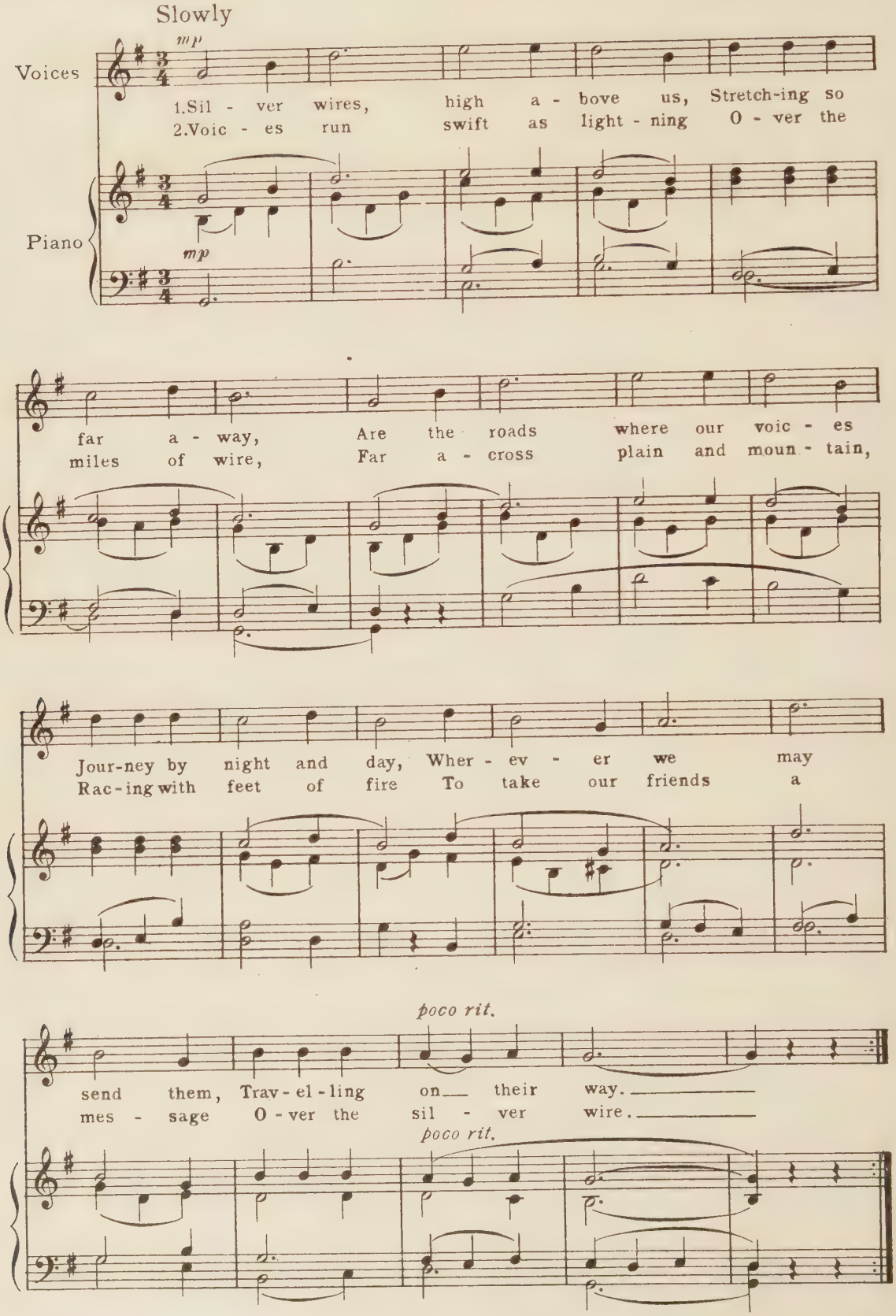
‖: *Car le prince de Lorraine,*
Avec mes sabots, :‖
M'a donné pour mes étrennes
Avec mes sabots dondaine,
Oh! oh! oh! Avec mes sabots!

4

‖: *Un bouquet de marjolaine,*
Avec mes sabots, :‖
S'il m'épous' je serai Reine
Avec mes sabots dondaine,
Oh! oh! oh! Avec mes sabots!

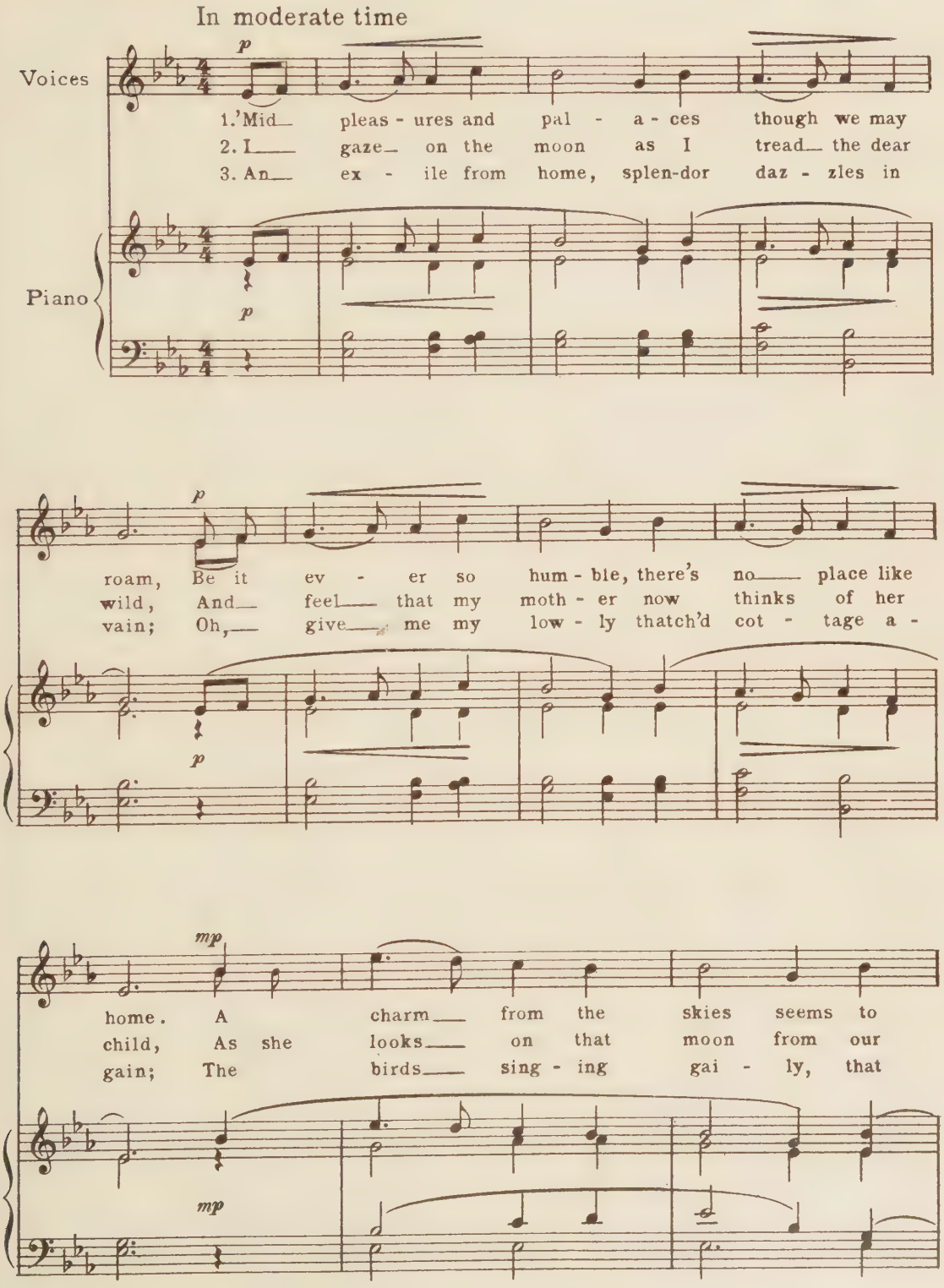
123. Shining Wires

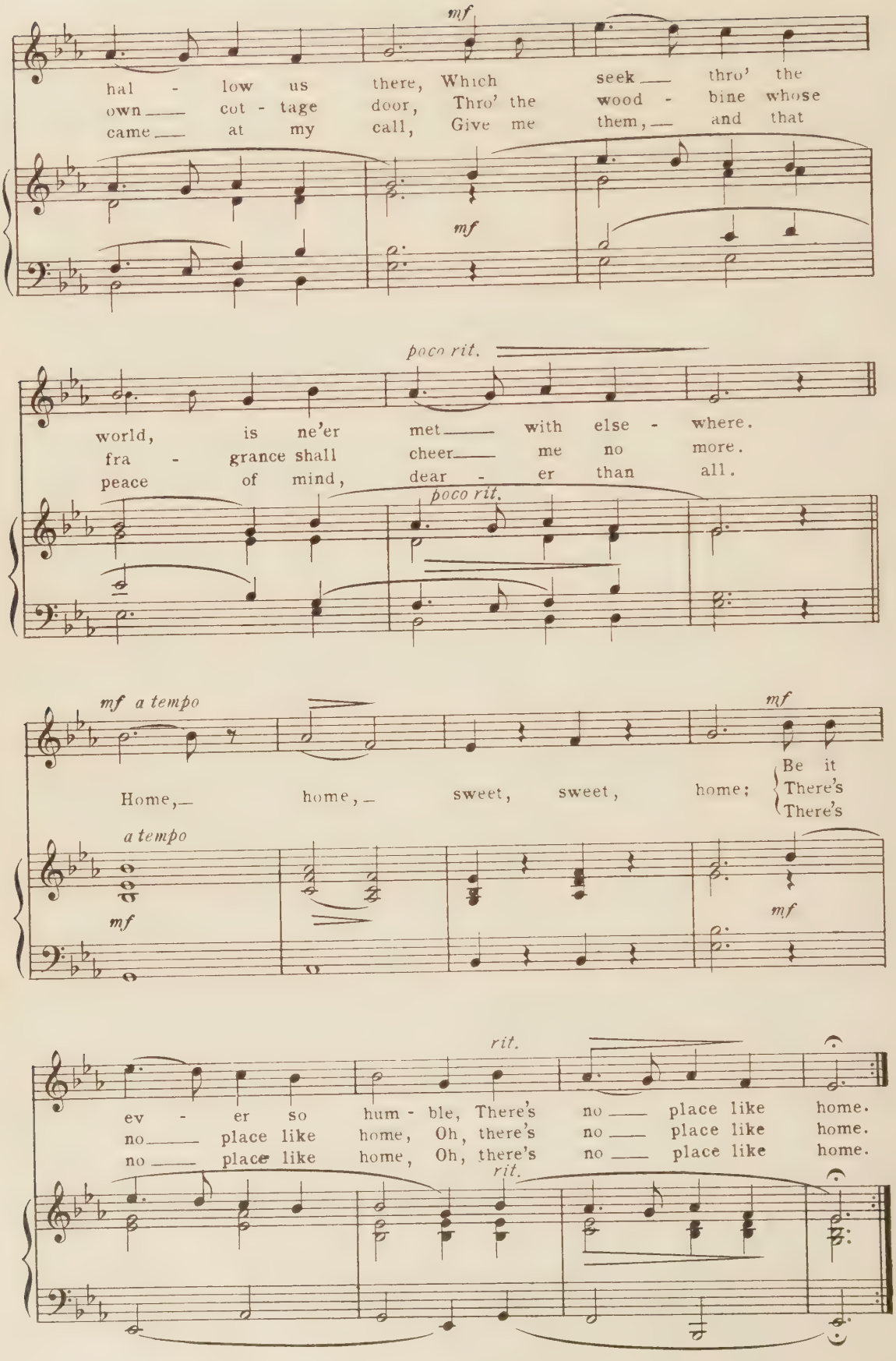
HOMER H. HARBOUR.

German Folk-song

Slowly
mp
Voices
Piano
1.Sil - ver wires, high a - bove us, Stretch-ing so
2.Voic - es run swift as light - ning O - ver the
far a - way, Are the roads where our voic - es
miles of wire, Far a - cross plain and moun - tain,
Jour-ney by night and day, Wher - ev - er we may
Rac-ing with feet of fire To take our friends a
poco rit.
send them, Trav - el - ling on their way.
mes - sage O - ver the sil - ver wire.
poco rit.

124. Home, Sweet Home

JOHN HOWARD PAINE HENRY BISHOP

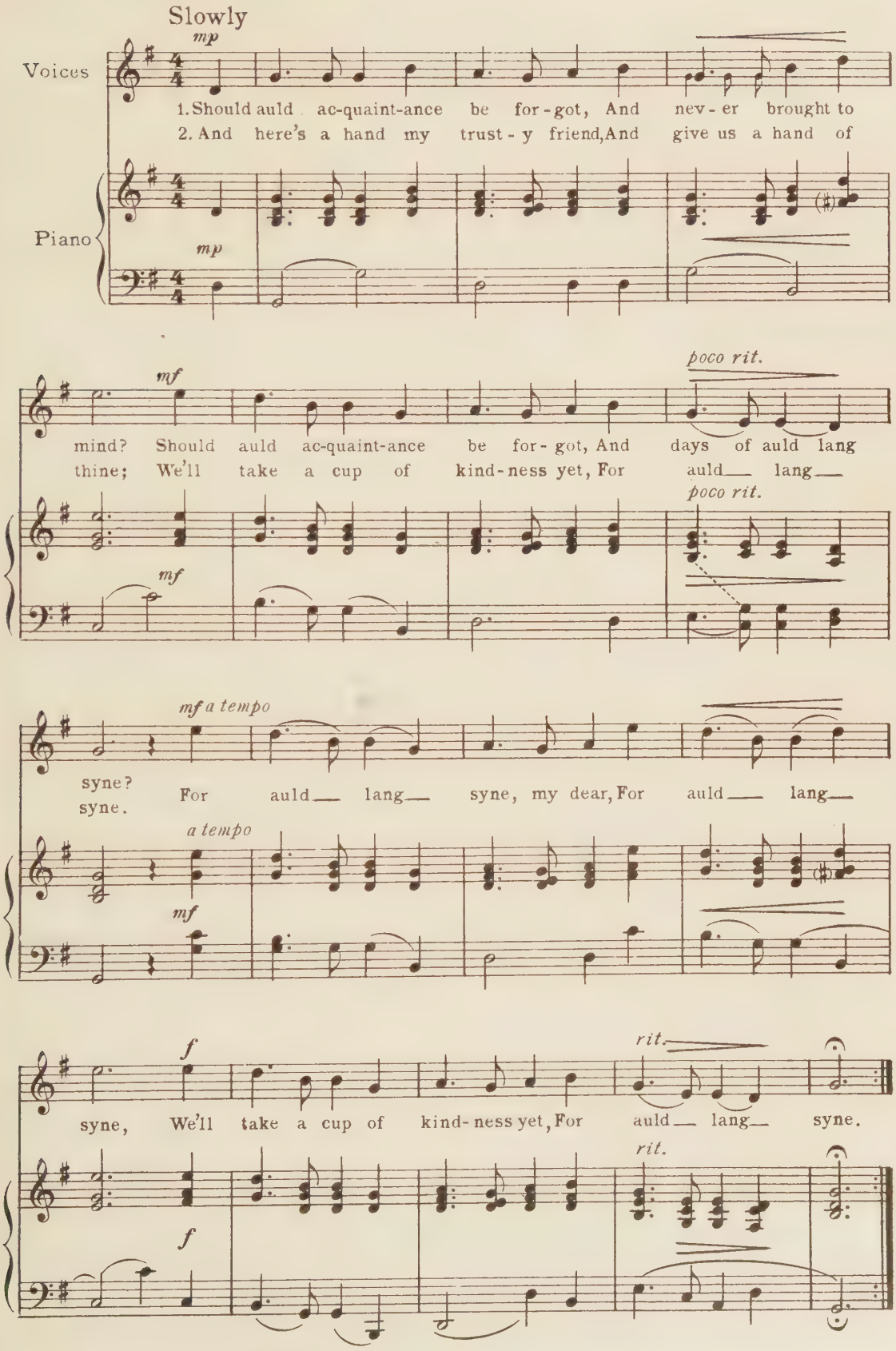

In moderate time
Voices
Piano
p
1.'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the dear
3. An ex - ile from home, splen-dor daz - zles in
roam, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like
wild, And feel that my moth - er now thinks of her
vain; Oh, give me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a -
mp
home. A charm from the skies seems to
child, As she looks on that moon from our
gain; The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that


mf
hal - low us there, Which seek thro' the
own cot - tage door, Thro' the wood - bine whose
came at my call, Give me them, and that
mf
poco rit.
world, is ne'er met with else - where.
fra - grance shall cheer me no more.
peace of mind, dear - er than all.
poco rit.
mf a tempo
mf
Home, home, sweet, sweet, home;
Be it
There's
There's
a tempo
mf
mf
rit.
ev - er so hum - ble, There's no place like home.
no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.
no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.
rit.

125. Auld Lang Syne

ROBERT BURNS

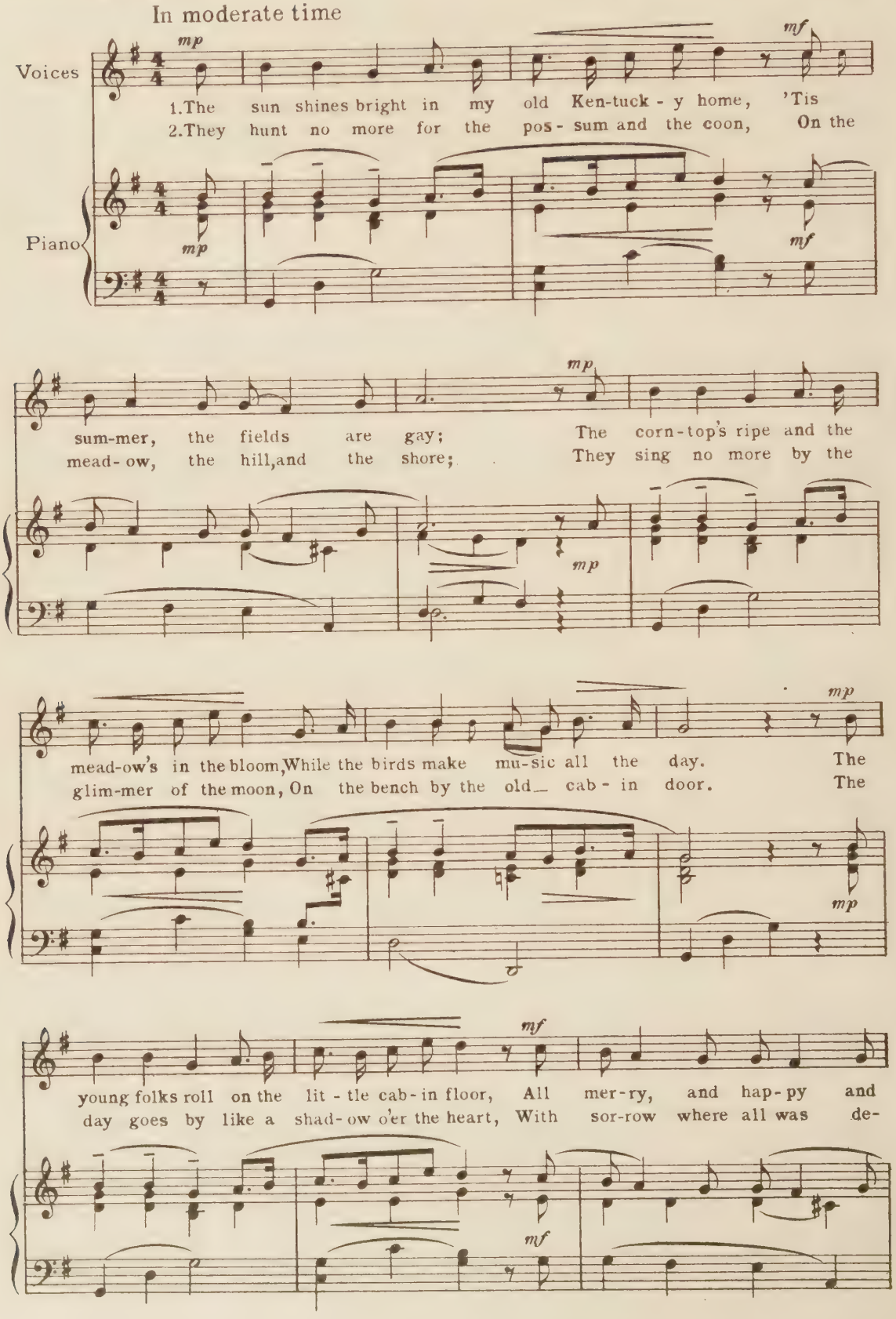
Scotch Air

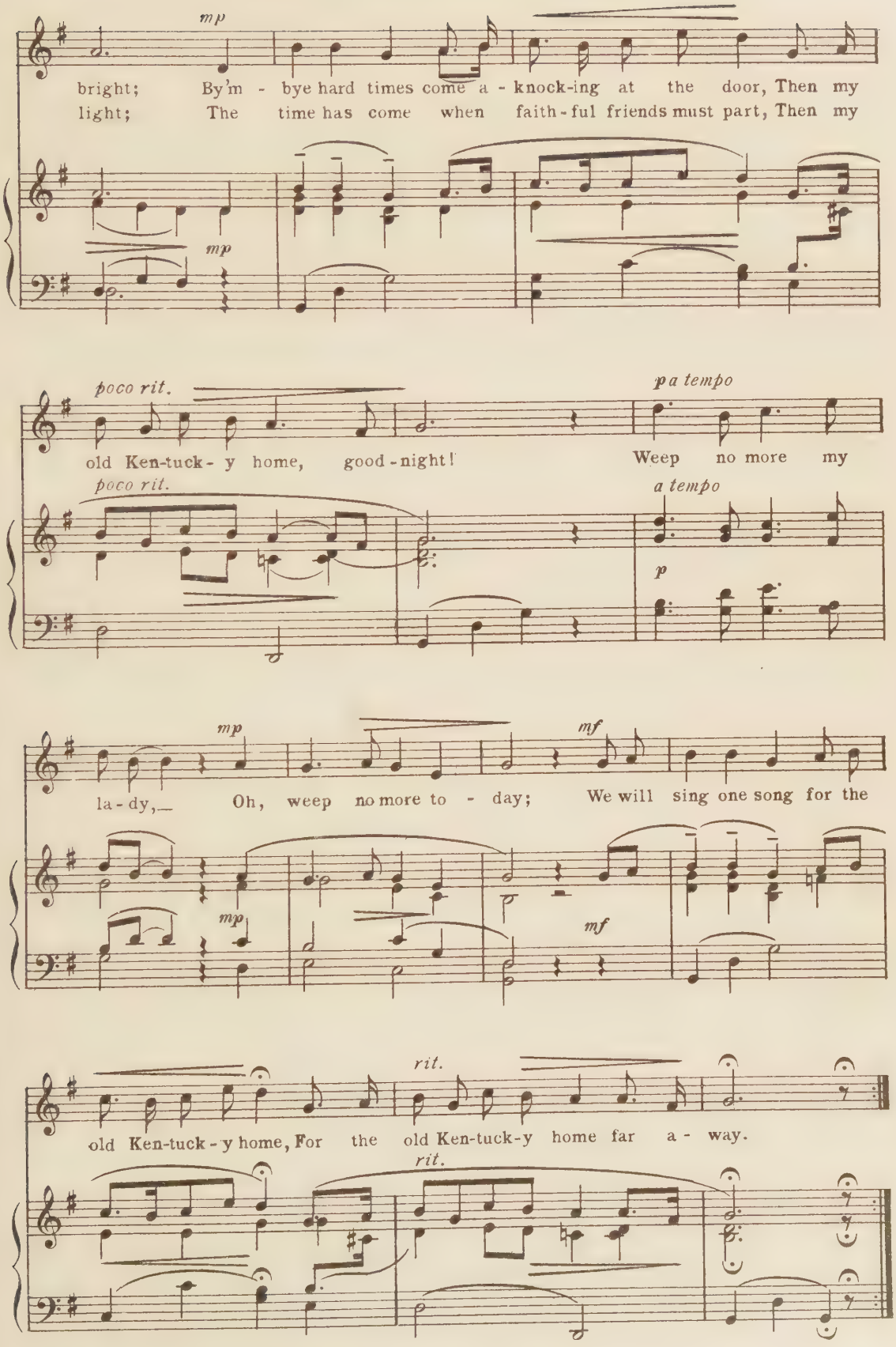

Slowly
mp
Voices
Piano
1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And nev-er brought to
2. And here's a hand my trust-y friend, And give us a hand of
mf
poco rit.
mind? Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days of auld lang
thine; We'll take a cup of kind-ness yet, For auld lang
mf a tempo
a tempo
syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang
syne.
f
rit.
syne, We'll take a cup of kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

126. My Old Kentucky Home

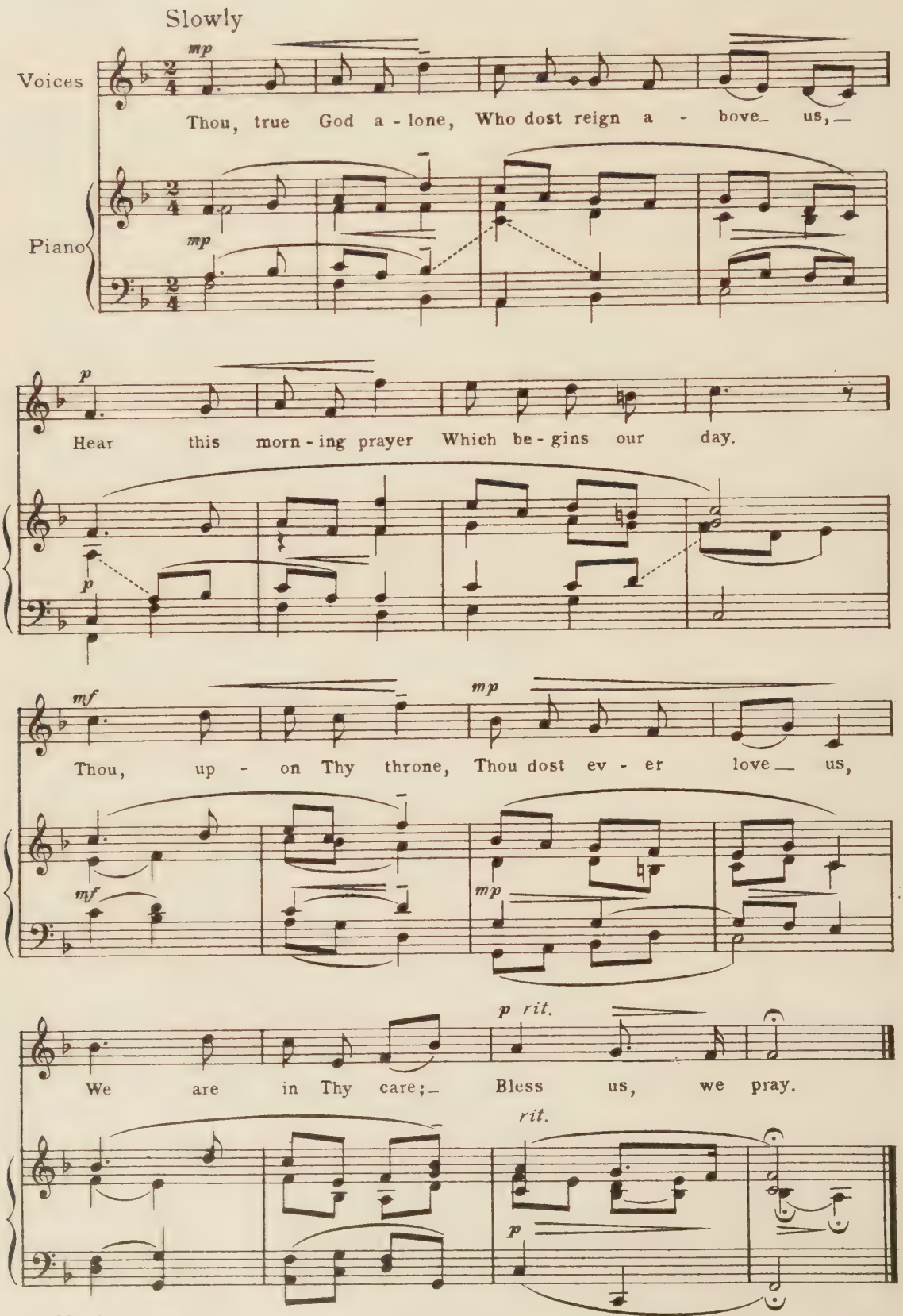
Words adapted from
STEPHEN FOSTER

STEPHEN FOSTER

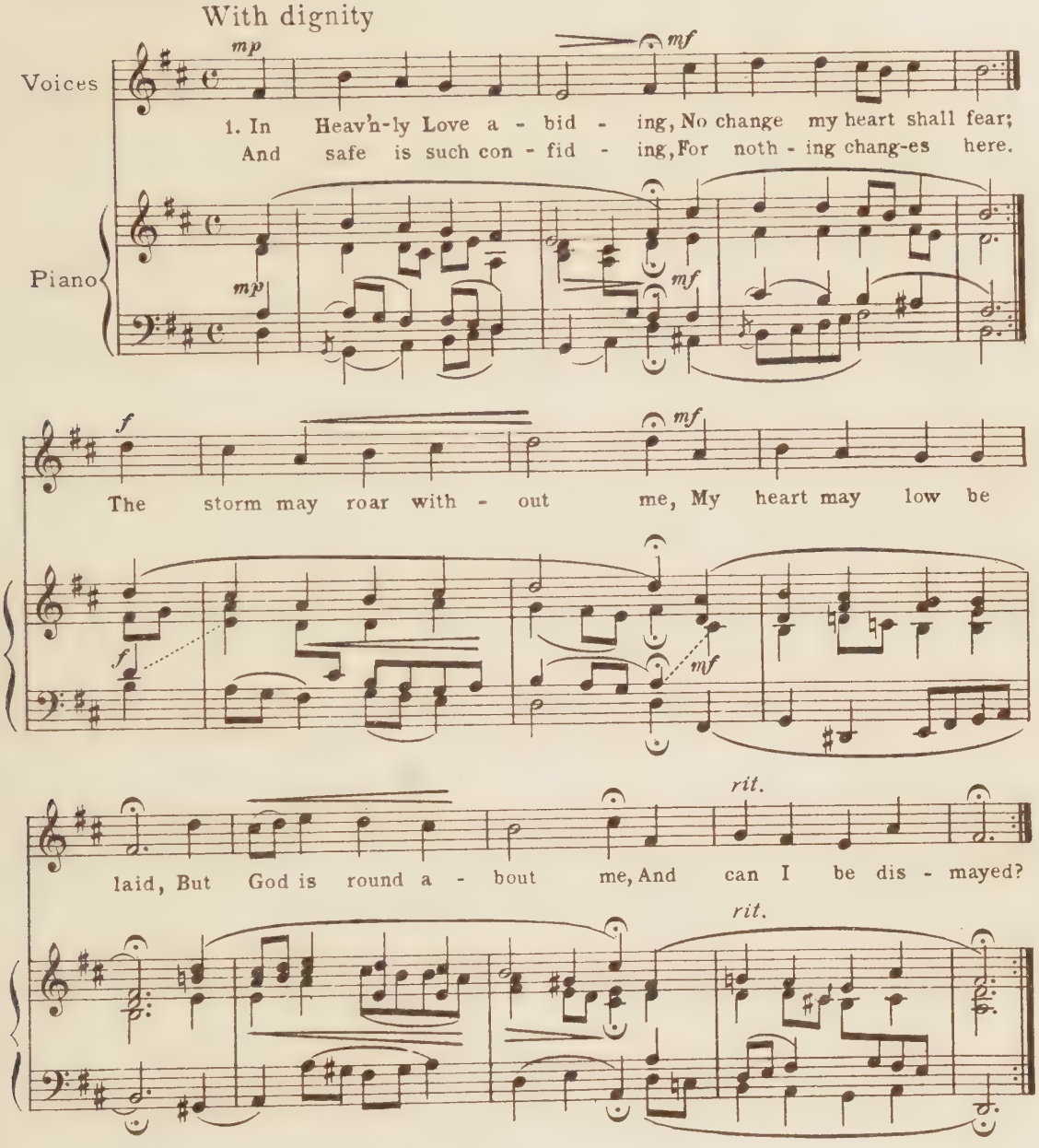
In moderate time

Voices
Piano
mp
mf
1.The sun shines bright in my old Ken-tuck - y home, 'Tis
2.They hunt no more for the pos - sum and the coon, On the
sum-mer, the fields are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the
mead-ow, the hill,and the shore; They sing no more by the
mead-ow's in the bloom,While the birds make mu-sic all the day. The
glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab - in door. The
young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All mer-ry, and hap-py and
day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-


mp
bright; By'm - bye hard times come a - knock-ing at the door, Then my
light; The time has come when faith-ful friends must part, Then my
mp
poco rit.
old Ken-tuck- y home, good-night!
poco rit.
a tempo
Weep no more my
a tempo
p
mp
la-dy,— Oh, weep no more to - day;
mf
We will sing one song for the
mp
mf
rit.
old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home far a - way.
rit.

127. Morning Song

Anonymous — English Folk-song

128. In Heavenly Love Abiding

ANNA L. WARING — HANS LEO von HASSLER


With dignity
Voices
Piano
mp
mf
1. In Heav'n-ly Love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang-es here.
f
The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be
rit.
laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?

2

Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

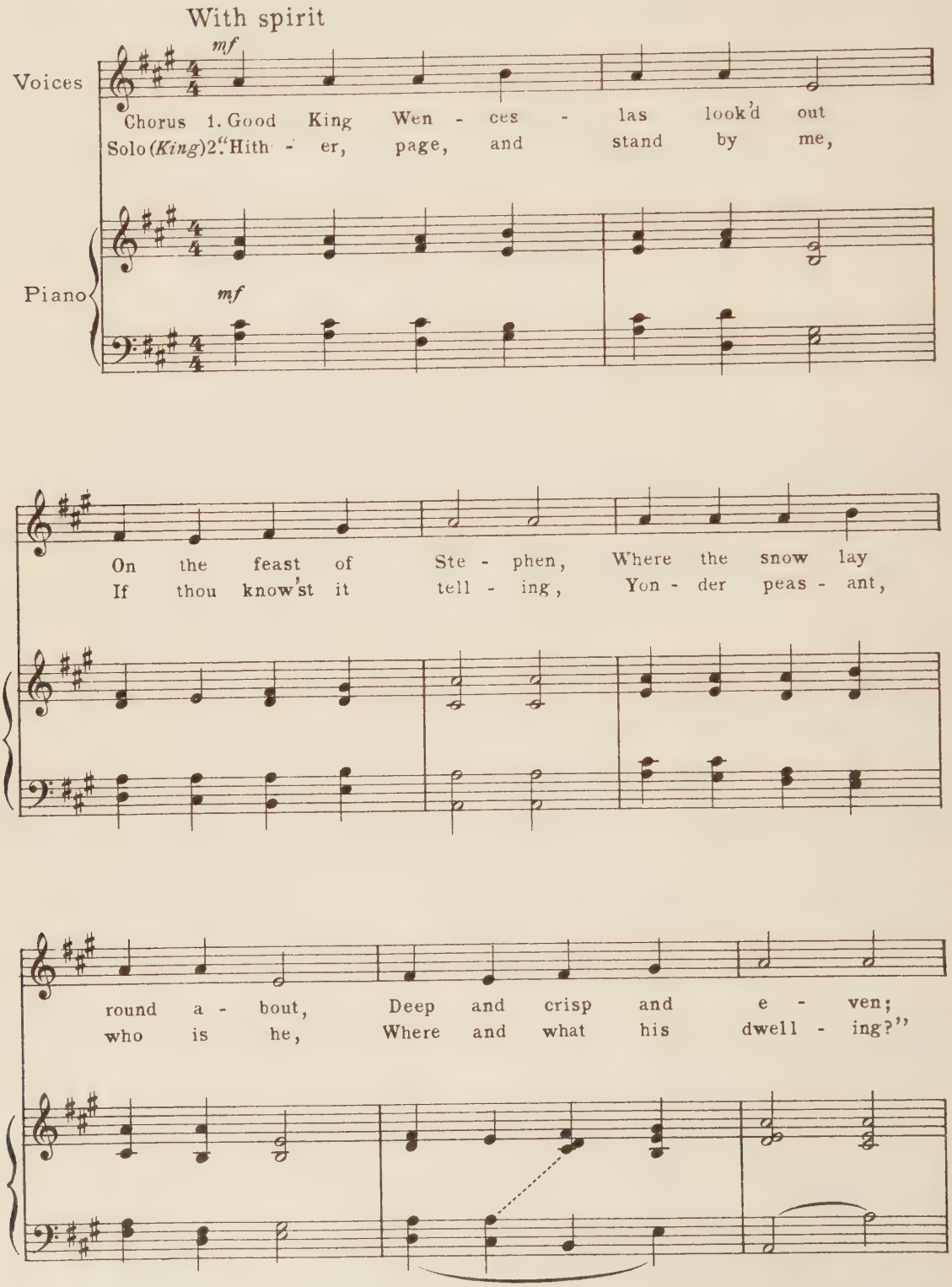
3

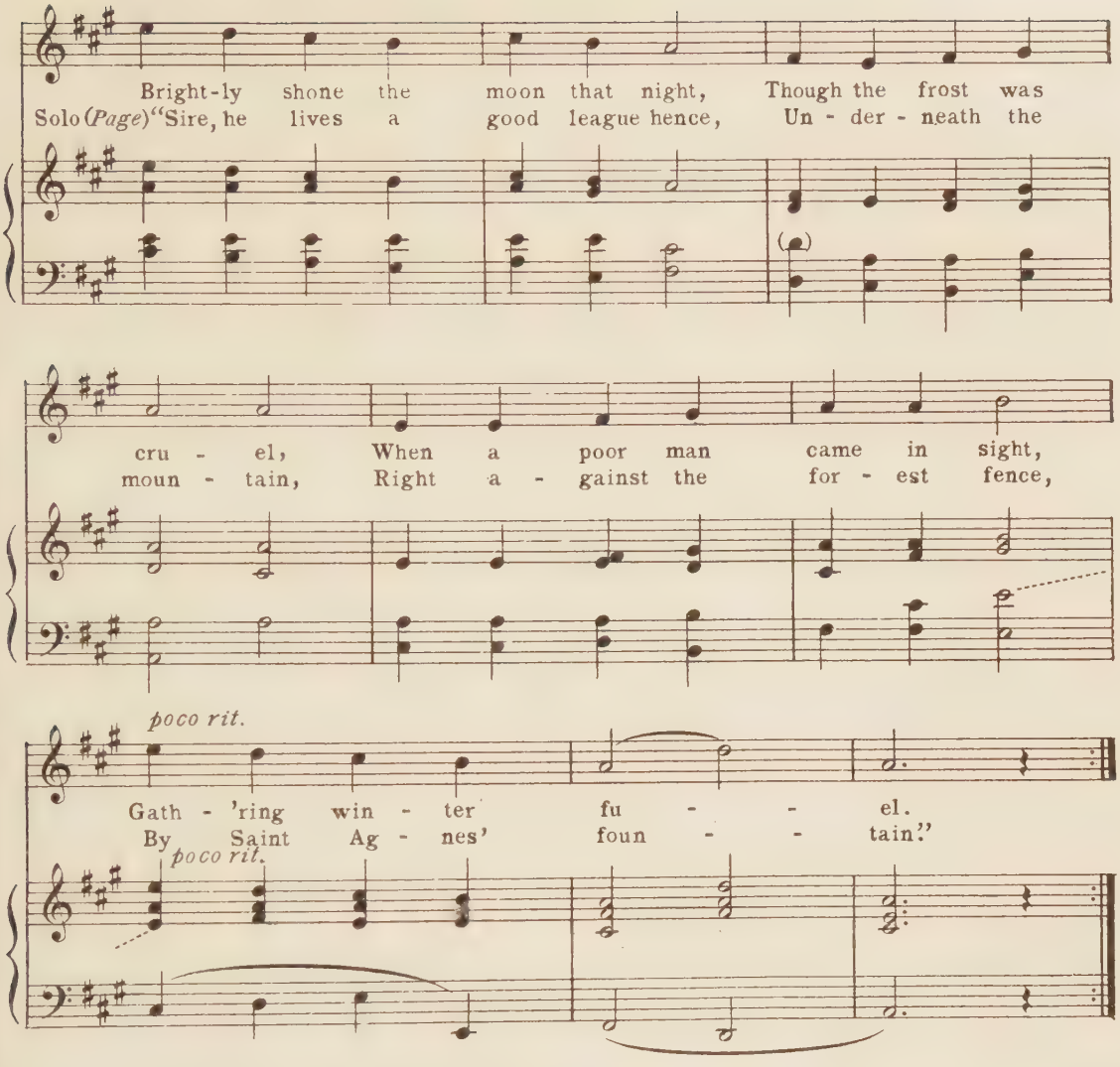
Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Savior has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

129. Good King Wenceslas

Anonymous

Traditional Melody


With spirit
Voices
Piano
mf
Chorus 1. Good King Wen - ces - las look'd out
Solo (King) 2. "Hith - er, page, and stand by me,
On the feast of Ste - phen, Where the snow lay
If thou know'st it tell - ing, Yon - der peas - ant,
round a - bout, Deep and crisp and e - ven;
who is he, Where and what his dwell - ing?"


Bright-ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was
Solo (*Page*) "Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un - der - neath the
cru - el, When a poor man came in sight,
moun - tain, Right a - gainst the for - est fence,
poco rit.
Gath - 'ring win - ter fu - - el.
By Saint Ag - nes' foun - - tain."
poco rit.

3

Solo (*King*): "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."

Chorus: Page and Monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament,
And the bitter weather.

4

Solo (*Page*): "Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."

Solo (*King*): "Mark my footsteps, my good page,
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

5

Chorus: In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint has printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

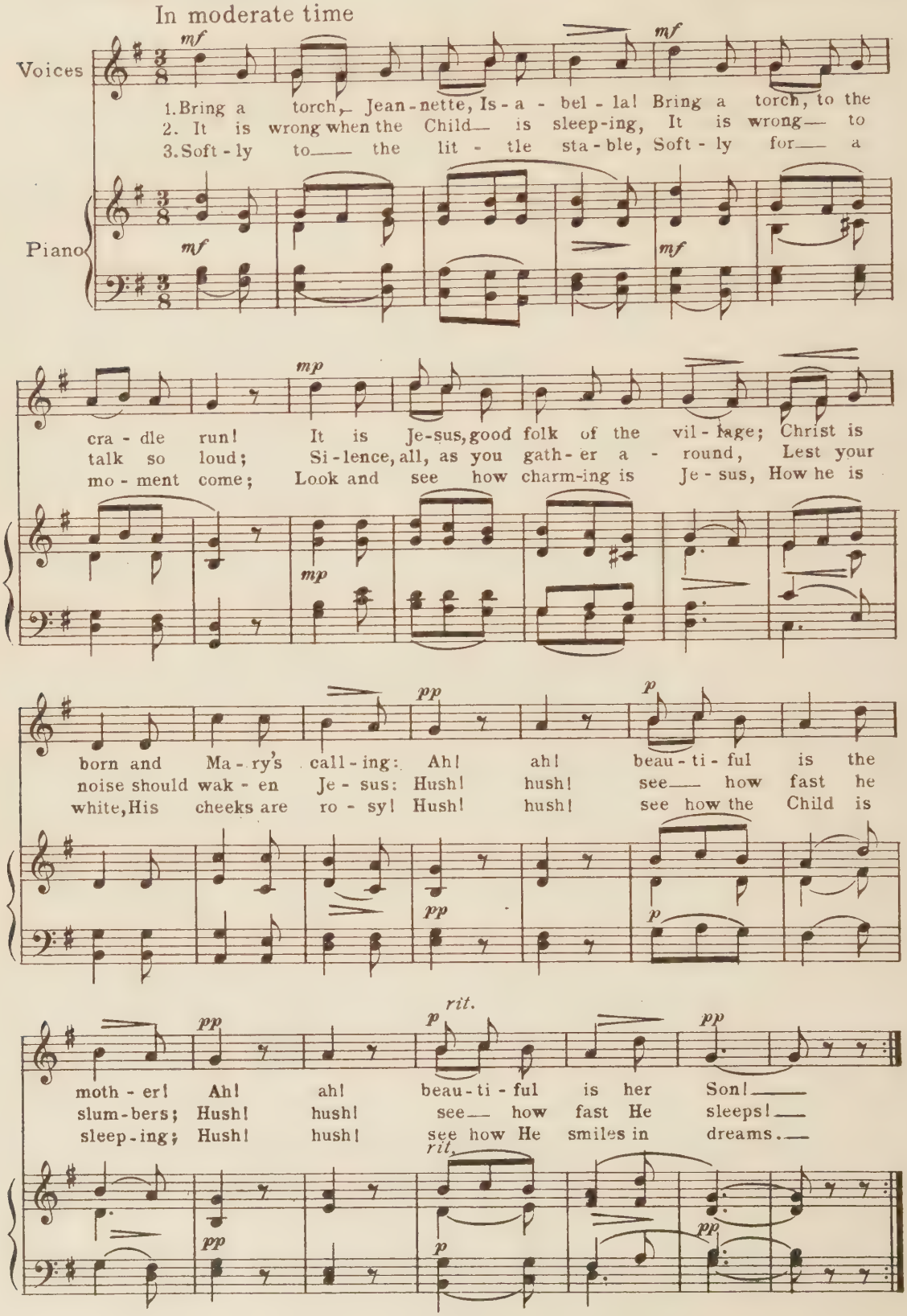
130. Bring a Torch, Jeannette, Isabella

Carol

E. CUTHBERT NUNN

Old French Carol

In moderate time


Voices
Piano
mf
1. Bring a torch, Jean-nette, Is-a-bel-la! Bring a torch, to the
2. It is wrong when the Child is sleep-ing, It is wrong to
3. Soft-ly to the lit-tle sta-ble, Soft-ly for a
mp
cra-dle run! It is Je-sus, good folk of the vil-lage; Christ is
talk so loud; Si-lence, all, as you gath-er a-round, Lest your
mo-ment come; Look and see how charm-ing is Je-sus, How he is
pp
p
born and Ma-ry's call-ing: Ah! ah! beau-ti-ful is the
noise should wak-en Je-sus: Hush! hush! see how fast he
white, His cheeks are ro-sy! Hush! hush! see how the Child is
rit.
moth-er! Ah! ah! beau-ti-ful is her Son!
slum-bers; Hush! hush! see how fast He sleeps!
sleep-ing; Hush! hush! see how He smiles in dreams.
rit.

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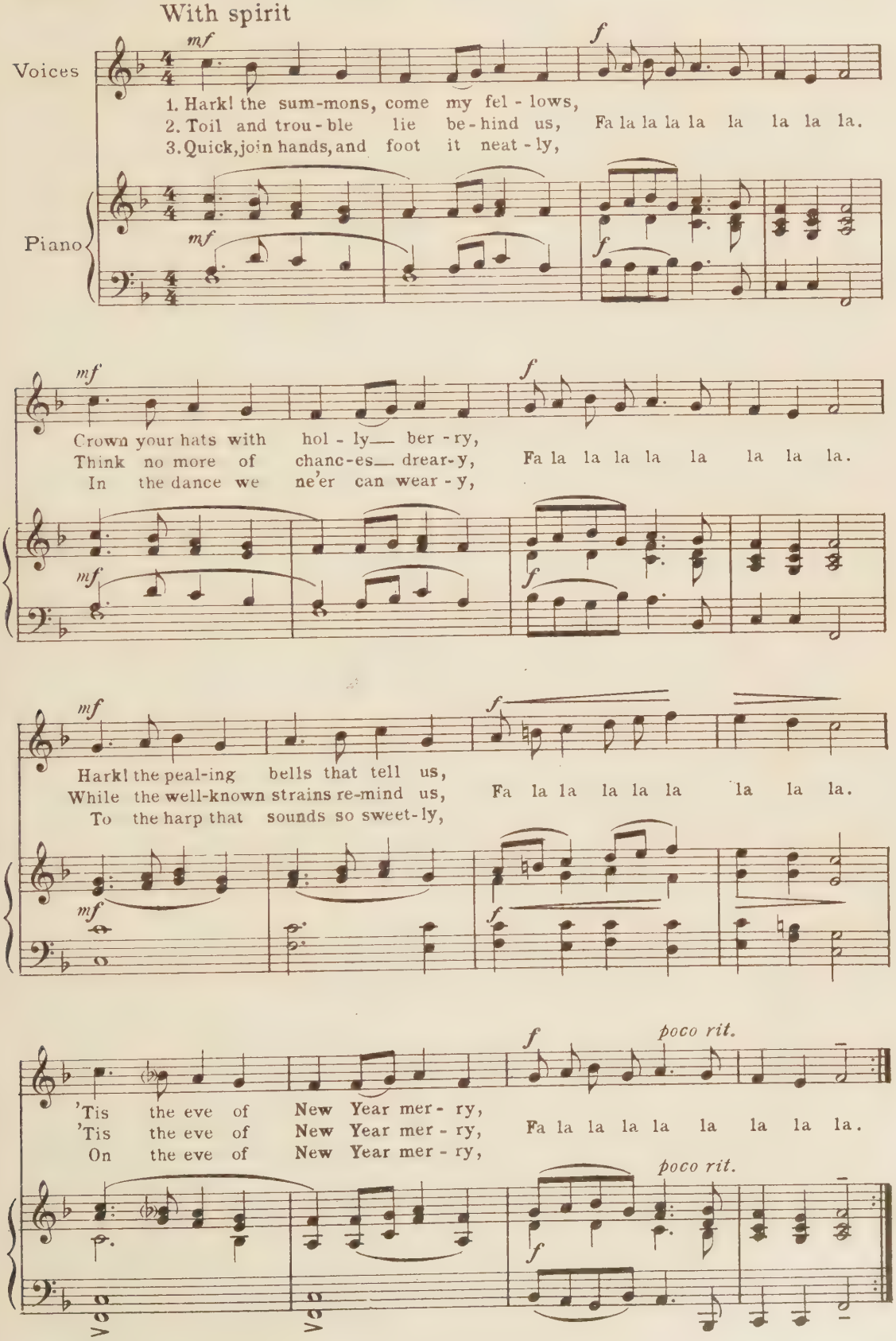
131. Hark! the Summons

Traditional Words — Old Welsh Melody

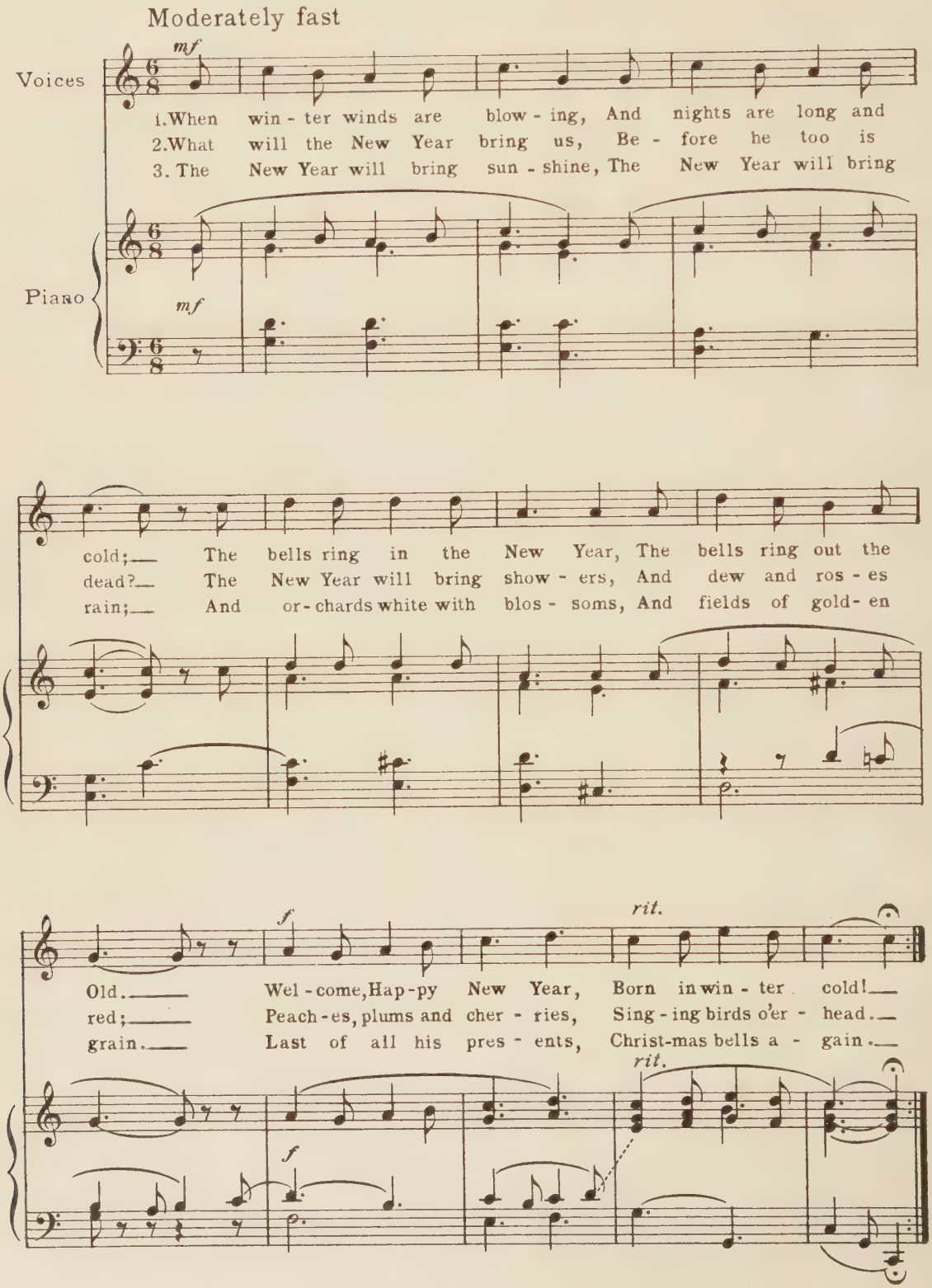
With spirit


Voices
Piano
mf
f
1. Hark! the sum-mons, come my fel - lows,
2. Toil and trou - ble lie be - hind us,
3. Quick, join hands, and foot it neat - ly,
Fa la la la la la la la la.
Crown your hats with hol - ly— ber - ry,
Think no more of chanc - es— drear - y,
In the dance we ne'er can wear - y,
Fa la la la la la la la la.
Hark! the peal-ing bells that tell us,
While the well-known strains re-mind us,
To the harp that sounds so sweet-ly,
Fa la la la la la la la la.
'Tis the eve of New Year mer - ry,
'Tis the eve of New Year mer - ry,
On the eve of New Year mer - ry,
Fa la la la la la la la la.
poco rit.
poco rit.

132. New Year's Day

HOMER H. HARBOUR

French Folk-song

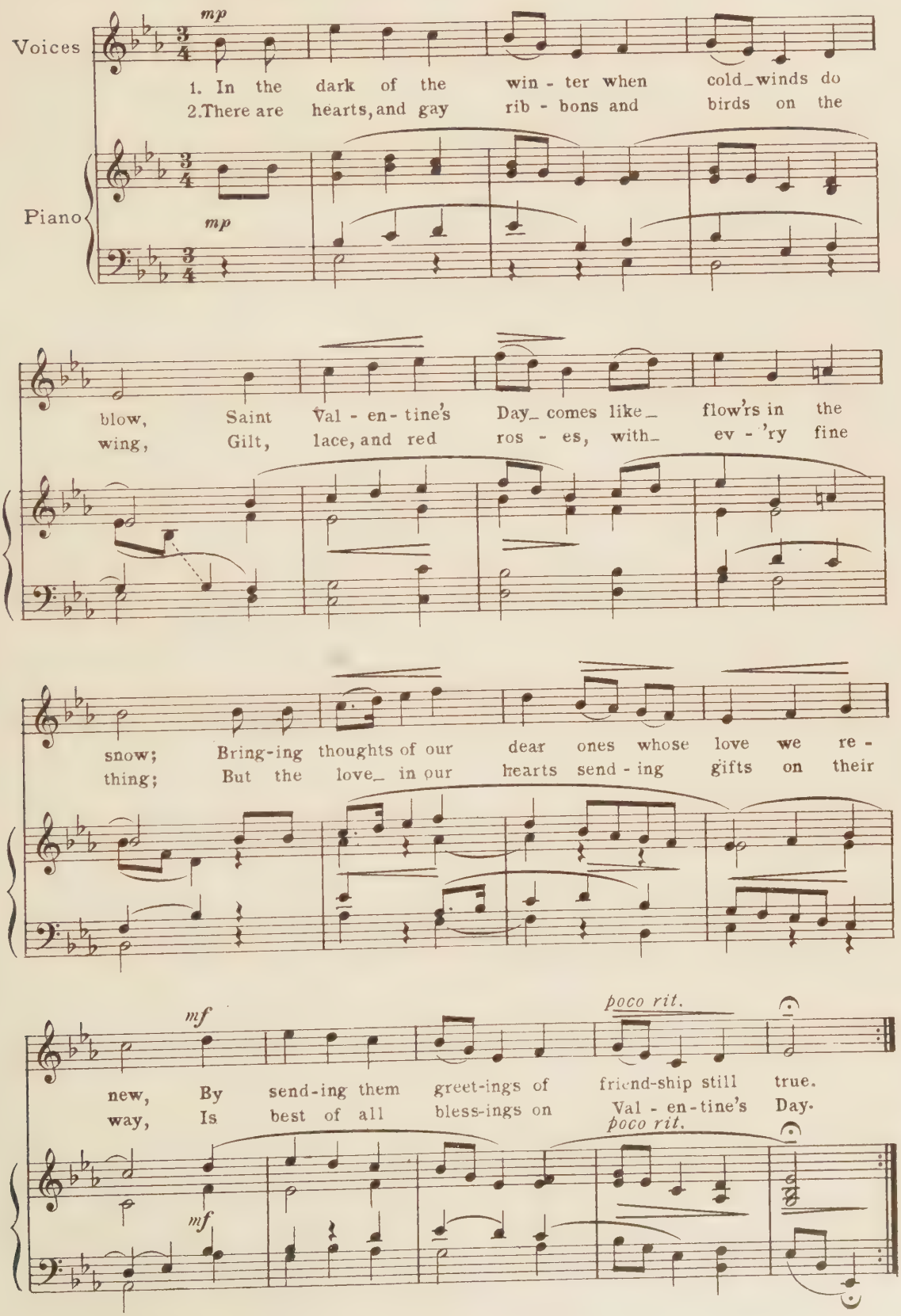

Moderately fast
Voices
Piano
mf
1. When winter winds are blowing, And nights are long and cold; The bells ring in the New Year, The bells ring out the
2. What will the New Year bring us, Before he too is dead? The New Year will bring showers, And dew and roses
3. The New Year will bring sunshine, The New Year will bring rain; And orchards white with blossoms, And fields of golden
f
rit.
Old. Welcome, Happy New Year, Born in winter cold!
red; Peaches, plums and cherries, Singing birds o'erhead.
grain. Last of all his presents, Christmas bells again.

133. Valentines

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Old English Melody

In moderate time

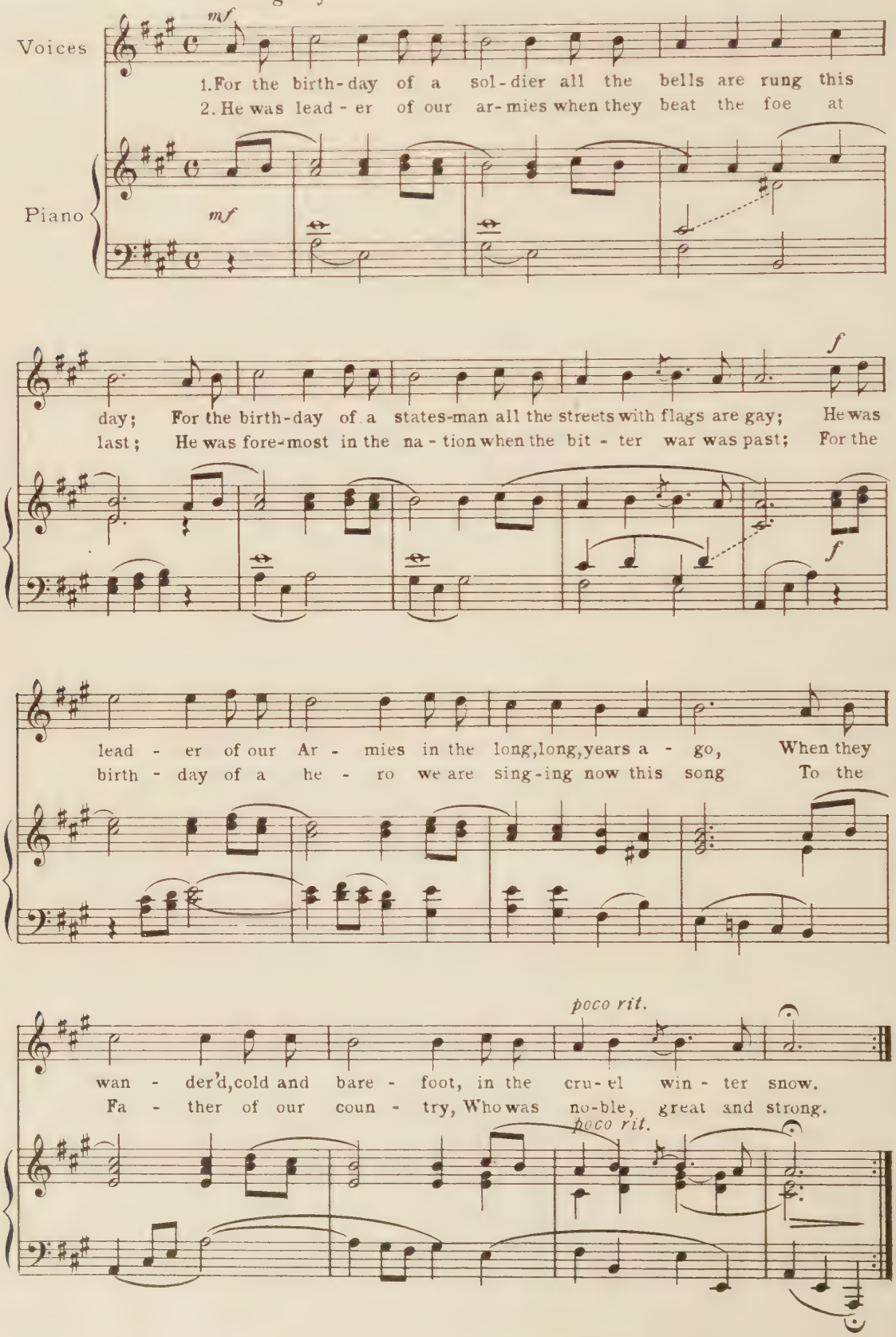

Voices
Piano
mp
1. In the dark of the win - ter when cold_winds do
2.There are hearts, and gay rib - bons and birds on the
blow, Saint Val - en - tine's Day_ comes like_ flow'rs in the
wing, Gilt, lace, and red ros - es, with_ ev - 'ry fine
snow; Bring-ing thoughts of our dear ones whose love we re -
thing; But the love_ in our hearts send - ing gifts on their
mf
poco rit.
new, By send-ing them greet-ings of friend-ship still true.
way, Is best of all bless-ings on Val - en - tine's Day.

134. Washington's Birthday

HOMER H. HARBOUR

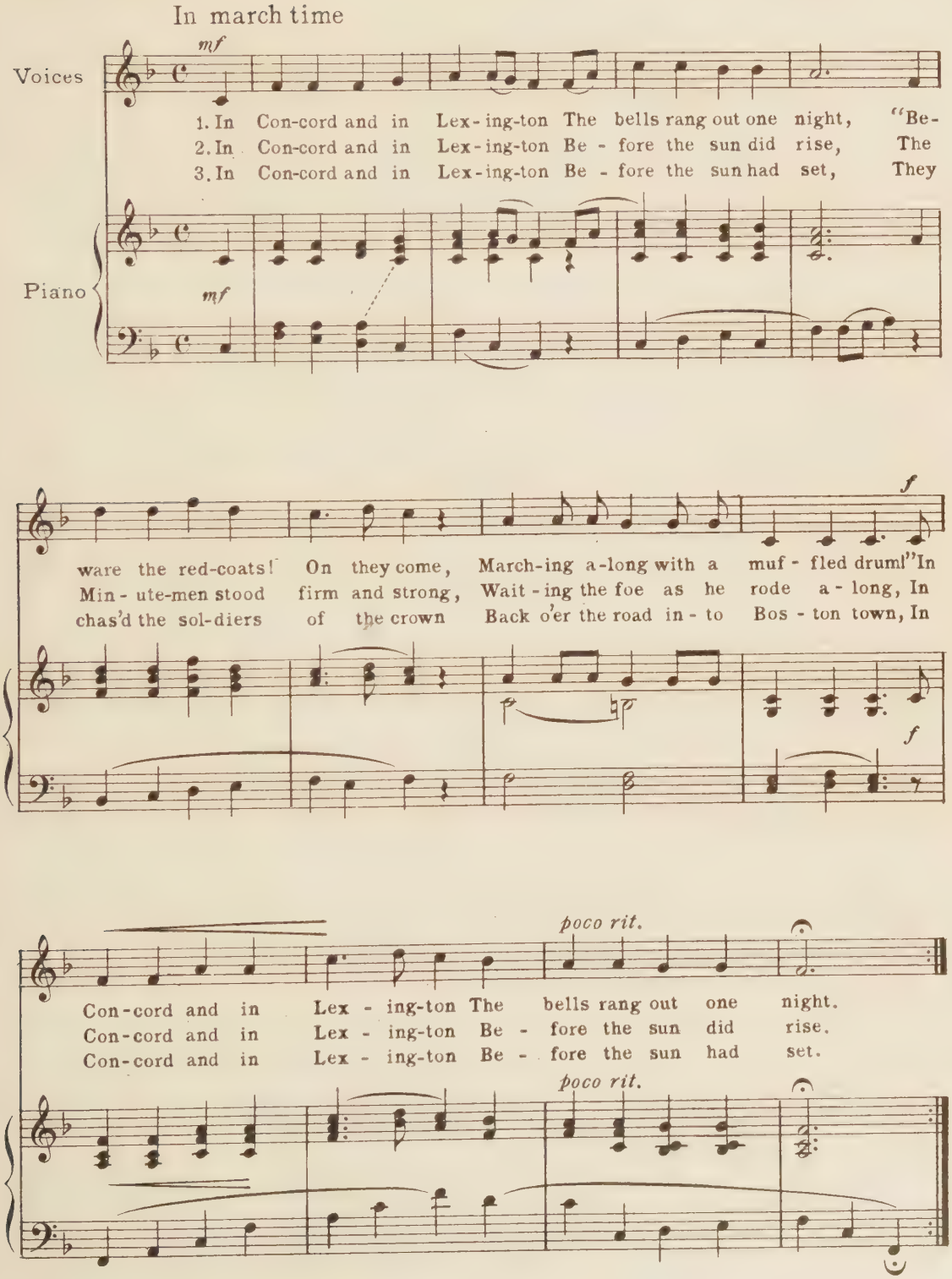
French Folk-song

With dignity


Voices
Piano
mf
1. For the birth-day of a sol-dier all the bells are rung this
2. He was lead-er of our ar-mies when they beat the foe at
day; For the birth-day of a states-man all the streets with flags are gay; He was
last; He was fore-most in the na-tion when the bit-ter war was past; For the
f
lead-er of our Ar-mies in the long, long, years a-go, When they
birth-day of a he-ro we are sing-ing now this song To the
poco rit.
wan-der'd, cold and bare-foot, in the cru-el win-ter snow.
Fa-ther of our coun-try, Who was no-ble, great and strong.

135. For Patriots' Day

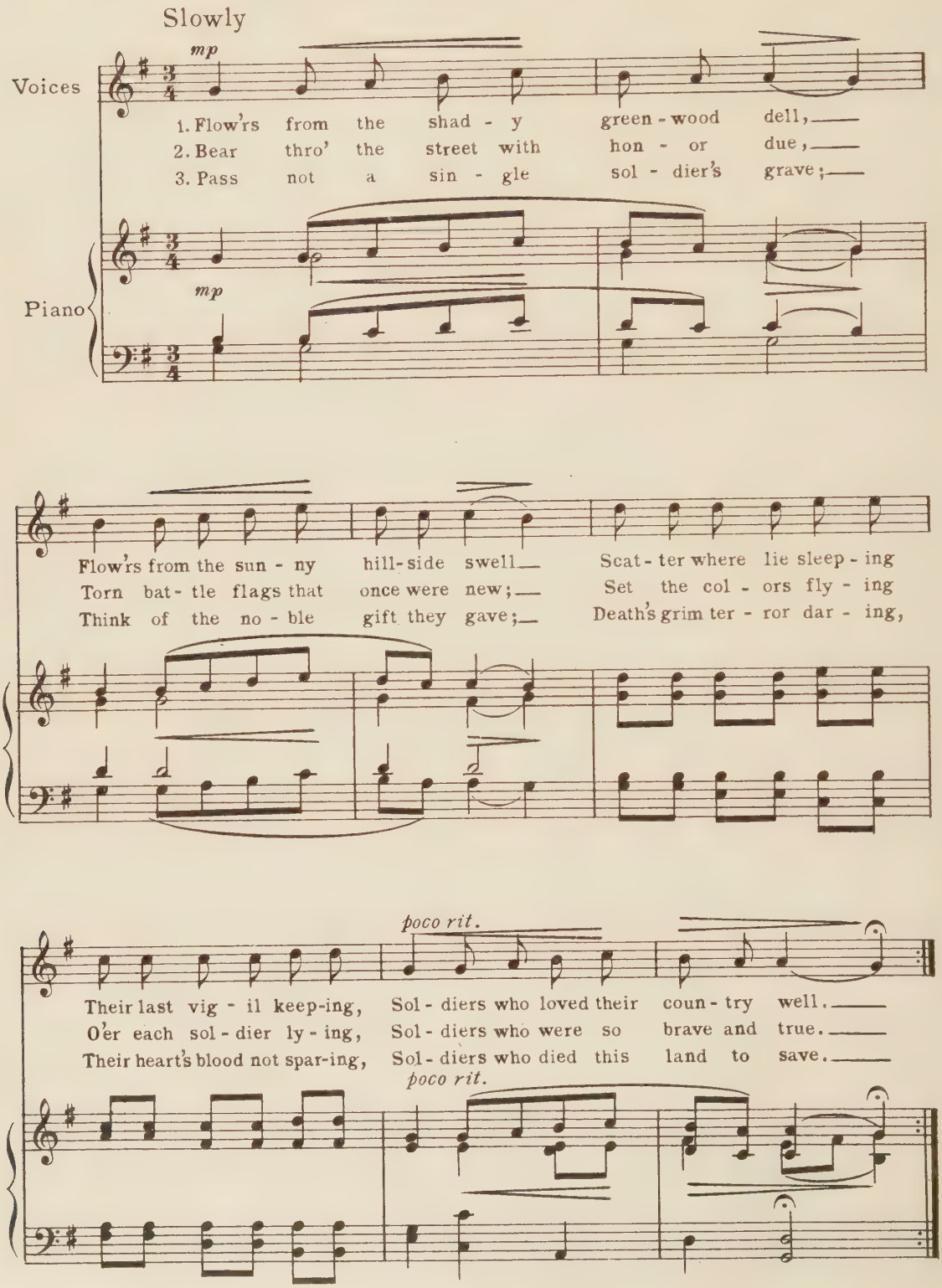
JOHN ERWIN

Dutch Folk-song

In march time
Voices
Piano
mf
1. In Con-cord and in Lex-ing-ton The bells rang out one night, "Be-
2. In Con-cord and in Lex-ing-ton Be - fore the sun did rise, The
3. In Con-cord and in Lex-ing-ton Be - fore the sun had set, They
ware the red-coats! On they come, March-ing a-long with a muf - fled drum!"In
Min - ute-men stood firm and strong, Wait - ing the foe as he rode a - long, In
chas'd the sol-diers of the crown Back o'er the road in - to Bos - ton town, In
f
poco rit.
Con-cord and in Lex - ing-ton The bells rang out one night.
Con-cord and in Lex - ing-ton Be - fore the sun did rise.
Con-cord and in Lex - ing-ton Be - fore the sun had set.

136. In Memoriam

HOMER H. HARBOUR

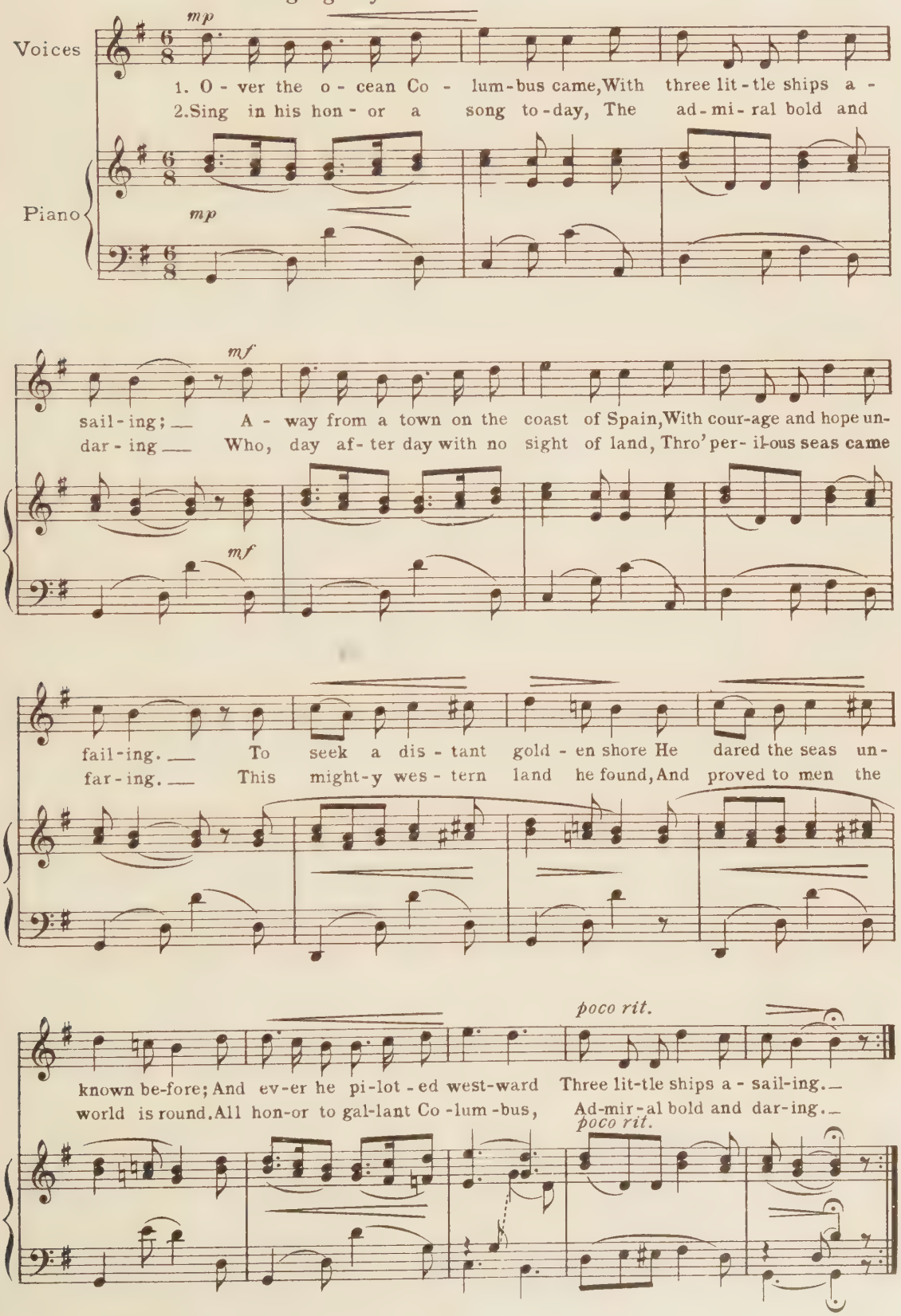
Bohemian Folk-song


Slowly
mp
Voices
Piano
1. Flow'rs from the shad - y green - wood dell,
2. Bear thro' the street with hon - or due,
3. Pass not a sin - gle sol - dier's grave;
Flow'rs from the sun - ny hill-side swell
Torn bat - tle flags that once were new;
Think of the no - ble gift they gave;
Scat - ter where lie sleep - ing
Set the col - ors fly - ing
Death's grim ter - ror dar - ing,
poco rit.
Their last vig - il keep-ing, Sol - diers who loved their coun - try well.
O'er each sol - dier ly - ing, Sol - diers who were so brave and true.
Their heart's blood not spar-ing, Sol - diers who died this land to save.
poco rit.

137. Columbus Day

JOHN ERWIN — Italian Melody

With swinging rhythm

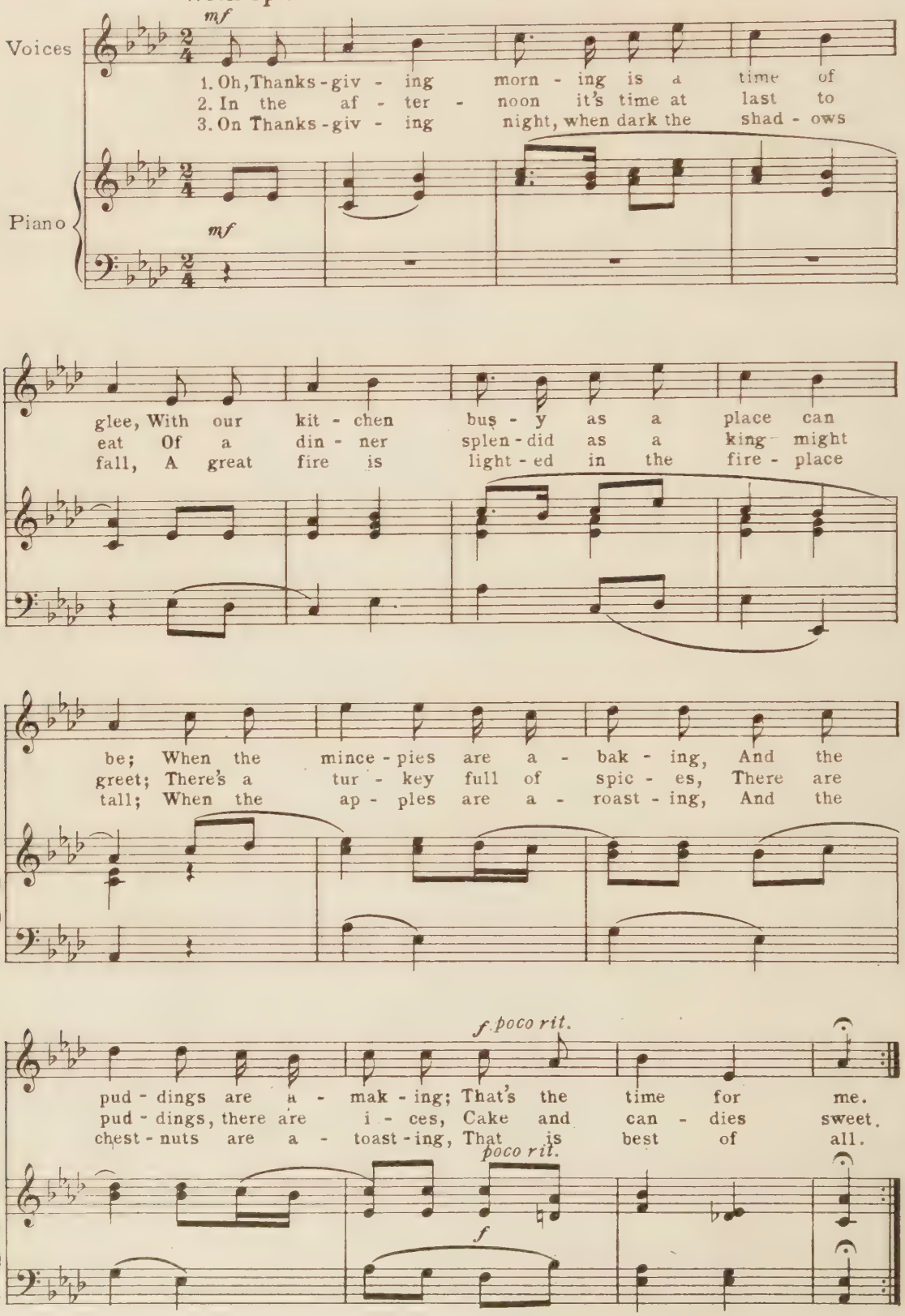

Voices
Piano
mp
1. O - ver the o - cean Co - lum-bus came, With three lit-tle ships a -
2. Sing in his hon - or a song to-day, The ad-mi-ral bold and
mf
sail-ing; — A - way from a town on the coast of Spain, With cour-age and hope un-
dar-ing — Who, day af-ter day with no sight of land, Thro' per-il-ous seas came
fail-ing. — To seek a dis-tant gold-en shore He dared the seas un-
far-ing. — This might-y wes-tern land he found, And proved to men the
poco rit.
known be-fore; And ev-er he pi-lot-ed west-ward Three lit-tle ships a-sail-ing. —
world is round. All hon-or to gal-lant Co-lum-bus, Ad-mir-al bold and dar-ing. —
poco rit.

138. Thanksgiving Day

HOMER H. HARBOUR

French Folk-song

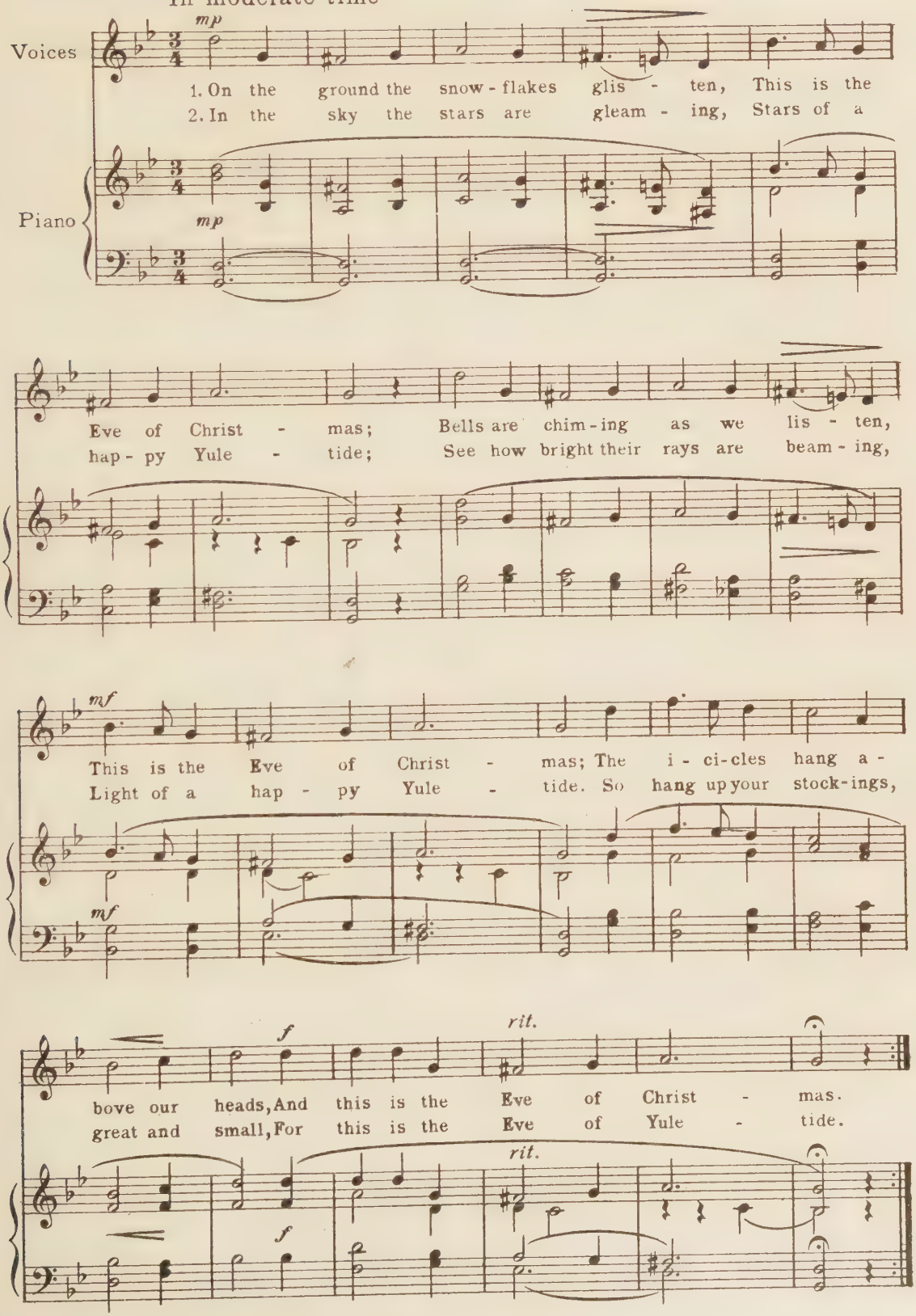
With spirit


Voices
Piano
mf
1. Oh, Thanks - giv - ing morn - ing is a time of
2. In the af - ter - noon it's time at last to
3. On Thanks - giv - ing night, when dark the shad - ows
glee, With our kit - chen bus - y as a place can
eat Of a din - ner splen - did as a king might
fall, A great fire is light - ed in the fire - place
be; When the mince - pies are a - bak - ing, And the
greet; There's a tur - key full of spic - es, There are
tall; When the ap - ples are a - roast - ing, And the
f poco rit.
pud - dings are a - mak - ing; That's the time for me.
pud - dings, there are i - ces, Cake and can - dies sweet.
chest - nuts are a - toast - ing, That is best of all.
poco rit.
f

139. Christmas Eve

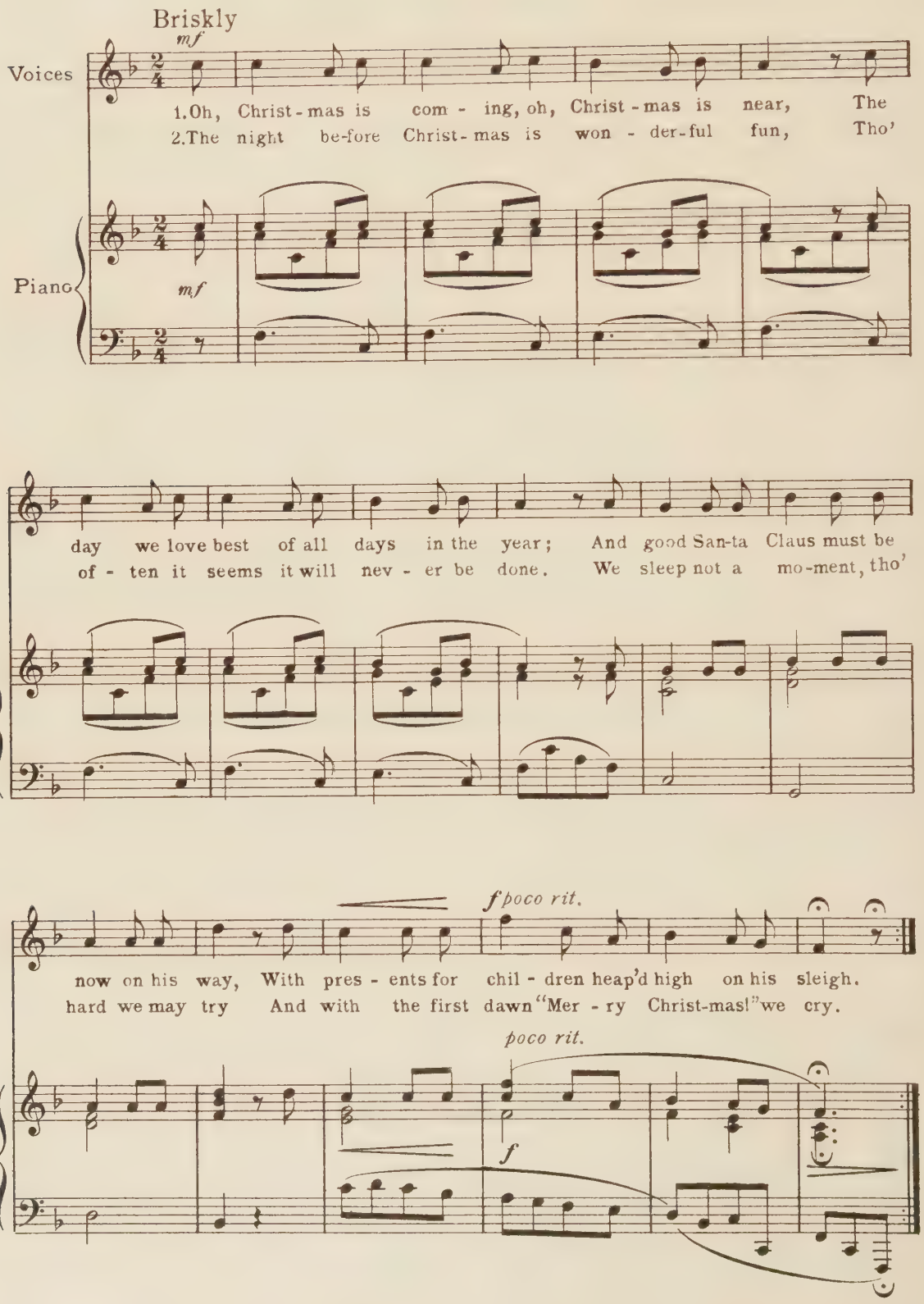
CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO

English Folk-song

In moderate time

Voices
Piano
mp
1. On the ground the snow-flakes glis - ten, This is the
2. In the sky the stars are gleam - ing, Stars of a
Eve of Christ - mas; Bells are chim-ing as we lis - ten,
hap - py Yule - tide; See how bright their rays are beam - ing,
mf
This is the Eve of Christ - mas; The i - ci-cles hang a -
Light of a hap - py Yule - tide. So hang up your stock-ings,
f
rit.
bove our heads, And this is the Eve of Christ - mas.
great and small, For this is the Eve of Yule - tide.

140. Christmas Day

RICHARD COMPTON — German Folk-song


Briskly
mf
Voices
1.Oh, Christ-mas is com - ing, oh, Christ-mas is near, The
2.The night be-fore Christ-mas is won - der-ful fun, Tho'
Piano
mf
day we love best of all days in the year; And good San-ta Claus must be
of - ten it seems it will nev - er be done. We sleep not a mo-ment, tho'
f poco rit.
now on his way, With pres - ents for chil - dren heap'd high on his sleigh.
hard we may try And with the first dawn "Mer - ry Christ-mas!" we cry.
poco rit.
f

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